April 3, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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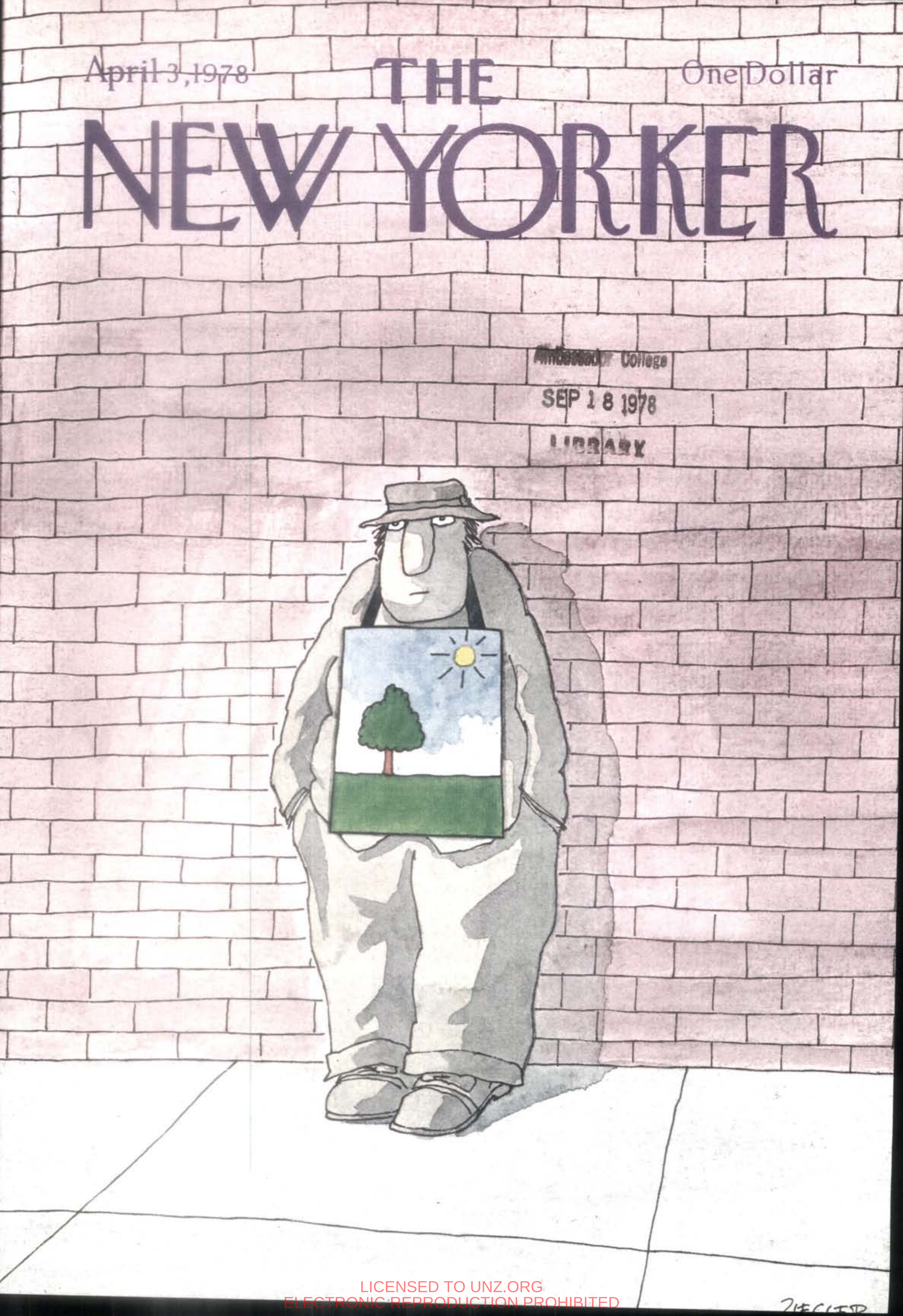

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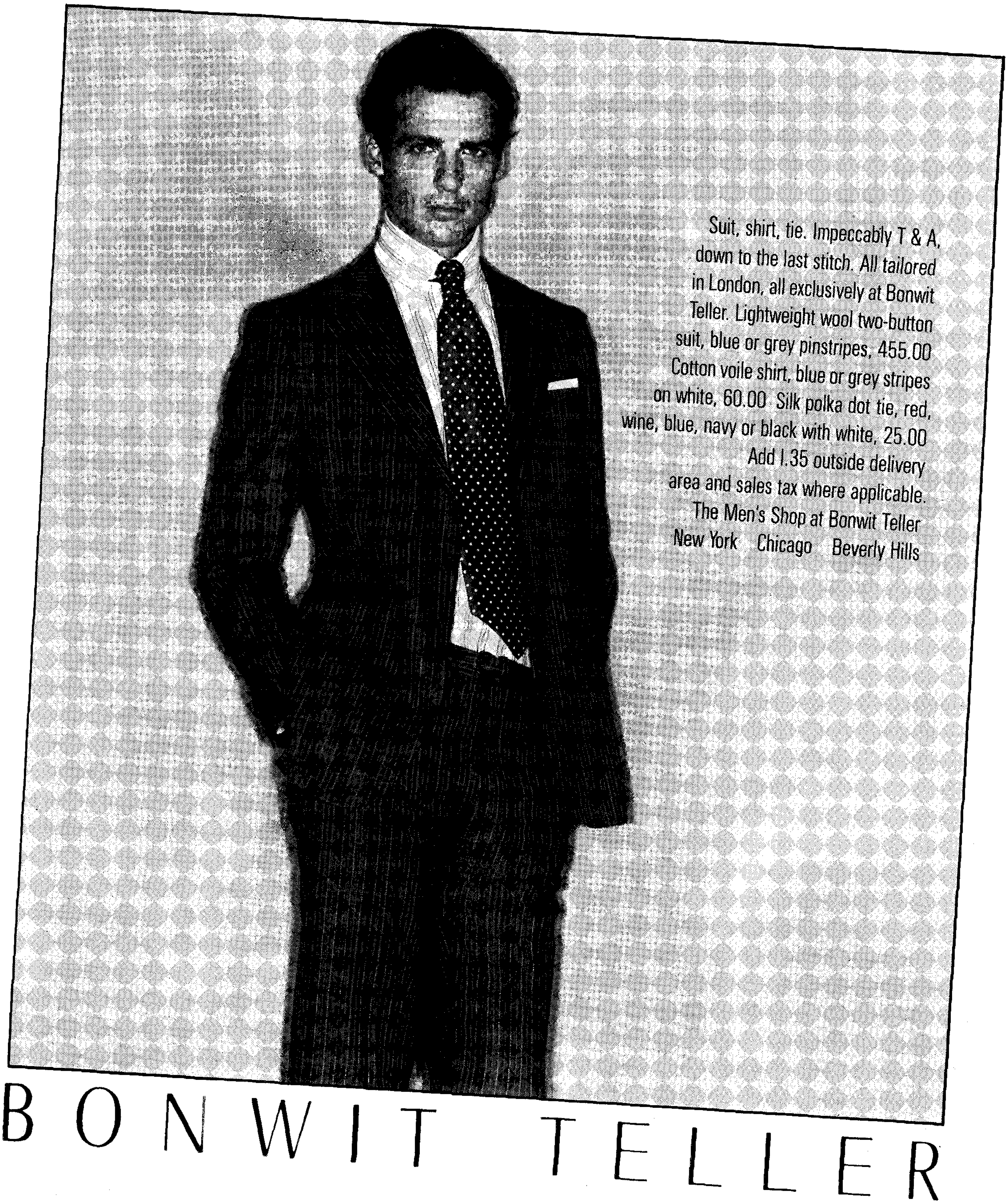

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brontosaurus and **Cabin 12**—A pair of one-acters. John Bishop's "Cabin 12," about an inarticulate factory worker and his son at a time of family crisis, is as strong and convincing and ultimately satisfying as Mr. Bishop's "The Trip Back Down," a few years ago, and it is extremely well acted by Edward Seamon and Jonathan Hogan, under Marshall Oglesby's direction. Lanford Wilson's "Brontosaurus," the curtain-raiser, is a monologue with interruptions, delivered, to somewhat puzzling effect, by a rich, harried, antiques-dealing, middle-aged woman. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

Chapter Two—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Two men are dying of cancer in a New York hospital. In spite of the subject matter, the play is often humorous as well as enthralling, thanks in part to the fact that it was written by Ronald Ribman and in part to the performances given by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Conjuring an Event—Michael Cristofer heads the cast of a play by Richard Nelson. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Thursday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—There is more originality and humor (to say nothing of talent) in Sam Shepard's profound tragedy about a California family well endowed with land but literally penniless than one finds in most comedies. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is in every way distinguished. With James Gammon, Olympia Dukakis, Pamela Reed, Ebbe Roe Smith, and Kenneth Welsh, among the able actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Paul Rudd, Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

Dancin'—A musical entertainment conceived by Bob Fosse, with classical and contemporary music (from Bach to Jerry Jeff Walker) and a dozen and a half (more or less) performers, including Gail Benedict, Ann Reinking, and Charles Ward. Directed by Mr. Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Do Lord Remember Me—A play by James DeJongh. Opens Thursday, March 30, and will run through Sunday, April 9. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing once more on Broadway, in the show she starred in back in 1964. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A History of the American Film—A comedy by Christopher Durang, with music by Mel Marvin and a cast that includes April Shawhan, Swoosie Kurtz, Brent Spiner, Gary Bayer, and Joan Pape. David Chambers directed. Previews Wednesday, March 29. Opens officially on Thursday, March 30. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar—René Auberjonois, Richard Dreyfuss, Thomas Hulce, Austin Pendleton, Rex Robbins, and George Rose in Shake-

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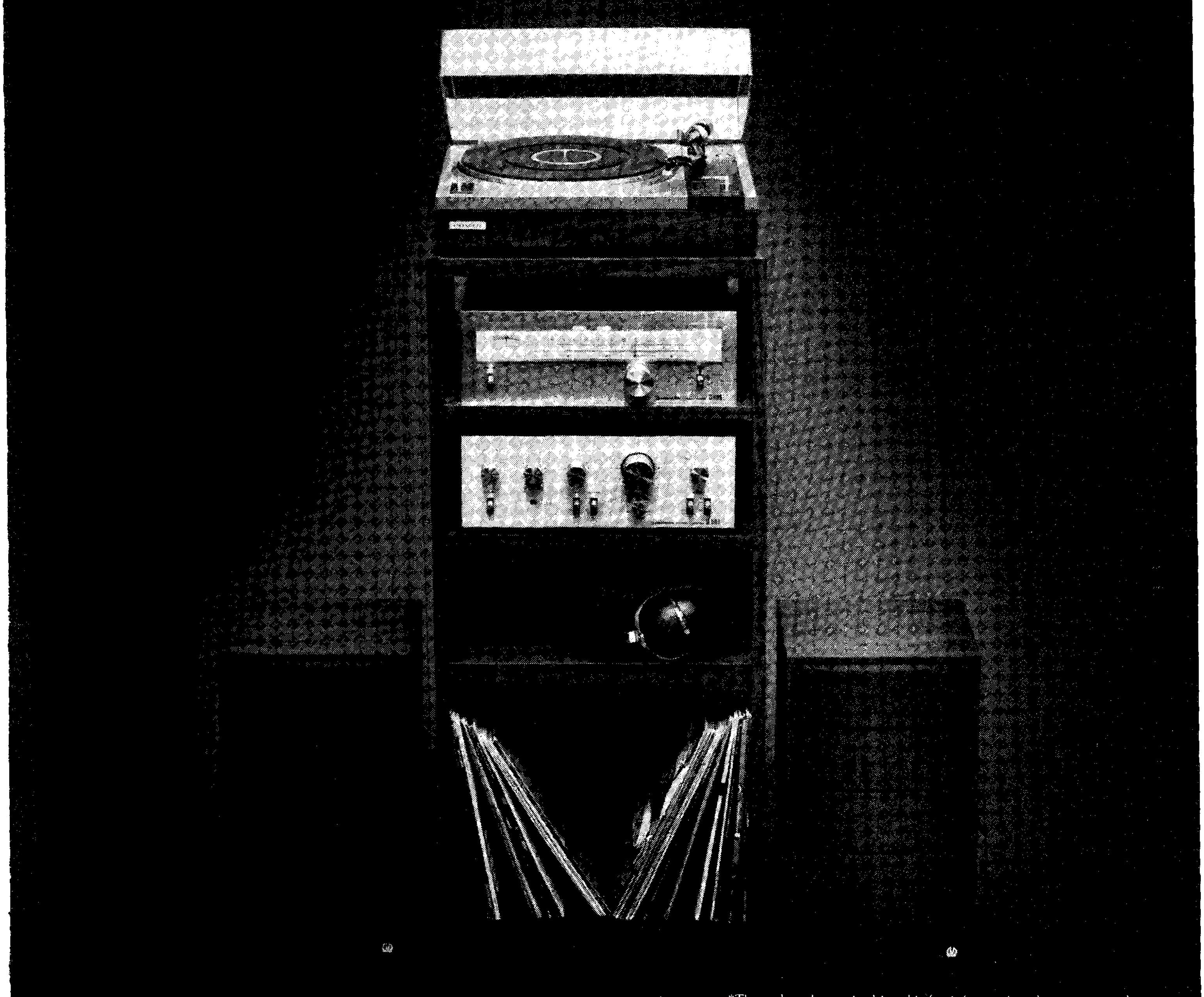

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©1978 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074 speare's tragedy. Directed by Frank Dunlop. Opens Wednesday, March 29, and will run through Sunday, April 23. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Museum—Tina Howe's delightful, episodic comedy takes place at an exhibit of modernist American art, and the action is entirely a matter of the responses of the viewers to the invisible paintings and visible artifacts. The performance of the young, refreshing company, under Max Stafford-Clark's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. Admirable set, costumes, and lighting by Robert Yodice, Patricia McGourty, and Jennifer Tipton, respectively. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

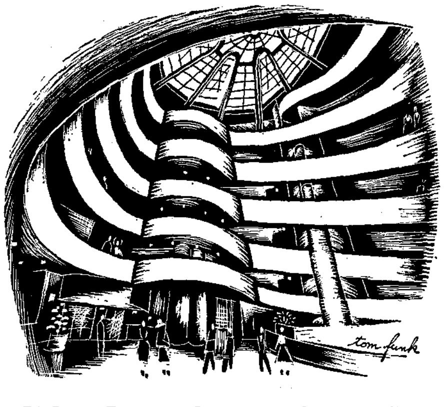
The Offering—An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Gus Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Douglas Turner Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum and Madeline Kahn are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—Earle Hyman gives a performance of great distinction as the Moor, but there is almost no one to catch his fire in this pedestrian production. With Carmen de Lavallade as Emilia, and Nicholas Kepros as Iago. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 11 A.M.; Wednesdays at 2:30; Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—James Earl Jones struggles superbly but in vain to bring Robeson to life, for the text, by Phillip Hayes Dean, has already embalmed him. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)



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A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Stephen Keep, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Promise—A play by Aleksei Arbuzov. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A fumbling Feydeau farce that fitfully finds a farthing's worth of finesse. With Louis Jourdan and Patricia Elliott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Touch of the Poet—Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker in an implausible O'Neill melodrama about a drunken Irish major and his family. The time purports to be the eighteen-twenties, and the place purports to be near Boston, but it is all yallery-greenery O'Neillery. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,448 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.) ... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, March 29, at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive perform-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 2.)

CIRCUS—The hundred-and-eighth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's ode to spring. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, March 29-30, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, March 31, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sunday, April 2, at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 5, at 2:30; Thursday, April 6, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Friday, April 7, at 1:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, April 30—Wednesday, April 5, at 7:30: "Les Patineurs," "Brouilliards" (première), "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."...¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8: "Moves," "L'Air d'Esprit" (première), "Touch Me," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Friday, April 7, at 8: "Brouilliards," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Pas de Deux," and "Jazz Calendar."...¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "L'Air d'Esprit," "As Time Goes By," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET—A one-week engagement—Wednesday evening, March 29, and Saturday matinée, April 1: "What to Do Till the Messiah Comes," "Family Scenes," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, March 30-31: "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Mahler IV (Eternity Is Now)."...¶ Saturday evening, April 1, and Sunday matinée, April 2: "Family Scenes," "Adagietto," "Pas d'Action," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MATTEO ETHNOAMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—A program of works from around the world. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, March 29, at 8. Tickets are available at the museum a half hour before the performance.)

PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 2, at 2 and 8.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

BERNICE JOHNSON DANCE COMPANY—A program of contemporary and ethnic dance. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Monday, April 3, at 7, and Tuesday, April 4, at 8.)

BALLET FILM FESTIVAL—An eighteen-day series of ballet films at the Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717)—Wednesday, March 29, and Monday, April 3: "Pulcinella" and "Liebeslieder Waltzes" (both made in 1973), with the New York City Ballet....¶ Thursday, March 30, and Wednesday, April 5: "Giselle" (1964), with Alicia Alonso and the Ballet Nacional de Cuba....¶ Friday, March 31, and Tuesday, April 4: "Bolshoi Ballet 67" (1966), excerpts from seven ballets....¶ Saturday, April 1, and Thursday, April 6: "Don Quixote" (1973), with Rudolf Nureyev and the Australian Ballet....¶ Sunday, April 2, and Saturday, April 8: "La Sylphide" (1972), with Ghislaine Thesmar, Michaël Denard, and the Paris Opera Ballet. (Showings nightly at 6, 8, and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Jazz-rock keyboardist and composer **LARRY YOUNG** leads a quartet through Saturday, April 1; on Tuesday, April 4, singer **LEON THOMAS** will move in with his band. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniel directs Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-or-so-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. This neighborhood feels so arty, the garbage cans look like installations. The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini-revue put together by composer Charles Strouse, who scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Patrick Quinn, Linda Griffin, and Ann Anello sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Bassist Bob Cunningham leads a trio through Saturday, April 1; Wednesday through Saturday, April 5-8, pianist Ray Bryant's trio will be on hand. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—Refreshing early-fifties-L. A. décor, with an indoor fountain and turquoise-blue-and-gold color scheme—in short, a setting for a Lew Archer novel. On Tuesdays at seven, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is at the piano; on Wednesdays, pianist **WELDON IRVINE** performs from seven; on Thursdays at seven **SHARON FREEMAN**, who plays French horn with Gil Evans, proves herself a first-rate pianist, too; and on Sundays **JAKI BYARD** is present from ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Pianist and composer **DAVE MATTHEWS** will lead his twelve-piece band opposite organist Charles Earland's quintet on Thursday, March 30; Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, the Good Rats, a rock band from Long Island, will be here; on Sunday, April 2, pianist **CARLA BLEY** will bring in her ensemble; and Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, have been set aside for **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, a wry, witty, satirical folkie and a humorously gyrating singer and guitarist. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. **MIKE ABENE**, a wonderful piano soloist, is backed by **GEORGE MRAZ**, a good bassist, through Saturday, April 1. Sunday night is **JIMMY ROWLES** night. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **GENE GAMMAGE**, on bass and drums, respectively, have moved back into their old homestead, the Café Carlyle. They go on Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper.... **TEDDY WILSON**, as elegant, understated, and swinging as ever, is back in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rearguard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works weeknights. **SAMMY PRICE**, the boogie-woogie pianist and dry-witted raconteur, performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ**, a trumpeter in his mid-twenties who plays in a forty-year-old swing style, heads up a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

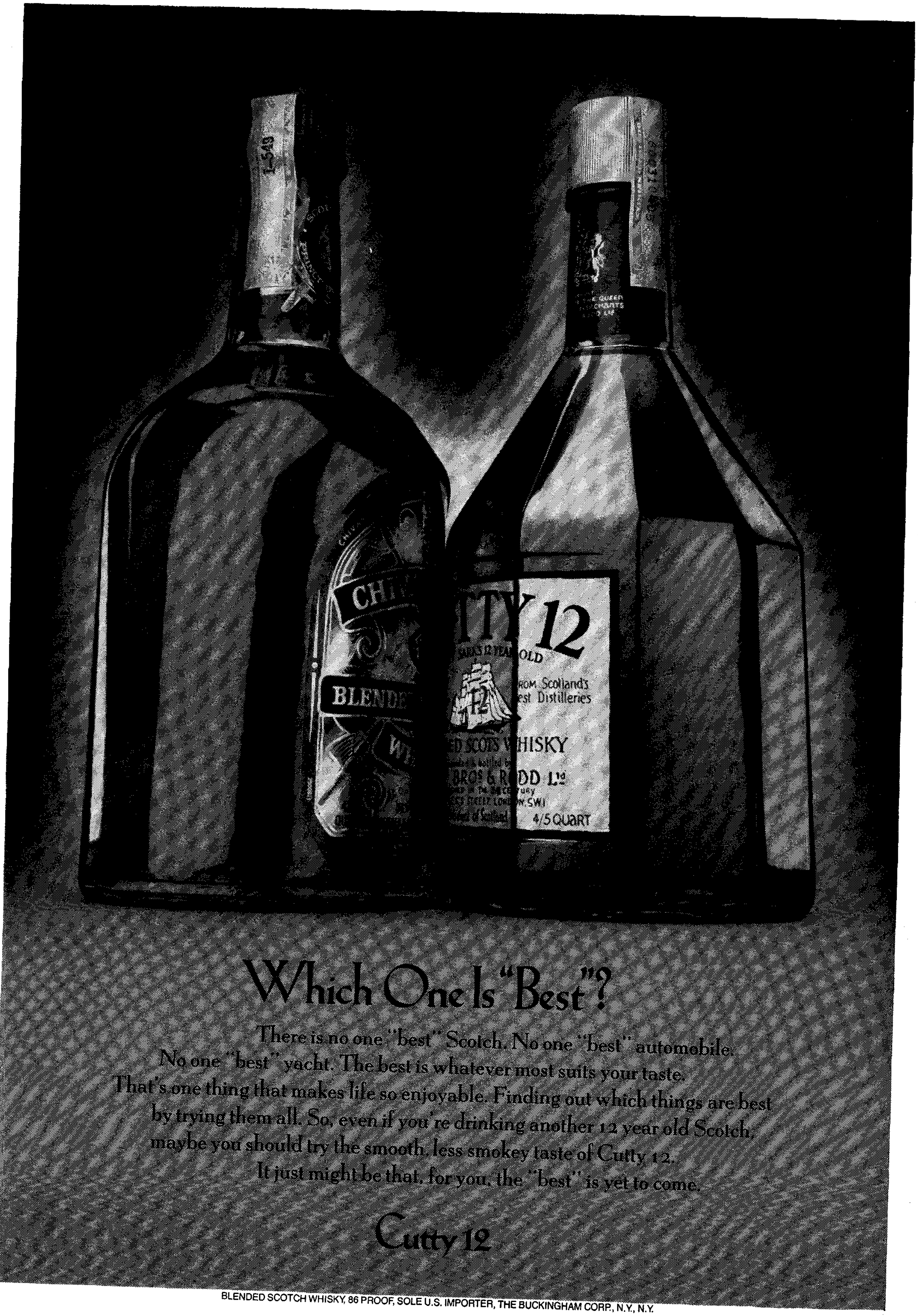
DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (*and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west*) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Sunday, April 2, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will work with a quartet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and the sparkling bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**. Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, bassist Gene Taylor, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Gene Roland and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Baritone **DAVID ALLYN** winds up his two-week visit on Saturday, April 1; tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will move in with a trio on Monday, April 3. They play Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, performs for all of *his* admirers, along with **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up with drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: abundant with slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). Kinky Friedman, a loose, good-natured singer-guitarist and ethnic humorist (he passes himself off as a Jewish Texas cowboy) is here Wednesday and Thursday, March 29-30, and on Sunday, April 2; on Monday and Tuesday, April 3-4, the thoughtful country fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS**, who is not from Texas but from Nashville, will bring in his band. Other groups round out the week. Music weekdays from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**FRANCINE CAROLL**, who is lithe and slim, sings with perfect diction, and isn't at all overbearing in her stage presence, is here paying tribute to Sophie Tucker. She doesn't—thank goodness—try to come on like a red-hot mama or sing in a barrelhouse style. She just sings subdued versions of songs Tucker made famous; Caroll's "Some of These Days" sounds more like "Summertime," and it's quite pleasant. Her backing crew includes **MICHAEL RENZI**, **MILT HINTON**, and **MARTY GROSZ.** Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, **RAY BARRETTO**, a percussion wizard, works with his energetic young salsa band. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Wednesday, March 29, is devoted to the music of **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVUE**—Happy Traum, Artie Traum, Eric Andersen, John Herald, and other folk types from Bearsville, Shady, and Saugerties, N.Y. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, blues violinist Papa John Creach will bring in his band; Monday through Wednesday, April 3-5, Shawn Phillips, a folkie virtuoso, will arrive with a pickup load of fretted instruments; and on Thursday, April 6, Josh White, Jr., will come in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

PETER BROWN, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—A spiffy room with recessed ceiling lights, smoked-glass partitions, brown tweed carpeting, and a few potted dracaenae. Pianist **MIKE LONGO'S** trio performs Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1; Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** will lead a hard-bop quartet. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is in charge of a bouncy dance septet that is firmly rooted in the thirties (except for the Fender bass) and forties—even when it attempts the Watusi—and this is just fine here in Art Deco-land. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Sandy Bull, a sarodist, oudist, banjoist, and guitarist, and a campus favorite for over a decade, is here through Thursday, March 30. Friday through Sunday, March 31-April 2, singer Marsha Malamet will perform. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** leads a quartet here through Sunday, April 2; tenor saxophonist Benny Wallace's trio will perform on Monday, April 3; and on Tuesday, April 4, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** will come in with a quartet for five nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** collaborate on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from nine to midnight. Downstairs, Fridays and Saturdays will be crowded for the next two weeks, when the elusive tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS** will lead a quintet opposite a trio headed by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE.** Shows at ten. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece swing band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Dinner and dancing in this room.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Three jazz tap dancers—Jane Goldberg, Charles Cook, and Andrea Levine—perform with a backing trio through Sunday, April 2; on Tuesday, April 4, the veteran bebopper and searing tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays, the Jones-Lewis-band replacement (they're on tour) is a fifteen-piece outfit directed by composer and theoretician **GEORGE RUSSELL.** Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hangout for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. Among the best of these musicians are the **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS**, **EARLE WARREN**, **DILL JONES**, **FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and **JO JONES, JR.**—who will be featured through Friday, March 31. On Saturday, April 1, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will bring in his Jazz Sultans for several nights. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. **JILL MC MANUS**, an animated Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, works Tuesdays through Saturdays; **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, another first-rate player, is at the keyboard on Sundays. Music from nine.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

STUDIO 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 29, at 5:45: **LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 5, at 5:45: **CATHY CHAMBERLAIN'S RAG 'N ROLL REVUE.**

SAM RIVERS QUARTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday, March 29-30, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, at 10 and at midnight.

GOTHAM—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, March 30, at 8.

BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 1, at 7 and 11.

BE-BOP DELUXE and **WET WILLIE**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

MARY TRAVERS AND TOM PAXTON—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.

JAZZ LOFT FESTIVALS—New music and new jazz in Spartan, and sometimes crowded, surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (475-9357). Beginning Saturday, April 1, a different jazz ensemble for each night in April; participants include **HAMIET BLUIETT**, **RON BURTON**, **SONNY FORTUNE**, and **LOUIS HAYES.** (At 8:30 and 10:30.) . . . Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656). Friday, April 7: **KALAPARUSHA.** . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8: **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS.** (Performances at 9 and 11.)

TERESA BREWER, STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI, AND DIZZY GILLESPIE'S BAND—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.

BETTY CARTER—Public Theatre. Wednesday and Thursday, April 5-6, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at midnight.

LITTLE FEAT—With John Hall. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS—Town Hall. Friday, April 7, at 8.

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Art Farmer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DAVID LEE BROWN—Abstract stainless-steel sculptures. Through April 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

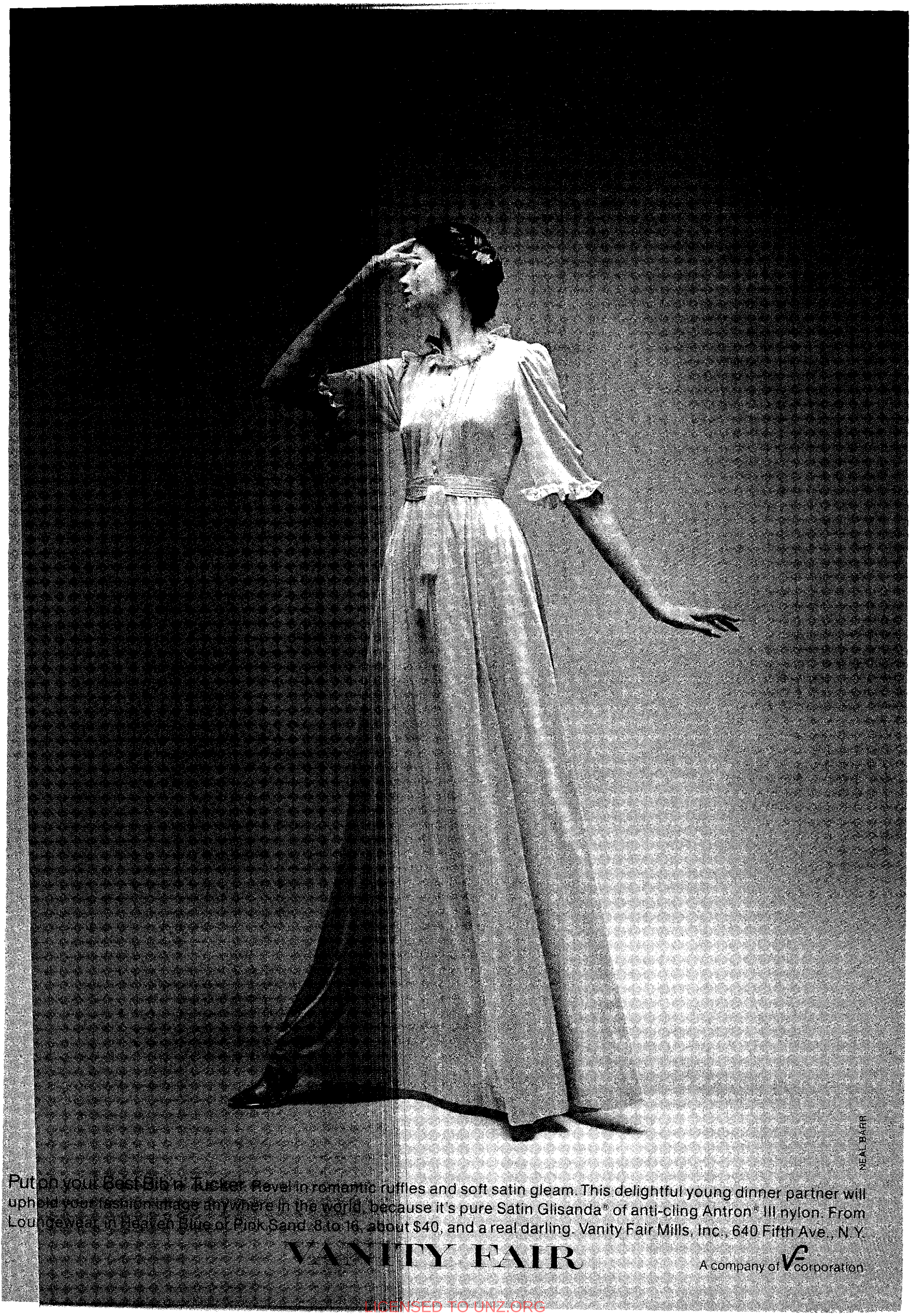
BRUNO CIVITICO—Expertly rendered figures, mostly nudes, by a young artist who often puts mythological figures (Echo and Narcissus) into modern settings (a row of suburban houses). Through Saturday, April 8. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALAN E. COBER—This artist followed the Ringling Brothers Circus for several years, drawing clowns, midgets, ringmasters, elephant trainers and their charges, and so on, in a delicate, spidery pen-and-ink line, often in colored inks. Through Saturday, April 8. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.—A show covering nearly forty years of cartooning. Through Saturday, April 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JEAN FUSARO—Waterfront scenes, beach resorts, and nudes done in pastels and in small, thickly painted oils by this French painter, who is better known in Europe than here. (This is his first American show.) Through Thursday, April 6. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Studio interiors, still-lifes, and strange, haunted-looking figures painted in oil, sometimes on paper, by this German



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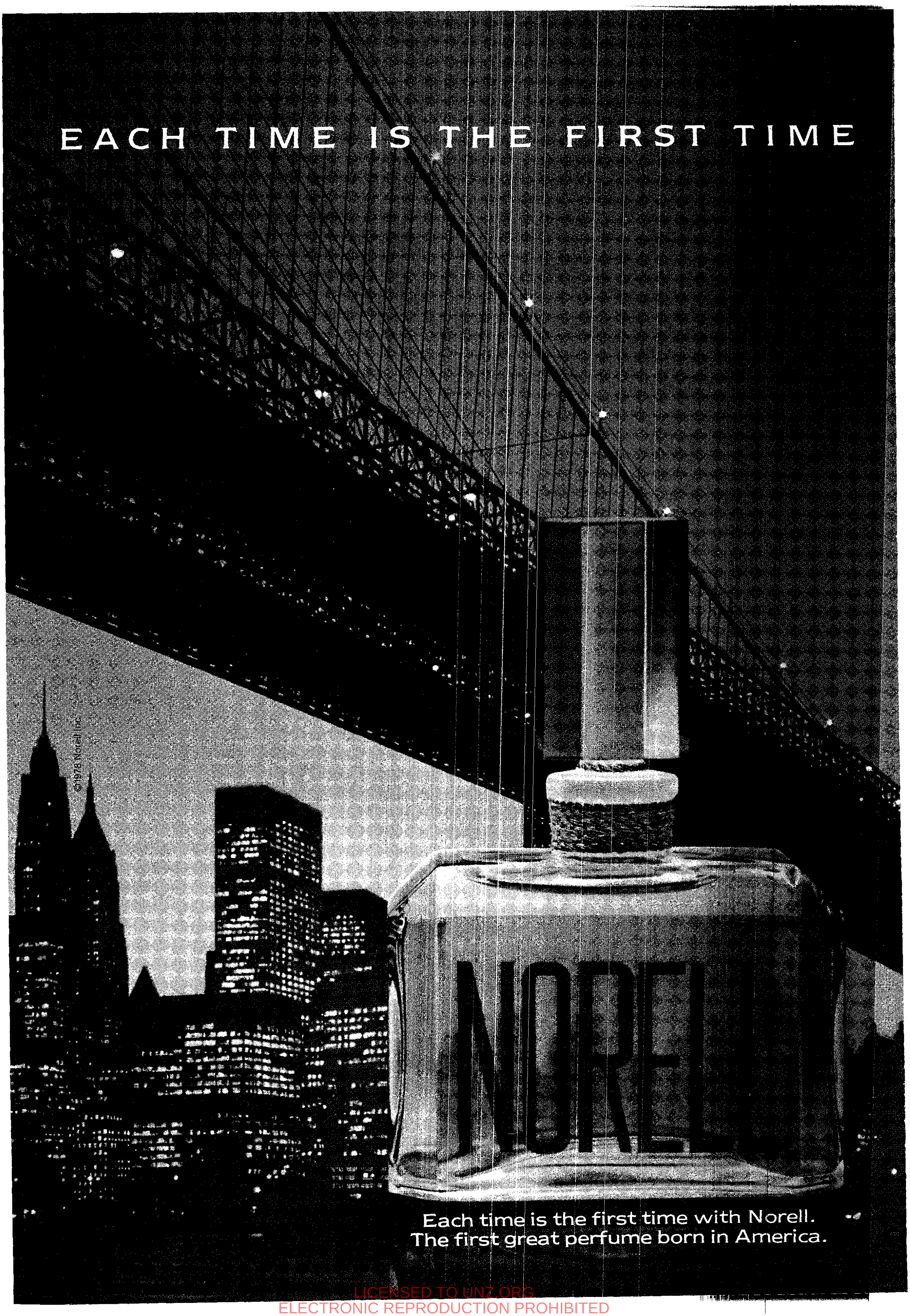
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artist. Through April 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ilse Getz—Collage boxes in which antique dolls, strange playing cards, and outsize dominoes are arranged; also colorful abstract paintings. Through April 15. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Susan Hoeltzel—Trompe-l'oeil wire projections, as well as various numbers and letters on unstretched canvases. Through April 15. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Rodger Mack—Abstractions of musical implements, including bagpipes, cast in bronze by a sculptor who does his own foundry work. Through Saturday, April 8. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 1. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Randall Rosenthal—Surrealist paintings. Through April 9. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and graphics, each consisting entirely of a single phrase. Through Saturday, April 1. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Fritz Scholder—A new crop of oil paintings by this specialist in untamed, scary-looking Indian warriors and their wives and their tepees. Some of their savage wolfish dogs are also portrayed. Through Saturday, April 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Wall sculptures, usually done in pairs and made of plastic applied to wire mesh and painted with casein. Through April 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Paul Waldman—Recent paintings and drawings. Through April 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Hannah Wilke—Private parts made public on video-tape. Through Saturday, April 8. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Wysocki—The old-time New England never-never land as conceived by a Detroit-born artist who has lived in California for twenty-five years. Through Saturday, April 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Floral themes interpreted by artists (Avery, Klee, Man Ray, for instance) who worked in diverse styles and mediums. Through April 15. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A de Kooning landscape, a vintage Braque, and a large Lichtenstein are included in a select show of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, April 8. . . . **NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES**, 2 E. 63rd St.: Six members (Bill Alpert, Ellen Cibula, Bill Conlon, Denis McCarthy, James Starrett, and Susan Weil) of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing works in a variety of mediums on the first floor of the academy. Through April 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An unusual Raoul Dufy depicting a jaunty-looking gardener, and a spirited Léger centered on a sadly abused tree trunk are among the paintings now on exhibition. Through Saturday, April 8. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German and Austrian Expressionists: Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele. Through April 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Large abstract oils, and small works on paper. Through April 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michèle Amateau / W. Louis Jones—Stylized paintings and drawings done in low-keyed colors. / Scores of watercolor studies of nautilus shells, emphasizing the mathematical progression of their growth and coloration. Through Saturday, April 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Spirited watercolors of blue irises, red radishes, green peppers, and other flowers and vegetables, by this Yale drawing master, who has had a wide influence on the current generation of artists. Through April 20. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd / John Button—Landscapes of the Delaware River area and Maine. / Cityscapes. Through April 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract paintings in which blocks of water-based acrylic color are worked over with very hard pencils, creating a sort of moire effect. Through April 12. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—An installation of small boulders patterned after what are said to be bacterial formations, and conceptual drawings of outdoor works based on plant forms, like lichens and oak leaves. Through Saturday, April 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Constantine Kermes—Shakers and their environs depicted in an appropriately straitlaced painting style, plus portrayals of Greek monks going about their duties. Through Saturday, April 8. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Table-size, abstract aluminum sculptures. Through April 22. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—New paintings. Through April 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—What looks like an outsize trash receptacle (it is ten feet high) has peepholes cut into it so that viewers can look in at a wooden chair standing on a floor lined with whiskey bottles and listen (an earphone is provided) to taped Western music. Through Saturday, April 8. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski—New color-field paintings, in which thick pigment seems to have been scraped around with a squeegee. Several of them are so dark in tone that they resemble bronze bas-reliefs. Through Wednesday, April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Highly individualistic oils depicting figures and the Maine seashore. Through Thursday, April 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Semi-abstract works of figures in rural summertime settings. Through April 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin / Jack Youngerman—Visitors to the gallery are invited upstairs, where they can sit at a counter and examine an assortment of forty-two boxes, which, when opened, reveal a whole series of happy surprises—patterns of semi-precious stones, colorful little doodads strung on thread, strings of tiny, fluttering kites. Through April 15. / Emblematic India-ink drawings from the sixties. Through April 22. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—A selection of this artist's powerful abstract paintings and semi-abstract drawings and watercolors, dating from the thirties through the sixties make up an exhibit planned before the artist's death last month. Through Saturday, April 1. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Jud Nelson—Large decorative oils in which outsize floral patterns are repeated, often in strawberry-shortcake colors. / Small, delicate carvings—a woman's shoe, little tea bags—done in an unusually solid kind of Styrofoam. Through Saturday, April 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Glass Paperweights—Sixty-five classic nineteenth-century paperweights from French and American factories. A benefit exhibit. Through Saturday, April 1. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings of women, including a Mary Cassatt, an Edward Hopper, and a Thomas Eakins. Through Saturday, April 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MULTIPLES-GOODMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: A Dada-esque show called "Objects." Among the objectors are H. C. Westermann, Andy Warhol, and Jasper Johns. Through Saturday, April 1.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jared Bark—A walk-in environment: a little house flooded inside with a pale-green phosphorescent glow, in which the visitor casts no shadow until a strong light goes on and a reassuring shadow appears. Uncannily, this shadow lingers behind on the wall as the visitor exits. Through April 12. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Henry Chalfant—Limestone carvings. Through Saturday, April 1. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Audrey Flack—Three Photo-Realist paintings, each ninety-six inches square. Through May 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Gilbert and George—A series of big, sectioned photographs that involve the two artists with various derelicts and criminals and dirty graffiti. Through Saturday, April 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Charles Ginnever—Small-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through April 22. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Gordon Hart / Stuart Shedletsky—Abstract works on paper in oil, watercolor, and conté crayon. / Four oils on canvas and six large oils on paper. Through Saturday, April 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Margaret Miller—A single construction of three raw saplings laid horizontally on seven uprights made of dressed lumber takes up the gallery floor, and there are eight drawings of constellations on the walls. Through Wednesday, April 5. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Patsy Norvell—Scale models of outdoor environmental pieces—one a colorful snow fence undulating along a pure-white field. Through Wednesday, April 5. (A.I.R. 97 Wooster St.)

Beatrice Riese—Large grid paintings. Through Thursday, April 6. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Ben Schonzeit—This artist was a recent visitor to the baroque music room of a Florida mansion, and he has been drawing and painting it with great verve and facility ever since. There are twenty-seven specimens in this show, and he's still at it. Through Thursday, April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **CUNINGHAM-WARD**, 94 Prince St.: Nine Australian artists are represented in this diverting show, among them Alun Leach-Jones, who does color abstractions; Lesley Dumbrell, who does striking abstract drawings; and Clive Murray-White, who works in varnished steel with an acetylene torch. Through April 15. . . . **GIBSON**, 392 West Broadway: A captivating film-projection show of a frieze of salmon struggling toward their spawning grounds by James Carpenter, a wall piece containing plays on words by William Childress, and some brooding color photographs of a mysterious stairway seen in various lights by Janet Rifkin. Through April 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Suzanne Harris / Linda Francis—A single geometric sculpture done in triple-bronze casting; also a related installation. / Leaves cut up and rearranged on paper. Through April 15. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Alfred Jensen—Heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions and works on paper from the last twenty years. Through April 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henry Hamilton Bennett (1843-1908) / **Erwin Blumenfeld** (1897-1969)—Panoramic and other views of the Wisconsin Dells. / Manipulated prints (female nudes and abstractions), plus portraits. Through Saturday, April 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

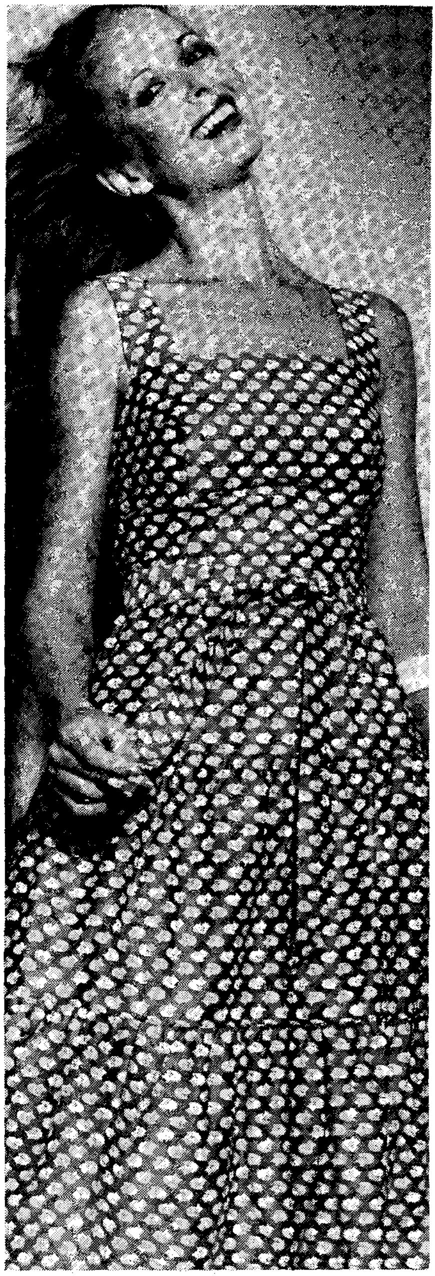
Harry Callahan / Joe Deal—Clapboard houses set against cloudless blue skies figure in these color photographs made in Providence, Rhode Island. Also dye-transfer prints. / Sprawling suburban scenes by a California artist. Through April 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Baron De Meyer (1869-1946)—Thirty-three photographs of a lithe Nijinsky and some rather sturdy nymphs in the production of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" that scandalized Paris in 1912. These rare photographs were reprinted this year by Richard Benson. Through Saturday, April 8. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jan Groover and David Haxton—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and of Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Elaine Mayes—Landscapes; first solo show in New York. Through April 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Martin Munkacsi (1896-1963)—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer, who began his career covering news events



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in Budapest, gained international fame as a photojournalist in Berlin, and eventually altered the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* with his innovative on-location fashion photographs. Through April 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Nickolas Muray (1892-1965)—Portraits of, among others, Eugene O'Neill, Tallulah Bankhead, Claude Monet, and Babe Ruth, made in the twenties, plus commercial color prints made for Seabrook Farms frozen foods in the latter part of his career. Through April 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

John Thomson (1837-1921)—A record of his travels in China, Cyprus, and Cambodia, as well as an early essay on street people in London. Through Saturday, April 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **helios**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works by Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Hill and Adamson, and others. Through April 15. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Color photography, some of it conceptual some of it surreal, by Joanne Muhlberg, Al Souza, and seven others. Through Saturday, April 1. . . . **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Robert Frank are among the photographers whose works are included in a show centered on streets of America in the forties and early fifties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a small show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The cube and its permutations—three-dimensional and on paper—in a Sol LeWitt retrospective. Through Tuesday, April 4. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **photography**: Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Starts Saturday, April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A show of Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibre-glass life casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Through April 16. . . . **photography**: Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by artists who include Benglis, Dine, Rauschenberg, Warhol) borrowed from fifteen corporation art collections. Through April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through May 21. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America, which houses a collection of archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major exhibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through April 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A new exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7. . . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through Sunday, April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

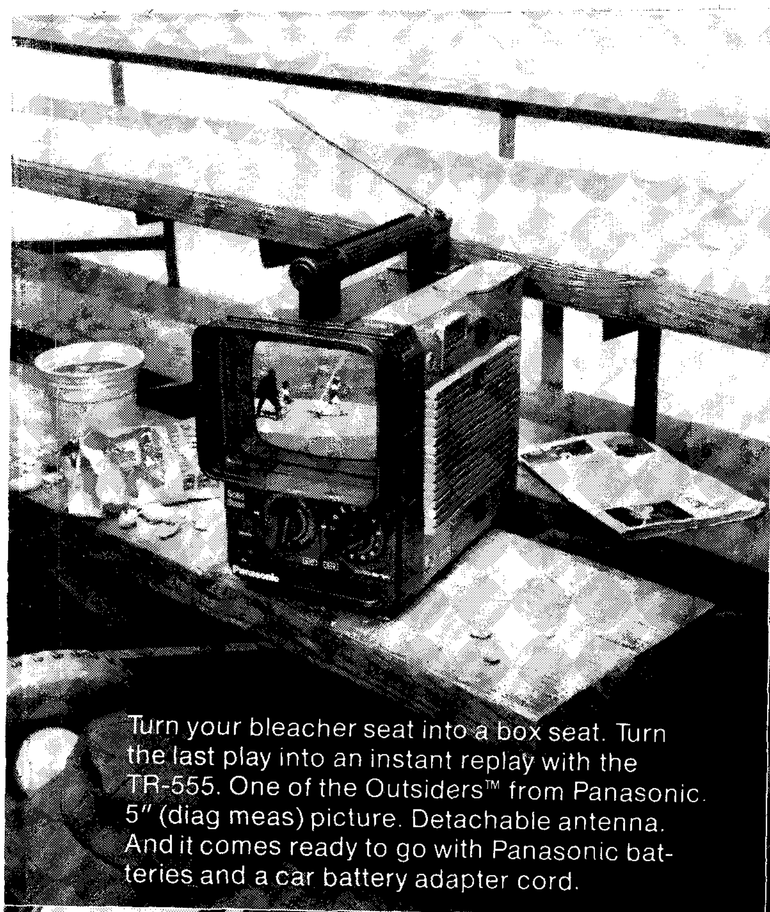
New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through Saturday, April 1. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile," is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 29: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 30: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, and Allan Monk; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 31: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 3: "Don Giovanni," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Elizabeth Harwood, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 4: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci,"



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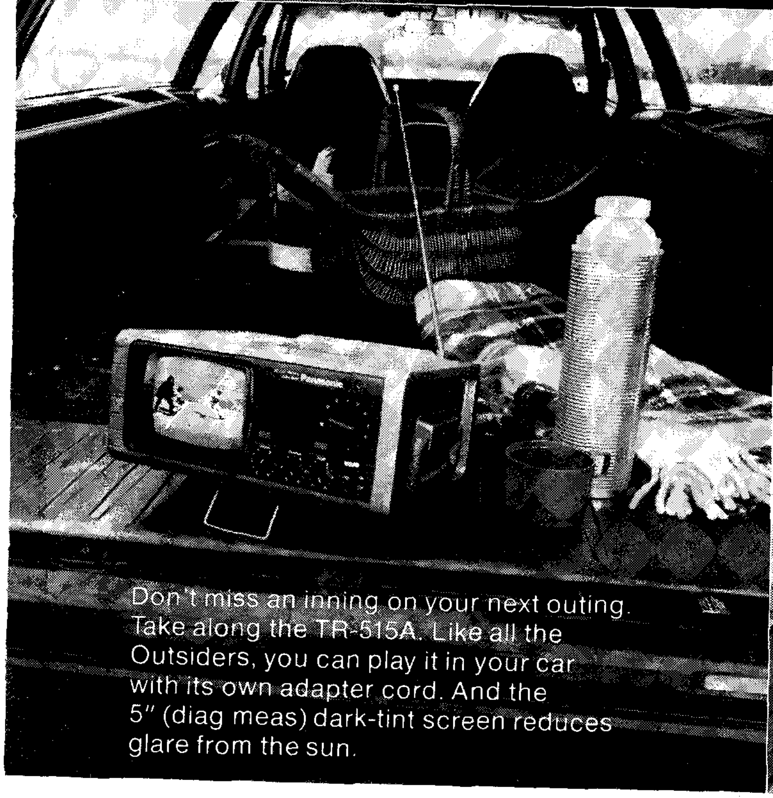

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with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 6: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 7: "Don Giovanni," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Elizabeth Harwood, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Placido Domingo, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Giuseppe Giacomini, Theodor Uppman, and James Atherton; Richard Woitach. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 29, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 30, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Diane Curry, John Sandor, and Frederick Burchinal; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, William Wildermann, and Abram Morales; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith Ehrlich, Faith Esham, Lando Bartolini, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Kenneth Collins, and Pablo Elvira. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 7: A new production of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 258.). . . ¶ Tuesday, April 4, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 5, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith Ehrlich, Faith Esham, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 2: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Ellen Faull, John Lankston, and Martha Thigpen; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Richard McKee, and Abram Morales; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Eugen Jochum conducting—Thursday, March 30, at 8:30; Friday, March 31, at 2; Saturday, April 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 4, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 11, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and John Alexander, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 6, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Mercadante's "Virginia" in concert form, with, among others, Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Pablo Elvira, baritone; Boris Martinovich, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8.)

Mannes College Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a benefit concert, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 8.)

Sacred Music Society—Angelo Campori directing an orchestra and a chorus in a performance of Rossini's opera "Mosè in Egitto" in concert form, with Gabriela Cegolèa, soprano; James McCray, tenor; Justino Díaz and Dimitri Kavrakos, basses; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 3, at 8.)

Yale University Band—Keith Brion conducting a program entitled "Sousa and His Band," with Robert Nagel, cornet; Linda Nichols, mezzo-soprano; and John Swallow, trombone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 3, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Warren H. Brown directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8.)

Paget Chorale—Daniel Paget directing a program of vocal chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8.)

Zamir Chorale—Mati Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday and Monday, April 2-3, at 8.)

St. Ignatius Choir—Johannes Somary directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 8, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 3.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Betty Lane, soprano; Michael Best, tenor; John Challener, organ; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Beethoven program played by Jaime Laredo, violin, and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 29, at 8.)

Esther Lamneck—Clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 30, at 8.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8.)

Javier Calderón—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in the last in a series of all-Schubert recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program of early music for brass. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, March 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Earl Howard and Stephen Jaffe, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and others. At the end of the evening, the composers will participate in a discussion with their fellow-composer Joel Chadabe. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

Zvi Zeitlin—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 3, with John Graham, viola, the last in a series of all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten "great" quartets and the cycle of quintets. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 8, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of music entitled "The Late Renaissance and Beyond." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and Alan Curtis—Recorder and harpsichord. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 2, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Miriam Fried and Garrick Ohlsson—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 3.)

Bruce Eberle—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 8:30.)

John Kenneth Adams—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 3, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, with the Amadeus String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 3, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Tuesday, April 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 4, at 8.)

Arthur Ozolins—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

Salzburg Mozarteum String Quartet—An all-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Morton Feldman. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 8, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music at Versailles and the theatres and salons of eighteenth-century France. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—Mets vs. Montreal—the first league games here. (Shea Stadium. Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at 2:05.)

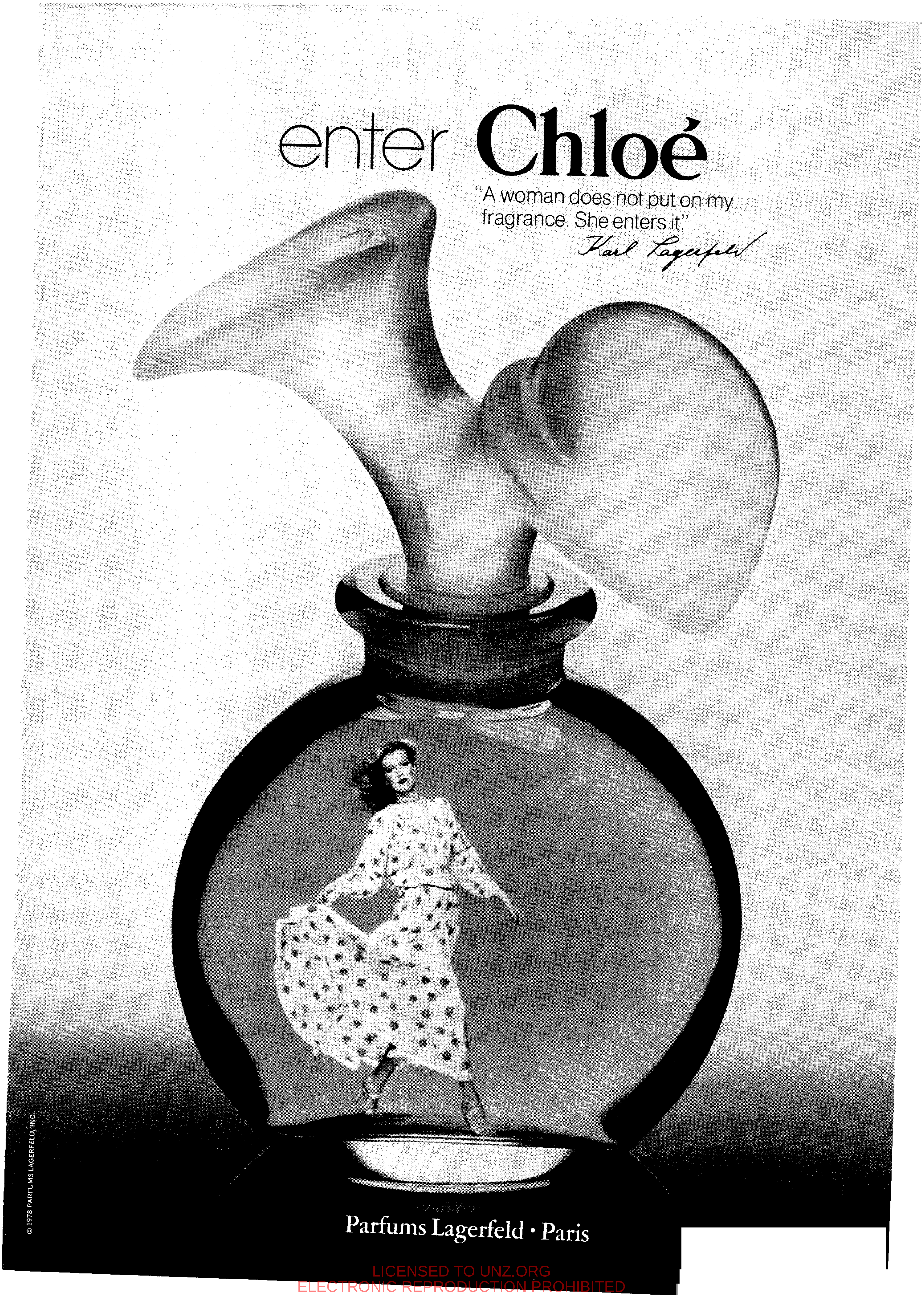
Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 8:30): Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, March 30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, April 4. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Thursday, April 6. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, March 31, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 29, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, April 5, at 8:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, April 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, April 4, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, April 8, at 1:15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, April 1; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Sunday, April 2; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 8.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Ft. Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 2, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Track—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at 10 on Saturday, April 1, at Bloom-



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ingdale's, travel west across 60th Street into Central Park, continue north around the Park, and finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—N. Scott Momaday reading from his own fiction and poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)...¶ Dennis Lee and John Newlove reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 4, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)

CARTES POSTALES—Seven hundred or so French postcards, ranging in time from the eighteen-nineties to the First World War and in subject matter from the opening of the Eiffel Tower to portraits of Czar Nicholas and his family. There are scenic ones, historical ones, comic ones, lovesick ones, and risqué ones. Through May 5. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

AUTO EXPO NEW YORK—Automobiles from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, and Sweden, together with a selection of American small cars, plus some thirty antiques, classics, and vintage racing machines. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 29-April 1, from 11 to 10:30, and Sunday, April 2, from 11 to 8.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, April 2.

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, March 30, at 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners....¶ Friday, March 31, at 2: Contemporary prints and sculptures, from many owners....¶ Saturday, April 1, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, from several collectors....¶ Wednesday, April 5, at 2: Twentieth-century Mexican paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 31.... CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 6, at 11: Russian enamels and other works of art, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, March 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, April 9 (day doubleheader). Chicago, April 10-12 (day). Pittsburgh, April 24-26 (night). Cincinnati, April 28 (n) and April 29-30 (d).... YANKEES at Yankee Stadium (first league games here): Vs. Chicago, April 13 and 15-16 (day). Baltimore, April 17 (night) and April 18 (d). Milwaukee, April 21 (n) and April 22-23 (d). Kansas City, May 1-3 (n). Texas, May 5 (n) and May 6-7 (d). Minnesota, May 8-9 (n).

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Princeton. (Princeton. April 22.)...¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 29.)...¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell and Syracuse. (Syracuse. April 29.)...¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. April 29.)...¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. May 6.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. May 6.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks. (Madison Square Garden. April 9.)... ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start April 11.

RACING—At CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 6.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: May 11-Sept. 4.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on April 16 and 23 and May 7.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 17.)...¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 27-29.)

TROTTING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: April 20-Nov. 18.... YONKERS RACEWAY: May 1-July 8.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 15.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through April 29, to be followed by "Music in May," May 4-7, and a three-week season of "Promenades," May 10-27....¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 16....¶ Bavarian Symphony Orchestra of Munich, April 24 and 26.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Syracuse Symphony Orchestra, April 10.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 11 and May 2....¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, April 12.... ¶ Margaret Price, soprano, April 13.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 16. ...¶ Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, April 18....¶ Boston Symphony, April 19-20.... ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, April 22.... ¶ Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, April 25.... ¶ Viktor Friedman, piano, April 26.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, April 28. ...¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 29....¶ New York Choral Society, May 5....¶ Oslo Philharmonic, May 6....¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 8-10 and 12.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Frans Brueggen, recorder/baroque flute, and Alan Curtis, harpsichord, April 9....¶ Clifford Curzon and Murray Perahia, music for two pianos and piano-four hands, April 9....¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 14, 16, and 30, and May 2....¶ Waverly Consort, April 15....¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, April 19....¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 22.... ¶ Lynn Harrell, cello, and Misha Dichter, piano, April 23....¶ Pierre Cochereau, organ, April 23....¶ Westminster College Choir, April 27....¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 6. ...¶ Music from Marlboro, May 8....¶ Peter Pears, tenor, and Murray Perahia, piano, May 9.... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, April 11 and May 1....¶ Leonard Rose, cello, April 15.... ¶ Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, April 16....¶ Ruth Laredo, piano, April 18.... ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, May 6....¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, May 9.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): David Soyer, cello, and Rudolf Firkusny, piano, April 20.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): James King, tenor, April 23.... ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, April 30....¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitar, May 7.

DANCE—Eliot Feld Ballet, at the Plymouth Theatre, April 10-23....¶ Nureyev, with the Murray Louis Dance Company, April 11-16, and with the Dutch National Ballet, April 18-30, at the Minskoff Theatre....¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 17-June 10....¶ Nikolais Dance Theatre, at the Beacon Theatre, April 19-29....¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, May 2-July 2.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Vincent Price will portray Oscar Wilde in "Diversions and Delights," a one-character play by John Gay....¶ "The Mighty Gents," a play by Richard Wesley (produced last summer at the Manhattan Theatre Club under the title "The Last Street Play"), starring Dorian Harewood and Starletta DuPois....¶ Della Reese heads the cast in "The Last Minstrel Show," a musical play by Joe Taylor Ford. ...¶ Frances Sternhagen and Fred Gwynne will appear in "Angel," a musical based on Thomas Wolfe's novel "Look Homeward, Angel," with music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by Ketti Frings and Mr. Udell....¶ "Working," a musical adaptation by Stephen Schwartz of Studs Terkel's book of the same title. The music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers, Susan Birkenhead, James Taylor, and Mr. Schwartz....¶ Robert Preston, Sam Levene, Neva Small, and Werner Klemperer in "The Prince of Grand Street," a musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Bob Merrill.

OTHER DATES—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1977 and estimates for 1978 are due Saturday, April 15....¶ The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., April 19-20....¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 30.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 4: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 5: "That Obscure Object of Desire."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 4: "The Goodbye Girl" and "A Touch of Class."
From April 5: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 4: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 5: "The Turning Point."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Big Sleep."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"American Hot Wax."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Word Is Out."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Big Sleep."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Casey's Shadow."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 4: "Straight Time."
From April 5: "Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through March 30: "Fingers."
From March 31: "September 30, 1955."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 4: "A Little Night Music."
From April 5: "The Goodbye Girl."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The First Time."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 4: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 5 (tentative): "The Lacemaker."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coma."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 4: "Pete's Dragon."
From April 5: "That Obscure Object of Desire."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"American Hot Wax."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 4: "The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2."
From April 5: "Straight Time."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Big Sleep."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Turning Point."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 30: "The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2."
From March 31: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coma."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Sebastiane" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "The Children of Theatre Street."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Crossed Swords."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Julia."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 4: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 5: "Saturday Night Fever."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Summer Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"1900."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coma."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 30: "Iphigenia" and "A Special Day."
March 31-April 4: "The Battle of Chile."
From April 5: "That Obscure Object of Desire."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 4: "The Goodbye Girl" and "The Late Show."
From April 5: "A Special Day" and "Roseland."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 29: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
March 30: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Laughter in the Dark" (1969), directed by Tony Richardson, with Nicol Williamson, Anna Karina, and Jean-Claude Drouot.
March 31-April 1: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls." (†)
April 2: "Torment" (†); and "The Devil's Wanton" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Doris Svedlund.
April 3: "Port of Call" (†); and "Night Is My Future" (1947), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Mai Zetterling.
April 4: "This Transient Life" (†) and "The Lower Depths." (†)
April 5: "The Scarlet Letter" (1973) and "Summer in the City" (1970), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
April 6: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Force of Evil." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 29: "A Hell of a Good Life: Howard Hawks—19 Chapters in the Memoirs of a Storyteller" (1978), in German, directed by Hans C. Blumenberg; and "Wintersplet" (1978), in German, directed by Eberhard Fechner.
March 30: "Fifty-Fifty" (1977), in German, directed by Uwe Brandner; and "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen.
March 31: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York and René Auberjonois.
April 1: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger." (†)
April 2: "Don Quixote" (†); and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.
April 3: "Letters from My Windmill" (†) and "The Well-Digger's Daughter." (†)
April 4: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; and "Open City" (1944), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani.
April 5: "Cavalcade" (†) and "In Which We Serve." (†)
April 6: "Wings" (†); and "Reaching for the Moon" (1931), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels, Edward Everett Horton, and Bing Crosby.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 30: "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "Victim" (1961), directed by Basil Dearden, with Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, Dennis Price, and Peter McEnery.
March 31-April 1: "Alice's Restaurant" (†) and "Bound for Glory." (†)
April 2-3: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.
April 4: "Sunrise" (†) and "Seventh Heaven." (†)
April 5-6: "Cria!" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 29: "Room Service" (1938), directed by William Seiter, with the Marx Brothers; and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" (1947), directed by Irving Reis, with Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, and Myrna Loy.
March 30-April 1: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.
April 2-3: "Bachelor Mother" (†); and "My Favorite Wife" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.
April 4-5: "She" (†) and "Isle of the Dead." (†)
From April 6: "What Price Hollywood" (†); and "Too Many Girls" (1940), directed by George Abbott, with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through March 30: "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford,

Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "The Woman in the Window" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey.

March 31-April 1: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas.

April 2-3: "The Caine Mutiny" (†) and "The Barefoot Contessa." (†)

April 4: "Forsaking All Others" (†) and "China Seas." (†)

April 5-6: "Criss Cross" (1949), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Yvonne De Carlo, Burt Lancaster, Dan Duryea, Stephen McNally, and Richard Long; and "Cry of the City" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Richard Conte, Victor Mature, Hope Emerson, Fred Clark, and Shelley Winters.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 29: "Daughter of Shanghai" (1937), directed by Robert Florey, with Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford, Buster Crabbe, J. Carrol Naish, and Anthony Quinn; and "Hotel Imperial" (1938), directed by Robert Florey, with Isa Miranda, Ray Milland, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, and Albert Dekker.

March 30: "The Miracle Woman" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners; and "Dirigible" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray.

March 31-April 1: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

April 2: "Among the Living" (†) *and* "Smash-Up." (†)

April 3: "Dancers in the Dark" (1932), directed by David Burton, with Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie, and George Raft; and "All of Me" (1934), directed by James Flood, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and George Raft.

April 4: "Alias Nick Beal" (1949), directed by John Farrow, with Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, Audrey Totter, George Macready, and Fred Clark; and "Angel on My Shoulder." (†)

April 5: "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" (1936), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Gladys George, Arline Judge, John Howard, and Dudley Digges; and "The Way of All Flesh" (1940), directed by Louis King, with Akim Tamiroff, Gladys George, and William Henry.

April 6: "The Bride Wore Boots" (1946), directed by Irving Pichel, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Cummings, Diana Lynn. Robert Benchley, and Natalie Wood; and "The Lady Gambles" (1949), directed by Michael Gordon, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston, and Stephen McNally.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 30 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Betty Compson.... ¶ March 30 at 6: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1928), directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton and Ernest Torrence.... ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 2:30: "Charleston" (1927), a French silent film, directed by Jean Renoir, with English inter-titles; "The Love of Zero" (1928), directed by Robert Florey; "Montparnasse" (1929), directed by Eugene Deslaw; and "City of Contrasts" (1930), directed by Irving Browning.... ¶ March 31 at 6: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1911), with William Humphrey and Julia Swayne Gordon; "Fate" (1913), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lionel Barrymore and Mae Marsh; and "The Yaqui Cur" (1913), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Robert Harron and Kate Bruce.... ¶ April 1 at noon: *"High Noon" (1952), directed by Fred Zinnemann*, with Gary Cooper, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Thomas Mitchell.... ¶ April 1 at 2:30: "Poil de Carotte" (1935), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur; no English subtitles.... ¶ April 1 at 5: "Le Silence Est d'Or" (1947), in French, directed by René Clair, with Maurice Chevalier; English subtitles.... ¶ April 2 at noon: "High Noon."... ¶ April 2 at 2:30: "Farrebique" (1944-47), in French, directed by Georges Rouquier; English subtitles.... ¶ April 2 at 5: "Suez" (1938), directed by Allan Dwan, with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.... ¶ April 3 at noon: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" (1974), directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow, a documentary about Antonia Brico.... ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "La Petite Lise" (1930), in French, directed by Jean Gremillon, with Pierre Alcover and Nadia Sibirskaia; no English subtitles.... ¶ April 3 at 6: "The Animal" (1976), directed by Walter Ungerer, with Joe Moore and Paul Ickovic.... ¶ April 4 at noon: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman."... ¶ April 4 at 2:30; "Farrebique."... ¶ April 4 at 6: "Ain't Nobody's Business" (1977), directed by Sally Barrett-Page.... ¶ April 6 at 2:30: "Poil de Carotte."... ¶ April 6 at 6: "La Petite Lise." ... ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Simone Signoret and Anton Walbrook; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A video installation by Peter Campus. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Baillie, Myers, Dreyer, Bresson, Buñuel, Dali, Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Richter, and others. Showings March 29 at 7 and 9; March 30 at 8; March 31 at 7 and 9; April 1 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 2 at 8; and April 4-6 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 30-April 2: "The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1975), in German, directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; English subtitles. ... ¶ Starting April 6: "Calm Prevails Over the Country" (1975), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"High Street" (1976), in French, directed by André Ernotte, with *Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman; English* subtitles. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

Metropolitan Museum, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films. March 29: "Go Into Your Dance," directed by Archie Mayo, with Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, and Helen Morgan.... ¶ March 30: "Late Extra," directed by Albert Parker, with Virginia Cherrill and James Mason.... ¶ April 4: "Metropolitan," directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Bruce, and Alice Brady.... ¶ April 5: "The Revolt of the Fisherman," directed by Erwin Piscator; in Russian with no English subtitles.... ¶ April 6: "Jalna," directed by John Cromwell, with Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, and Peggy Wood. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; March 31-April 1.)

American Hot Wax—As played by Tim McIntire, the disc jockey Alan Freed is a martyr to the cause of rock 'n' roll; he's so righteous he's Buford Pusser in the world of pop music. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents, because everything about the movie *except* this pious morality-tale aspect of it is cheerfully, trashily enjoyable. Freed's shrill secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super-B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Among the Living (1941)—Forgettable horror item about two brothers, one of them a homicidal maniac, the other a prosperous, married citizen; Albert Dekker, shaved when sane, unshaved when mad, plays the pair. With Frances Farmer and Harry Carey. Directed by Stuart Heisler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

Angel on My Shoulder (1946)—Gangster whimsey—which is to say the very worst kind. Paul Muni is depressingly arch as a tough-talking gangster who is shot, sent to Hell, and there discovered by the Devil (Claude Rains) to be a dead ringer for an upstanding judge who has been saving people and sending them to Heaven. In order to spread evil on earth, the Devil arranges to get the bad guy into the body of the judge; pretty soon the gangster is involved in a political campaign, and with the judge's fiancée (Anne Baxter), too. The picture was a deserved flop. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers was an astonishingly straightforward, good-natured comedienne. She played dozens of variations on Cinderella, and looked surprised each time she caught the prince. This time he's David Niven, the heir to the department store founded by his old-codger father (Charles Coburn). Ginger, who works at the toy counter, happens to find an infant who has been deserted; her employers, taking her for an unmarried mother, are indignant at her assertions that the baby isn't hers, and to keep her job she has to keep the baby. Contrived by Norman Krasna (from Felix Jackson's story) and directed by Garson Kanin, this is a rollicking, warm, obvious comedy; it's heavy-handed yet ingenious and enjoyable, partly because of good punch lines and realistic gags, such as Ginger and her boyfriend, Frank Albertson, being disgusted when they win the first-prize loving cup in a dance contest, because the second prize was cash. With June Wilkins as Niven's pill of a girlfriend, and Ernest Truex as a social worker. (Remade *in* 1956, *under* the title "Bundle of Joy.") (Regency; April 2-3.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to Tell All about Hollywood; the result is cornball decadence, so ornately awful that it's inadvertently entertaining. Ava Gardner is a flamenco dancer who becomes a glamorous star and marries a castrated count (Rossano Brazzi). Humphrey Bogart is an alcoholic movie director, Edmond O'Brien a gutless press agent, Warren Stevens a vicious millionaire producer, Marius Goring a rich playboy, Valentina Cortese an Italian aristocrat, and so on. (Thalia; April 2-3.)

The Battle of Chile—A great three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly question-

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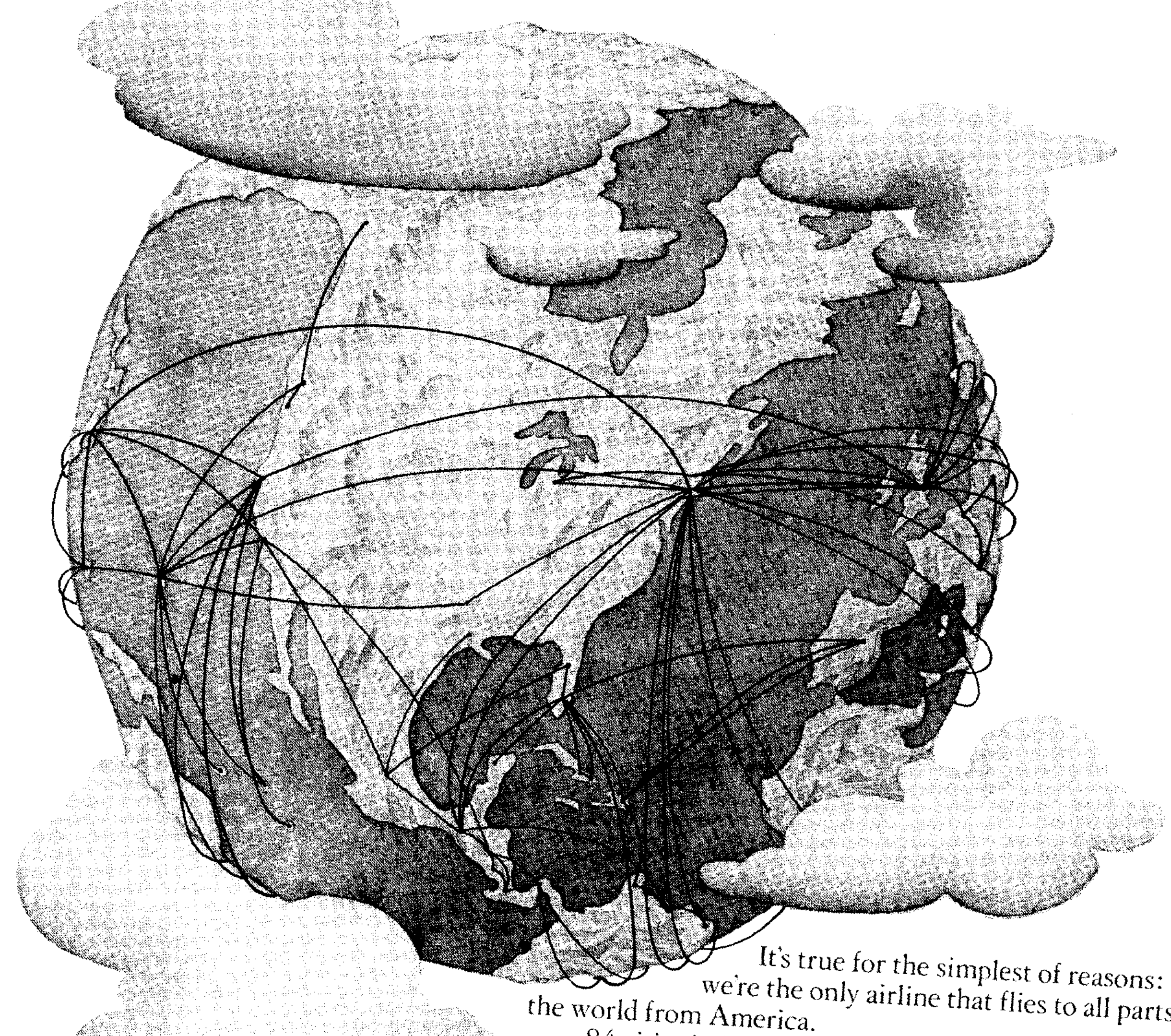

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able. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (1/23/78) (New Yorker; March 31-April 4.)

The Big Sleep—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Michael Winner. (Bay Cinema, Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I.)

Blue Country—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Bound for Glory (1976)—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Cinema Village; March 31-April 1.)

The Caine Mutiny (1954)—Humphrey Bogart is Queeg, but the picture is trash. (Thalia; April 2-3.)

Casey's Shadow—With Walter Matthau and Alexis Smith, directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet.)

Cavalcade (1933)—An orgy of British self-congratulation in the restrained, clipped style of Noël Coward, with the added know-how of an American producer (Winfield Sheehan, of Fox) and a Hollywood director (Frank Lloyd). Americans doted on this gilded tear-jerker that began with Clive Brook and his wife, Diana Wynyard, toasting the advent of the twentieth century, and followed the fortunes of their son (Frank Lawton) and their servants (Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor) up to the present—i.e., when the picture was made. The self-conscious good taste of it all creaks, but Noël Coward knows plenty of tricks, and the performers know how to get the most out of his lines. The cast includes Ursula Jeans, Billy Bevan, Beryl Mercer, and John Warburton and Margaret Lindsay honeymooning on the Titanic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period. Tay Garnett directed. (Thalia; April 4.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchildlike. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema Village; April 5-6.)

Crossed Swords—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

Don Quixote (1934)—An international artistic collaboration of rather overwhelming proportions: under the direction of G. W. Pabst (a German) the Russian basso Feodor Chaliapin appeared in three different language versions of the Cervantes novel, with three supporting casts. The French version (shown here) features Dorville as Sancho Panza. The film is not completely satisfying—Jacques Ibert's music is undistinguished and, despite beautiful cinematography and a stunning windmill sequence, the treatment seems rather cold. But if the film fails as "Don Quixote" it succeeds in transmitting to new generations the grandeur of Chaliapin—one of the rare great singers who was also a great actor. (There's a suggestion of John Barrymore in his self-awareness.) He isn't just a singer photographed: the voice is part of the actor's equipment. The movie allows us to be in the presence of a great performer who is already a legend. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

Fingers—In the first film he has directed, the writer James Toback seems to be playing the literary adolescent's game of wanting to go crazy so he can watch his own reactions. Because he doesn't censor his masculine racial fantasies, his foolishness and his terrible ideas pour out freely. The protagonist (Harvey Keitel) is an artist with the soul of a violent hood. Toback doesn't just risk self-parody—he falls into it. Yet the film never seems ridiculous, because he's got true moviemaking fever. With Jim Brown, Tisa Farrow, and Michael V. Gazzo. (3/13/78) (Cinema II; through March 30.)

The First Time—With Alain Cohen and Charles Denner, directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Columbia II.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky (more recently the director of "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here") directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

Forsaking All Others (1934)—Joan Crawford appeared in very few good movies (and this triangle picture isn't one of them), but her thirties melodramas are such lavish, tinselled toys that they can be terrible and still be hypnotic. Swathed in Adrian dresses and flanked by Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, she stares at us solemnly, directly—as if challenging us to come to terms with her overwrought modern-woman's problems. Here, she's midway between the lively flapper excitement that made her a star (she used to look sexed to the gills) and the agonized, toothachy concentration that became her style for dramatic acting in the forties. W. S. Van Dyke directed the mediocre material; with Rosalind Russell and Billie Burke. (Thalia; April 4.)

The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary, science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through April 4. . . . ¶ Columbia I; starting April 5.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton.)

House Calls—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, and Richard Benjamin; directed by Howard Zieff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—During the Second World War, Noël Coward and David Lean codirected this skillful, discreetly realistic film about the courage and sacrifice of the British Navy, specifically the men on a destroyer. Coward himself plays the ship's commander; he also wrote and scored the movie and produced it. Coward's ability to package emotions and to break the audience's heart without relaxing his upper lip are more perplexing here than elsewhere. The restraint of his proud patriotism may seem a much worse con than rampant jingoism, but he's a wizard at this English game. The cast includes Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

Iphigenia—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" it's the excitement of a new interpretation that's missing. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? The arguments have an ideological ring. But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas' performance as Clytemnestra is overshadowed, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw: Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the last five years. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. In Greek. (1/16/78) (New Yorker; through March 30.)

Isle of the Dead (1945)—Val Lewton produced, but except for a few touches, it's a mess—something about demons on a plague-ridden Greek island, involving premature burial and evil possession of the resurrected body. Boris Karloff and Katherine Emery are the leads; she comes out of her crypt and starts stabbing people with a trident. With Ellen Drew, Alan Napier, and Jason Robards, Sr., in a surprisingly poor performance. Mark Robson directed. (Regency; April 4-5.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (72nd Street East; starting April 5, tentative.)

The Late Show (1977)—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Olympia; through April 4.)

Letters from My Windmill (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

A Little Night Music—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (3/20/78) (Columbia I; through April 4.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab fa-

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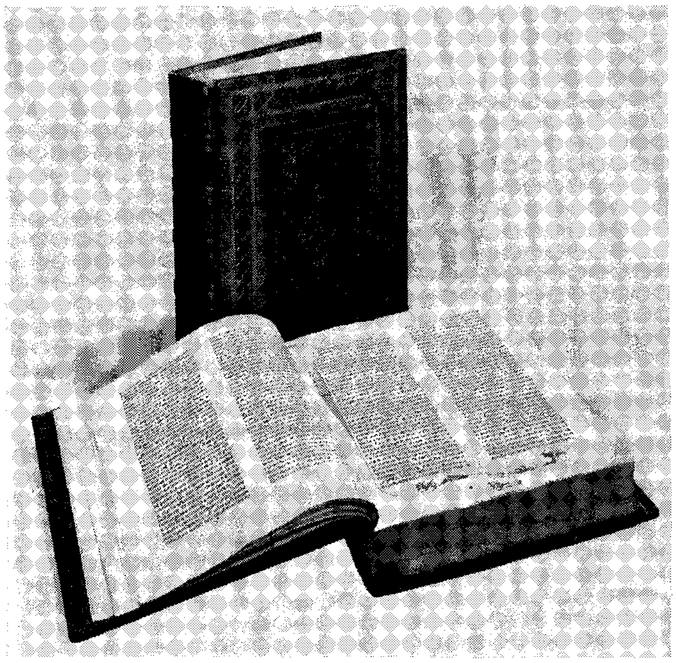

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ther, and she has faithfully brought the boy up an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Cinema Studio.)

The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2—With Marilyn Hassett and Timothy Bottoms, directed by Larry Peerce. (Guild. . . . ¶ Waverly; through March 30. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through April 4.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (U. A. East; through April 4.)

Port of Call (1948)—About a girl stranded in a harbor city. An untypical Ingmar Bergman film, made when he was being influenced by Rossellini and was experimenting with documentary realism. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 3.)

Pretty Baby—With Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields; directed by Louis Malle. (Coronet; starting April 5.)

Roseland—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Olympia; starting April 5.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Art, and Gramercy; through April 4. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting April 5.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

September 30, 1955—With Richard Thomas, directed by James Bridges. (Cinema II; starting March 31.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—In the first year that Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (Cinema Village; April 4.)

She (1935)—Hilarious, terrible, essential. Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagy décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunters of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrudes upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the story; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. Camp like this is a rarity. With Nigel Bruce. (Regency; April 4-5.)

Smash-Up (1947)—Alcoholism became a hot, gaudy movie subject after the success of "The Lost Weekend" (1945), and Susan Hayward had her turn at no-holds-barred drunkenness and suffering in this dismal, overwrought melodrama, directed by Stuart Heisler. At the end, half stewed but valiant, she rescues her little daughter from a burning house and promptly hops on the wagon. It may be hard to believe, but the writers who worked on this included Dorothy Parker and John Howard Lawson, and it was presented with some solemnity as a prestige picture. (It was originally called "Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman.") With Lee Bowman, Marsha Hunt, Eddie Albert, and Carl Esmond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (New Yorker; through March 30. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 5.)

Straight Time—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; through April 4. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting April 5.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

Summer Paradise—A Swedish first film, made by a woman director, Gunnel Lindblom, about the lassitudes and flares born of boredom among a four-generation family on holiday in the long Swedish summer. The picture at its best is about the failure of the middle class to comprehend its role in a changing world, and it is especially good on what the subtitles translate as "latch-key children"—children who go home to empty houses because their parents are both working—but a lot of women's-lib motifs of too much sensibility and not enough sense dribble into the film. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

Sunrise (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Cinema Village; April 4.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, wordly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Art, (U.A. East, and New Yorker; starting April 5.)

This Transient Life (1970)—A film, directed by Akio Jissoji, that reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 4.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting April 5.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31-April 1.)

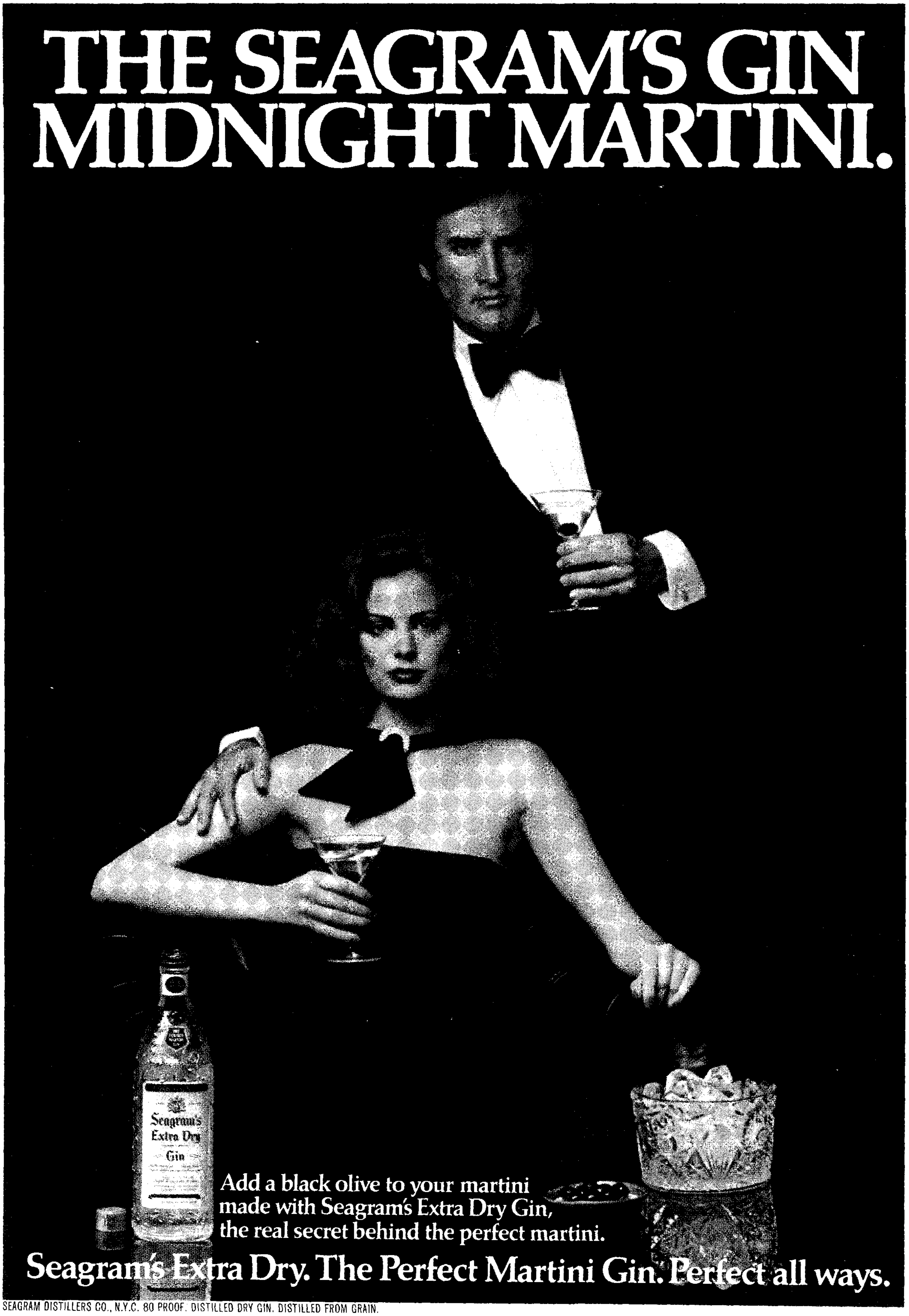
An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

What Price Hollywood (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretation on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. With Neil Hamilton, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers, and Eddie Anderson. (Regency; starting April 6.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Eastside Cinema.)



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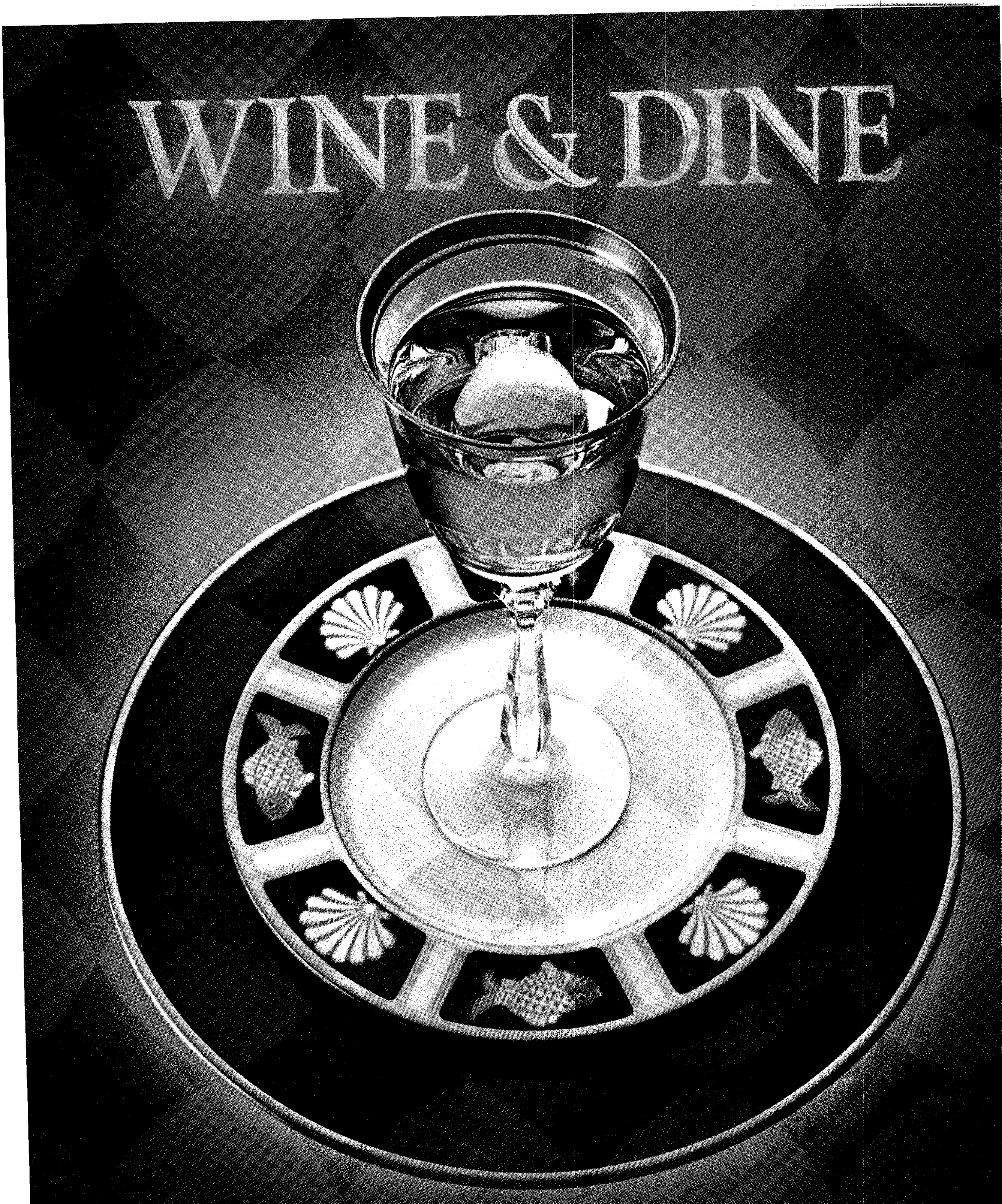

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THE BEST DRESSED TABLE WARES

MIKASA

THE NEW YORKER

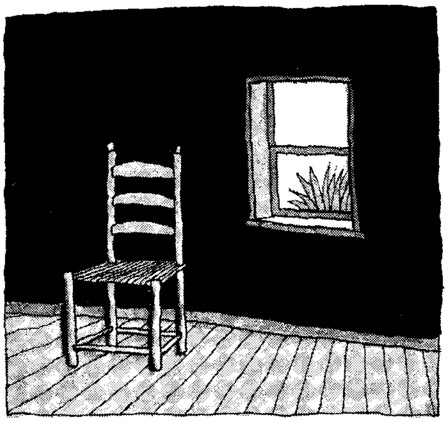
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

Usually, I don't go around picking out one word or phrase or single phenomenon and finding in it evidence that our whole civilization is collapsing, but what else are you supposed to do with a concept like Beach Repair? Beach Repair is an idea that has been mentioned in several recent news stories about owners of Atlantic oceanfront property and town leaders in resort communities who have found after this winter's storms that the ocean has moved their beaches to places they hadn't counted on at all. Federal funds are also sometimes mentioned in connection with the concept of Beach Repair. I can give you a clear physical description of the concept of Beach Repair: about five-four, one thirty-seven, wearing a dirty orange down jacket, and carrying enough bogus-idea gelignite strapped to its chest to fuse the rational grids of millions of people. Beach Repair tries to get past my tight security systems by using the same gate where lots of similar-appearing concepts—Swamp Drainage, Stream Channelization, Flood Control, Harbor Dredging—come and go so frequently that I never even spot-check them. Look at that eyes-averted, matter-of-fact-seeming Beach Repair trying to sneak through! Listen to all the alarm bells sound at once! The truth is, the concept of Beach Repair has nothing whatever in common with the concept of Stream Channelization—they've never even met. The truth is, the concept of Beach Repair has lunch (I know I'm stringing the metaphor out, but this is fun for me) with the concept of Wind Repair. The concept of Beach Repair is close friends with the concept of Magnetic Pole Repair. The concepts of Equator Maintenance and Continental Drift Prevention are both listed in Beach Repair's personal Rolodex. *There is no such thing as beach repair!* You can repair a watch, a television set, or a recreational-vehicle awning, but you cannot repair a beach. There is never any point at which you can look at a beach and say, "That beach is broken. It should be repaired."

Of course, I know what people mean when they talk about beach repair, and about federal funds for beach repair. They mean that their property and livelihoods have been damaged by a natural disaster, and they, as taxpayers, think that the government should help them undo that damage. I have no quarrel with that. But I think it is important to keep in mind at all times that shovelling sand out of living rooms, extending seawalls, building jetties are really nothing more than suggestions to an ocean that is notoriously indifferent to suggestions, outpolling, as it does, the land on this planet by more than two to one. The beach is still the ocean's to do with what it wants. A beach is not something that you have to bother about fixing, in the long run, because even if the ocean is covered with oil or fouled with wastes or blasted every which way by atom bombs, it is still going to be the boss in the department of moving sand around for a really, really long time. The concept of Beach Repair reminds me of the Persian King Xerxes, who became so enraged after a storm destroyed his great bridge from Asia to Europe that he ordered his men to take rods and flog the Hellespont. I think the concept of Beach Repair is similar to that, except that actually flogging the Hellespont is somehow cuter.



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Plaintiff

MEET Miss Debra Jenkins. She is a thin, pale, twenty-four-year-old lapsed psychology graduate student, daughter of a retired New York City police inspector, now employed as secretary and legal assistant in the Manhattan law firm of Berney & Cousins; and she is also the sole plaintiff in a conceivably precedent-setting lawsuit against H. R. Haldeman and the publisher of his book "The Ends of Power." Miss Jenkins was watching an evening news telecast shortly after the memoir came out. She looked at people scrambling to buy it at Brentano's, and she listened to a practically non-stop-ringing cash register. It was the cash register that got her. She phoned one of her bosses, Lonn E. Berney, and learned that he, too, had been tuned in to that program, and that he was as sore as she was to hear that Haldeman's royalties would probably make him rich. They agreed that that would be *wrong*. Mr. Berney, a thirty-year-old attorney who specializes in malpractice and product-liability trial work, said he'd do some quick research, and he called her back a bit later to report that he believed somebody ought to institute a taxpayer's suit against Haldeman, and that she would fill the bill just fine. On February 22nd, the two of them presented themselves at the State Supreme Court, a few blocks from the Berney & Cousins offices, at 299 Broadway, and filed a complaint against Haldeman and his publisher, Times Books, owned by the New York Times Company.

The basic premise of the suit, Mr. Berney explained to us a few days after that at his office, is twofold: first, that nobody should benefit financially from his own criminality (that has been illegal in New York State since last summer, when the Legislature passed what has since become known as "the Son of Sam act," because it was signed into law only a day after the arrest of David Berkowitz), and, second, that nobody should profit from information to which he has been made privy while holding public office. "It was Haldeman's responsibility to divulge everything he knew when Watergate was under investigation," Mr. Berney said, "and he ought not to divulge it for profit at any time. Doing the latter is offensive to the nature of the relationship he had to the country. A couple of book publishers seemed worried when they first learned of Debby's action, because they thought we were on a collision course with the First Amendment. But we're not. We're not saying to anybody, 'Don't write that book.' We're merely saying, 'Don't profit from it.' It is stipulated in Debby's complaint, incidentally, that *she* won't profit if we win her case; we contend that all of Haldeman's royalties should go to the United States Treasury. So since we're not asking for anything, there can't be any question of an out-of-court settlement. And we're not asking the Times Company to give up any of its publisher's share of the proceeds. The Times Company is in the suit only peripherally, so we can obtain an accurate accounting of the money involved. I imagine that the side that loses in the early round of this litigation will appeal, and that the matter will ultimately have to be resolved—perhaps as soon as December, if we don't go to trial—by the United States Supreme Court. If and when the case reaches that level, we'll probably be out of pocket—without figuring in anything at all for our time—to the tune of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. But lawyers of my generation feel that they need to be responsible, to think beyond fees. I've written two books myself—legal texts on malpractice and product liability—but I'm going to turn over all my royalties to consumer groups and medical charities, because the material in them evolved from work I'd already been paid for once."

Miss Jenkins came in with some papers. "In my capacity as legal secretary here," she said, "I typed out the formal complaint myself [it describes her and her fellow-taxpayers as "embarrassed, compromised, demeaned, and demoralized" by the Haldeman opus], and I've never been so nervous and afraid that I'd make a typo."

"You did," said Mr. Berney, gently. "In paragraph twenty-six, mentioning yourself, you put 'he' instead of 'she.' But it doesn't invalidate anything."

We asked Miss Jenkins if she expected to be nervous if she had to testify in court against Mr. Haldeman.

"The only thing she would be required to testify to is that she is a bona-fide taxpayer," Mr. Berney said. "She has to prove she's a taxpayer to show she suffered some detriment."

"You know, the reaction to all this has been terrific," Miss Jenkins said. "So many letters! So many phone calls! And not a single abusive one!"

"One person sent in a hundred-dollar check toward our expenses," Mr. Berney said, "but we returned it right off. This one is on us, exclusively."

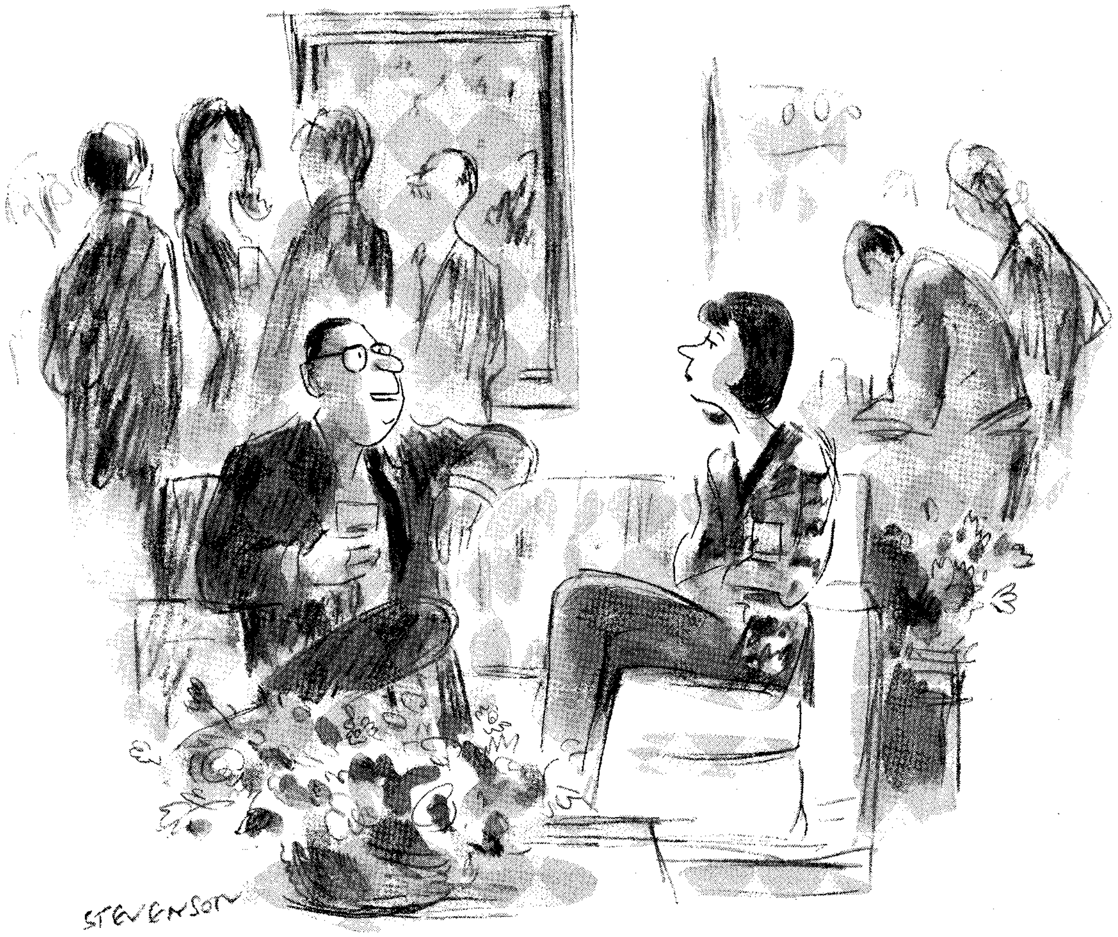
"You know," said Miss Jenkins, "I think one of the worst things about the Haldeman book—I didn't buy it, I was given a copy as a gift—is that it's so boring."

Effects

THE way things have been going lately at the Piccadilly Hotel Coffee Shop, on West Forty-fifth Street, it is entirely possible that anyone who wanders into the back room of the restaurant during the lunch hour will discover a grown man trying to make a teaspoon dangle off the end of his nose. The New York Magicians Table, a gathering of amateur and professional prestidigitators, convenes at the Piccadilly every weekday afternoon. Not long ago, an up-and-comer from Connecticut dropped by and, between the soup and sandwich courses, casually hoisted his teaspoon, lightly tapped its concave surface against his nose, and left it hanging there, handle down. This stunt appeared to defy gravity and was well received by the five other magicians who witnessed it. Since then, the spoon bit has caught on with the Magicians Table hard core, even though it is more of a gag than an effect—"effect" being the term of art that a self-respecting magician uses to describe what a layman might call a trick. Because "trick" implies unseemly deception, it is more or less a dirty word at the Piccadilly.

Daily sessions at the Magicians Table are never burdened with official business, because, as an organized entity, the Table has no dues and no agenda. Nevertheless, several members attend the lunches with orthodox devotion, even though doing so forces some of them to tear themselves away from demanding occupations. Larry Arcuri, who was a charter member of the Table when it started out during the mid-forties at the Dixie Hotel, happens to know an effect that changes one-dollar bills into fives. The rest of the magicians work for a living. One of the most peripatetic is Byron Wels, who, when he isn't off in some place like Atlanta training novice magicians for the Burger King chain or else at home in New Jersey trying to get his guillotine blade to slide properly, shows up at the Piccadilly virtually every day. The first time we met Wels, we heard him identify himself as "an editor and the author of one hundred and twenty-eight books." By the time his lunch, a tongue sandwich, had arrived, this awesome figure had begun to sound like "one fifty-eight." When it came time to pay the check, he casually mentioned that his œuvre included one hundred and eighty separate works. "I'm always busy with three or four at a time," he explained. "Most of them are the how-to variety. I wrote 'New and Better Methods for Dog Obedience Training,' 'The Medicine Cabinet,' 'Basic Auto Repair'—stuff like that. Right now, I'm working on 'The Layman's Guide to Personal Computers.' Also, I contribute a regular column to a magazine called *Custom Vans*. My best-seller is a magic book called 'The Great Illusions,' a two-volume set. One volume contains nothing but diagrams. It sells for forty-seven fifty at Lou Tannen's magic shop, on Broadway. I know that sounds like a lot for a book, but that one took me a long time to write. How long? Four months. If you're gonna write books for a living, there's so little money in it you've gotta crank 'em out like sausages." When Wels was working on "The Great Illusions," all of his tongue sandwiches at the Piccadilly were, presumably, tax-deductible.

Larry Arcuri, who writes "Magic Whirl," a gossip column in *The Spellbinder*, a newsletter published by the New York Assembly of the Society of American Magicians, occasionally arrives late at the Piccadilly, because he has been eating lunch elsewhere. Around the time the others are finishing their coffee, he is apt to enter the room and announce, "I just ate two *wonderful* hamburgers." Then he winks and passes around a menu that he has pirated from Nathan's or some other well-established Times Square beanery. Arcuri dines around town this



"I'm a member of the business community."

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way because, as a charter member, he is dedicated to perpetuating the Magicians Table. Recently, the Piccadilly ownership changed hands. Just in case the new management decides to displace the magicians, Arcuri wants the group to be prepared to relocate with a minimum of fuss.

Besides Arcuri, the only charter member who is still a mainstay at the Table is Joe Barnett, a jowly, paunchy, white-haired attorney, who wears sober-looking suits and bow ties. The waist pockets of his jackets always sag, and his hands continually move in and out of them, as if controlled by nervous habit. The exact contents of Barnett's pockets are an abiding mystery of the Magicians Table. Murray Celwit, a Table veteran, insists that they contain bundles of checks that Barnett hasn't yet got around to depositing in the bank. Whenever a newcomer visits the Table, one of Barnett's compeers says, "How about a miracle, Joe?" Whereupon Barnett asks the visitor to state his birthday. If the answer is, say, June 1st, he produces, from a coat pocket, a small white piece of paper that has been inscribed with the numerals 6 and 1. Various people at the Magicians Table perform effects involving playing cards, handkerchiefs, fire, money, and mentalism—some more fantastic than others—but it is commonly agreed that Joe Barnett's flawless ability to guess a person's birthday after it has been told to him is a genuine miracle. Each time Barnett performs this miracle, Byron Wels, who has a laugh like an asthmatic vacuum cleaner, wheezes and says, "Joe, that's beautiful. You're a really beautiful guy."

One day recently, when the Table was more crowded than usual, a young advertising man named Barry Levy came to lunch. Working with playing cards, Levy performs effects so impressive that Joe Barnett shakes his head and says, over and over, "Vegas. I'm telling you, the boy's ready for Vegas." Among so-called amateurs, this is a supreme encomium. To add punch to his presentations, Levy has purposely cultivated an abrasive running commentary. Consequently, his adroitness with a deck of cards seems inversely proportional to his personal charm. As an entertainer, this places him somewhere along a continuum that is bracketed by Don Rickles and Ilie Nastase. Within the New York Assembly of the Society of American Magicians, he proudly regards himself as a dissident member. "I decided to run for president of the organization in 1973, because I felt that it was time for some reforms," Levy told us. "Another young guy and I conducted a blitz campaign. I mean, it was like a national political convention. We had stickers, we had horns. Signs everywhere—'Vote for Barry Levy.' The guy I was running against, meanwhile—a very nice man—was on a trip to Israel during the election. So he sent in a tape recording of his speech to the meeting the night the election was held. I got slaughtered. I'm the only person in the history of the organization to get beaten by a tape recording."

On this particular day at the Magicians Table, Levy did an effect called Card Thought and another called Thought Detector—both of which, as far as we could tell, required sheer magic. At the conclusion of Thought Detector, someone asked to examine the deck. Larry Arcuri intervened. "Whaddya mean examine the deck?" he snapped. "Does Heifetz pass around his violin?" Then Levy began to explain his Thought Detector technique, describing it as "Barry Levy's version of Bob Corson's trick, as originally presented by Sam Schwartz, who stole it from Harry Houdini, who first heard about it from Pharaoh Ramses III." Murray Celwit turned to us and said, "This is where it gets either interesting or boring."

Byron Wels, who wasn't paying close attention, seemed bored already. However, he explained that he was merely preoccupied with an examination that he was supposed to undergo that evening to try to gain membership in the Society of American Magicians. "The effect I'll be doing is Silk to Glitter," Wels said. To demonstrate, he rose from the table, stood about fifteen feet away, waved an empty palm once, and then pulled a red silk handkerchief from it. He stuffed the handkerchief into his other fist, made it disappear, and then opened his fist to fill the air with red glitter. When he sat down again, he watched Levy for a moment and said, " 'Pick a card, any card, pick a card'—that's not magic. Now, take Joe Barnett. *There's* a man who performs miracles."

Idly now, Wels lifted a spoon and tapped it to his nose. It hung there for an instant and then fell into his lap. Barry Levy noticed this. Interrupting his own disquisition on the Thought Detector, he said, "Lookit that, will you. And you want to know why the membership exam in the Society of American Magicians seems so difficult. You want some advice on how you can do that trick very easily, Byron?"

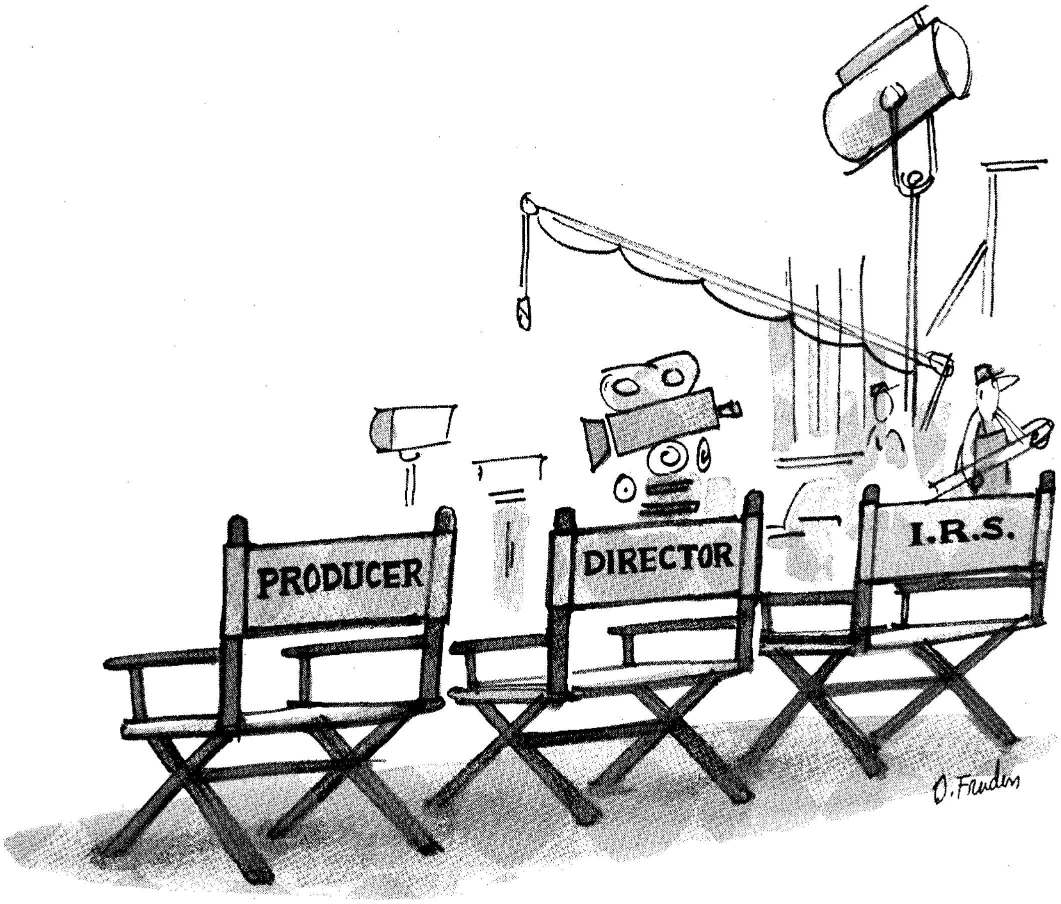
"How?" Wels asked.

"Epoxy," said Levy. "Epoxy."

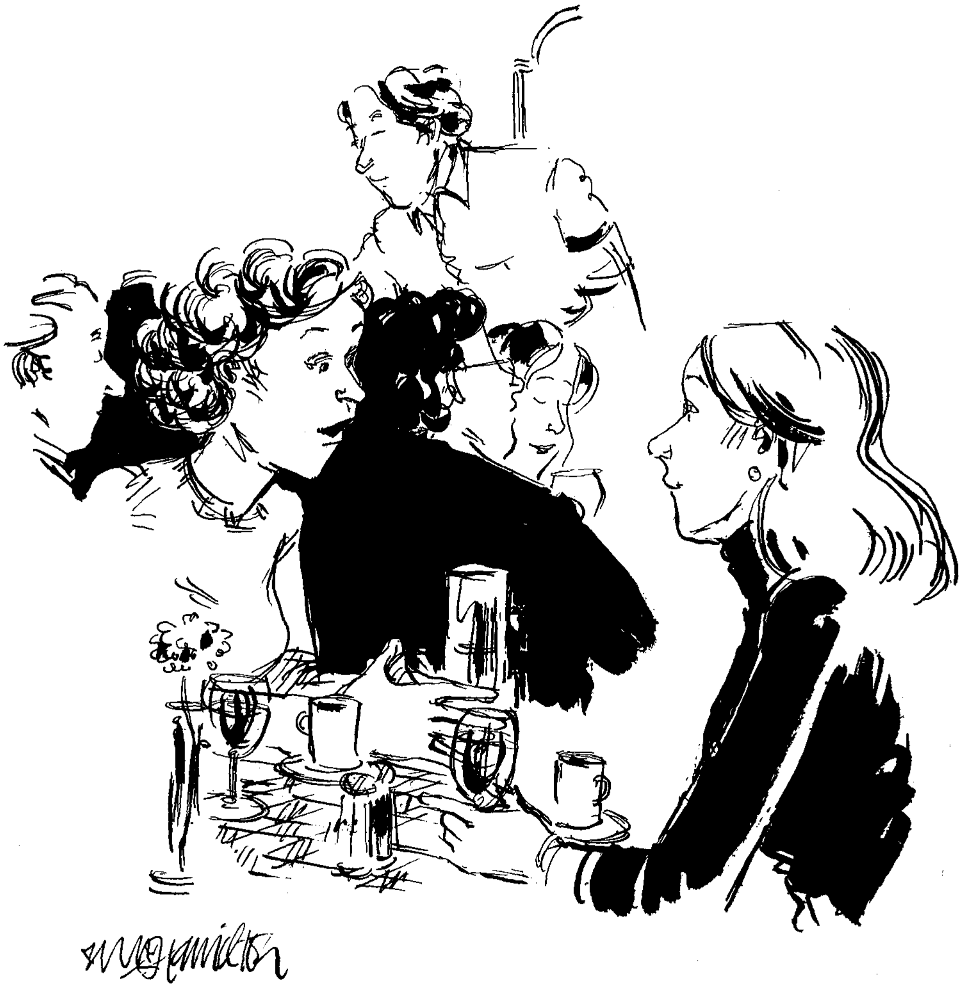
Friend

THE public-relations man Sy Presten, head of Sy Presten Associates, on his friend Lenny Randle, New York Mets infielder:

"Lenny is not a client of mine. He's a friend. I don't think I could be this interested or emotionally involved with a client, although I like all my clients, and they wouldn't be my clients if I didn't like them, in a personal business like this. I include stuff about him in my weekly *News from Sy Presten Associates* because he's really an unusual guy, really a sweet guy. I first met him at a party for Shirley (Lady Rose) Alston, who used to be with the Shirelles, and who now has her own record out. Her label, Strawberry Records, gave the party, and Lenny drove in from his home in Jamaica Estates (he's moved—lives in Redding, Connecticut, now) with a friend of his, Don Adderton, from *Jet*. Lenny went up to Shirley and told her he was a big fan of hers and had been for thirteen years. He grew up in the L.A. area. He's twenty-nine. Anyway, while he was at the party his car got towed. Cost twenty-five bucks for the fine and sixty-five for the tow, a total of ninety dollars, and he told me about it. He was really unhappy. So I told Strawberry Records about it, and they sent him a check for ninety dollars, and Lenny was thrilled. He called me up and said how happy he was to get the check and we talked for a while about different things and we ended up going out to dinner together, and since then it's grown into a very nice, friendly relationship. I've met Lenny's wife, Jackie—she's a former Delta Air Lines stewardess, a lovely gal—and I went and sat with them and had a drink with them when Lenny took her to lunch at '21' for her birthday. Lenny took her there because it had been a lifelong dream of hers to eat there, but the maître d' stopped Lenny at the door because he didn't have a tie on. They gave Lenny one of their black ties to wear, and after lunch, as he was leaving, Lenny asked if he could keep the tie. A lot of people had recognized him by that time, plus the bill was not insubstantial, so Lenny thought they should let him keep the tie, which they did. Did you know that Lenny is thinking of converting to Judaism? He's already talked to several rabbis. Last fall, he went to Israel to look for his roots, and after he got back, when he answered the phone, instead of 'Hello' he started saying 'Shalom.' His wife said if he converts she'll follow him. Lenny is a very warm, sensitive human being. He'll go around, talk to kids, give his fans autographed baseballs, and, unlike other athletes with a name, in no way, shape, or form does he do it for publicity. Every year, I help put on a Christmas party for the Associated Blind, and I asked Lenny if he'd come by and say hello to the kids. Well, not only did he come by, he brought autographed baseballs—the kids couldn't read the autographs, but they knew they were there—and he handed out Mets T-shirts, and he also brought along his bongos, which he played for the kids. I can't tell you what that meant to them. Another time, when Lenny and I went to a Jets game—boy, you should have seen the service people out at Shea. They went crazy over Lenny. One of the guards there was told by his boss, 'I want you to stay with Lenny the whole game. You don't have to do anything else.' There was a disabled guy watching the game from an ambulance down on the field, and Lenny went in and talked to him, and the guy was beside himself, tears just welled in his eyes. Lenny took pictures of the guy and later mailed the pictures to him. Lenny is a very methodical guy, and I've never heard of anybody as conscientious as he is about working on his fielding, his hitting, and studying the pitchers. That's why when he called me up a few weeks ago and said he was quitting the Mets I couldn't believe it. He says, 'I'm not going back. The front office doesn't treat me with any respect. I want to go into real estate.' I said to him, 'Look, I'm not Donald Grant or Joe Torre, but I think you should think about this. The Mets aren't paying you what you're worth, but what would you



make in real estate? Pennies.' I was really upset about it. I was on the phone with him for fifty—five oh—minutes. I just stressed to him I really had no axe to grind. I told him that he was lucky to be with the Mets and still in baseball after he punched his manager when he was with Texas. I told him he knew he loved the game and he wasn't going to do any better in any other profession right now. Well, the next day I heard he'd un-retired, and I was glad to hear it. I've never met anybody like him."



"Lately I've been very happy, but I don't know if it's me or vitamins."

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Ionesco

WHEN we heard that the playwright Eugene Ionesco was in town and going to talk in public, we dusted off our college French and headed for the City University Graduate Center. The auditorium—in the austere, academic-modern, concrete-bunker style—was rapidly filling up, and we quickly introduced ourself to Professor Rosette Lamont, who was in charge of the proceedings. She is an animated woman, and was wearing a black dress and a pearl necklace, and her ginger hair flipped out at the ends as if electrified by the excitement of her career as Ionesco's champion in the American groves of academe. We took a seat, leaving her to make last-minute arrangements on a brightly lit platform on which stood a table, two microphones, and two chairs. When she had to bring in one more chair to the platform, she remarked to those within earshot that this was "very Ionesco," because one of his plays is called "Les Chaises." She repeated this little joke several times. Next to us, two elderly gentlemen with European accents were comparing notes about the last time they had each been in Bucharest. In the audience, there were some graduate students in work shirts and with the haggard faces of those who stay up late writing theses on the avant-garde. There were also a great number of Russian-looking women in late middle age, wearing hats.

When a well-groomed contingent from the French Consulate had settled itself in the front row, and the room was so full that people were sitting in the aisles, M. Ionesco arrived to take his place beside Professor Lamont on the platform. He is a short, somewhat bald man in his sixties, and was dressed in a dark-blue suit and a blue turtleneck. There was a sadness about the corners of his heavy lids, and he gazed out at the crowd with both humor and compassion in his dark-brown eyes. Professor Lamont rose to introduce her hero in English. She poked triumphant fun at a conservative dean who had told her, in the nineteen-fifties, that Ionesco, Samuel Beckett, and Jean-Paul Sartre were nothing but poisonous mushrooms. (Ionesco is now a member of the Académie Française.) Her curls bounced as she raced on enthusiastically, using terms like "alienation," "demystification," and "the Baudelairean human predicament." She said that Ionesco was the greatest living dramatist but that he was also a fine cartoonist, and in some ways an eternal child.

Ionesco listened with slightly pursed lips and the careful expression of a man who hears his name crop up in a language he doesn't understand. Then he made his speech. He said that sometimes, away from the swarm of commentators, critics, journalists, and academics, he sits alone in a room and asks himself what makes him write. For the next hour, we sat absorbed as this simple, infinite question blossomed into a hundred other questions, a hundred potential and often contradictory answers about art and life. He picked up his ideas, turned them round and round and looked at them from every angle, tried them backward and forward, then turned them inside out. As he engaged in this impassioned dialogue with himself, Professor Lamont could not restrain herself from nodding and smiling from time to time over aspects of its familiar brilliance. The consular guests listened politely—the women holding their well-coiffed heads in attitudes of perfect dignity, the men crossing their legs and letting their elegant ankles bob discreetly. They looked up at Ionesco and seemed to see a thoroughly satisfactory national cultural monument, upholding ancient Gallic traditions of rolling oratory and vigorous thought. But the Ionesco we saw was also a small, lonely figure whose glasses, as he read his speech, kept slipping down his nose. For the benefit of silk-socked diplomats and expatriate women in hats, among others, he was doing fearless battle with the hardest questions in the world.

LOVE: SAME

IT is an afternoon of complete clarity, in the moment between winter and spring when nothing at all appears to be happening. It is not quite warm but not cold, either. The earth seems to have paused. Nothing at all appears to be happening to David. He stands in his parents' kitchen, half reading a magazine on the counter. He has taken the afternoon off from his job, which he hates, to wait for Andy. Not being at work makes him nervous; there's too much to think about. Should he go outside and shoot baskets? The kitchen thermometer says forty-eight degrees. David weighs a hundred and ninety-two pounds today, two pounds too many. He is seventy-five inches tall, twenty-four years old. Today, though he has never taken exact count—only an inner tally in the form of a small, increasing pressure on his heart—is the four-hundredth day since he has heard a word from Jean. He has given up on her—he actually has, he tells himself amazedly—and has been going out with Ellen for half a year. Ellen is nice. She lives nearby. Andy is her brother. He is a sophomore at a college in Ohio, and he is flying home to New Jersey in a rented Cessna to spend a long weekend with Ellen and their parents. He recently got his pilot's license, and now he flies whenever he can. Renting a plane, he says, is surprisingly cheap. David doesn't understand Andy at all. He is sweet-tempered, like his sister, and distressingly casual about serious matters like flying. David keeps things bottled up: in spite of what he says and thinks, he really never has given up on Jean. He now goes entire days, however, without thinking about her. David's job is feeding and reading a computer terminal at his father's auto-parts warehouse. He thinks it's one of the stupidest jobs on earth, and he tells himself that any day now he's going to quit and move to Oregon or Greece.

Instead of going outside to shoot baskets, David walks into the living room and picks up another magazine. He's afraid that if he goes outside he won't quite be able to hear the phone—you can just hear it ring outdoors, but not if there's any noise, like a basketball bouncing. He reads his horoscope for the month of March. Health: steady. Finance: changing. Love: same. Mixed news; it means he will quit his job, and he will stay with Ellen. Jean will not suddenly call or write; she will not ring his doorbell and stand on his stoop as he opens the door and his heart begins to pound. He ought to be careful, he thinks: just now he visualized her quite clearly, smiling in her sort of lopsided way, and he didn't need that. She was the one person in the world he could never look at with equanimity; she felt the same way about him. In fact, David thinks, that was probably the reason she vanished: she needed equanimity more than anything. She's back with her husband now. Equanimity all around. What the four hundred days have done for David, though, is enabled him to dismiss her shade at once. Poof. Like that. As if he had built his imaginative muscles up to a certain strength.

He puts down the magazine, goes back to the kitchen, peels himself a banana, looks at the clock. Three-thirty. Andy had said four-thirty or five, but somehow David knows that he'll be early, because Ellen is coming over at six, and if Andy arrives early then David will have to spend two slightly uncomfortable hours with him. Andy, as sweet and easygoing as he is, would be happy to do anything at all for two hours, but David broods about the chunk of time as if Andy were a visiting head of state. Anyway, at the moment David looks at the clock and sees it's three-thirty, he knows the telephone is about to ring—or did it ring the instant before he thought, *I knew it*? And what if it's her?

"Hi, Andy," David says into the phone.

"David?" he hears Jean say.

No. It is Andy. "David?" he says.

"Yeah. Are you at Teterboro, Andy?"

"How'd you know it was me?"

"It was three-thirty. I knew you'd call at three-thirty."

"Yeah, well, I'm at Teterboro. Could you pick me up?"

"Sure. I'll see you in twenty minutes. Exactly." The last word is a challenge to himself: twenty minutes to Teterboro is close to impossible, but he has already planned out the exact route to the airport on a road map. He sings "Bernadette" as he puts on his jacket and gets his keys. He is loose—free. He has a mission. It doesn't matter so much that Andy is an hour early. David goes out to the driveway, gets into his somewhat-the-worse-for-wear M.G.—it's really the thing he loves most on earth—and starts it up, beginning with the choke pulled all the way out, then easing it in until the engine purrs. "Contact," he says, aloud, and he shifts into reverse and backs out the driveway. The roar of the engine as he goes down the hill in first, then second gear announces his mission, or, rather, that he has one. Stopping at the intersection at the bottom of the street, David swears, happily, at the cars that prevent him from making his left turn. Once he has turned, the roar rises again, and he is off. He feels light and quick, the car an extension of his body. His gear changes are impeccable and precisely timed. He accelerates into curves, clears parked cars by perfect inches. Now he is on the highway, doing sixty-five in the middle lane. The car in front of him is only doing sixty. "Screw *you*, pal," David says, and glides sideways into the left lane at seventy, like a Blue Angel.

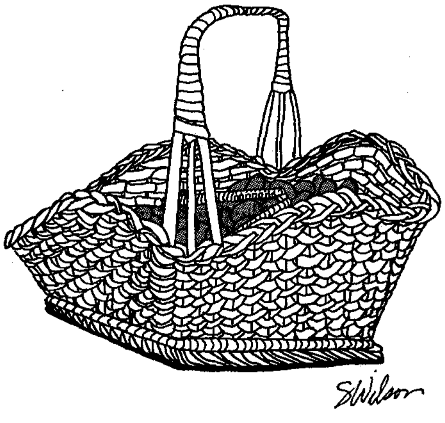
He moves from one leg of the route to the next, following his plan perfectly. Then he sees a sign announcing that the road ahead is splitting in two. The highway he's on is becoming two highways, neither of which is the one he wants. Has he used an outdated map? He plays a hunch and bears left. For a while he feels hopeful, but then he realizes that he is going farther and farther north and east of the airport. He is lost. He swears, unhappily, and quickly hangs a right at the next exit, pulls over to the curb, and consults the map. He thinks he can make it by taking local streets south and west. He sets off, but soon the street narrows: there are children playing in it; it's a dead end. He takes a right, starting to feel like a rat in a maze. The street lets out into a large avenue. He goes left. Up ahead there is a hitchhiker, a young man with a long blue cloth coat and shoulder-length hair.

"I'm trying to get to Teterboro," David yells as he opens the passenger door for the hitchhiker.

"Easy, man," the hitchhiker says. "Just keep going straight along this street."

"I think I want to be on 17."

"No, man, you don't want 17. Not at this time of day. You'll catch all the



rush-hour traffic. Just keep goin' straight. I'll get you to 46. Teterboro is right off 46."

David is safe. He feels smug in his luck.

"I just left work, man," the hitchhiker says. "For good. Just punched out and walked right out. God, I hate that job so much."

"What do you do?"

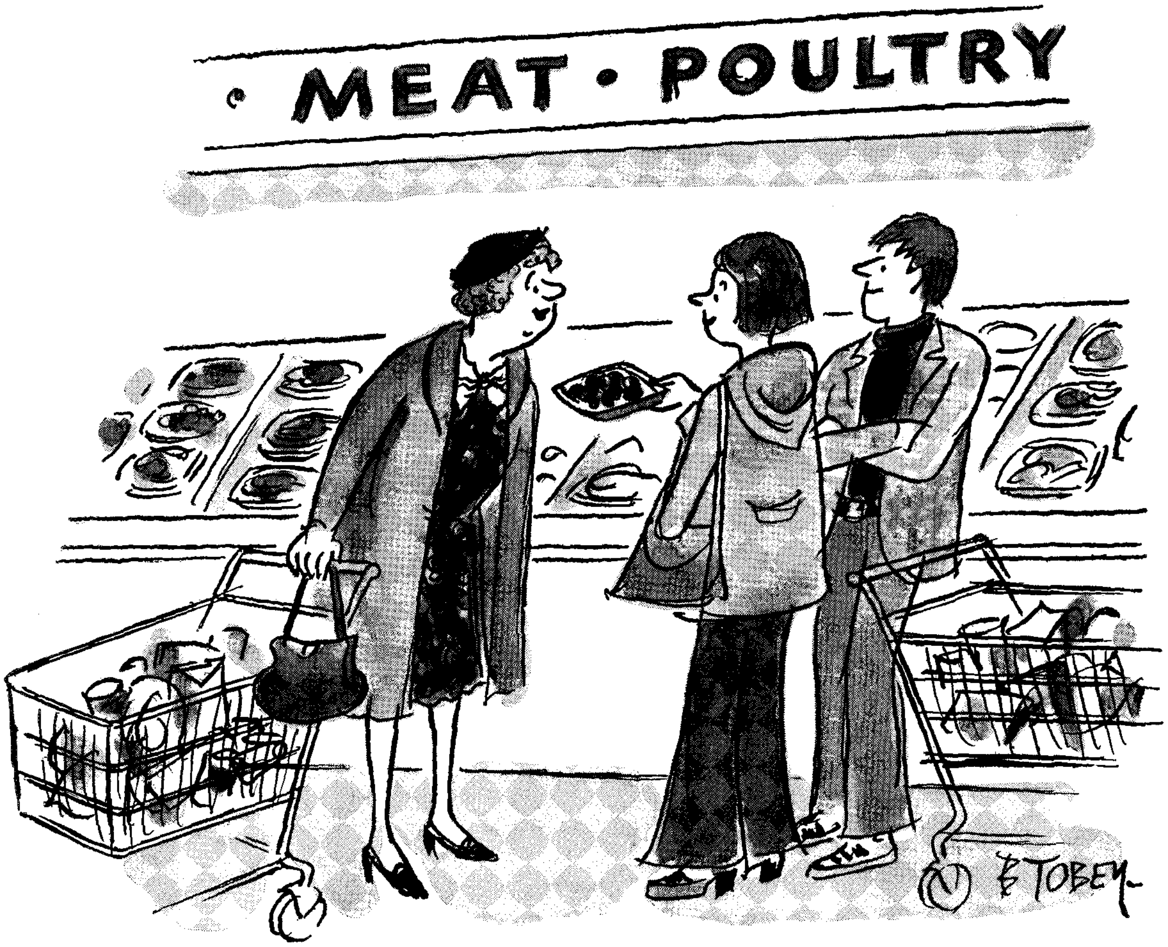
"Make these aluminum chaise lounges and chairs and crap, you know, for the back yard. Pain in the ass. I work with all these Italians, you know, right off the boat from Italy or somewheres, and these guys think they are God's gift to the world. Think they know everything about puttin' together aluminum lawn furniture. Jesus. I hate that job."

"Do you always hitch home?"

"Nahh, Christ. I had a car, but it got totalled."

"What happened?"

"Goddam lady runs a red light. I was just sitting there listening to the radio, and all of a sudden—blooey. The car would still drive afterwards, you know, but it got worse and worse, and finally I had to junk it. They got this no-fault insurance now, so it wasn't nobody's fault. And I can't afford the insurance no more. So I hitch. People pick you up when it's cold out, so it ain't so bad. Here. Here's where you get on 46."



"And then, after you sauté the onions, put in the chicken livers, add a little vermouth, some chopped parsley . . ."

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DAVID lets off the hitchhiker and turns, turns again, and speeds up the entrance ramp; he pauses a second, then he is on Route 46. It is so clear out that there seem to be no molecules in the air, and the Manhattan skyline sits right on the horizon—not, as usual, like an idea in the mind but like actual steel and concrete, just a couple of miles away. David feels good again. It is curious, he thinks, how what you see directly outside your car window is more like a movie than anything real. The divider, the shopping centers whiz by—phenomena. Ahead, the skyline is real.

He turns right at Teterboro and parks next to a chain-link fence guarding the airfield. He looks at his watch. It has been forty, and not twenty, minutes. He walks down along the fence, into a building, and then out onto the field, a parking lot for small planes. The planes are tiny and gaily painted and fragile-looking. Across the runway is an expanse of field and sky, and Manhattan, its steel towers becoming orange in the setting sun. David walks into an enormous hangar. The hangar is full of planes in various stages of maintenance and repair. A man on a ladder is rinsing off, with what looks like a fire hose, a sudsy, beautiful baby-blue-and-white jet. In the corner are glass doors and a waiting room, and David sees Andy sitting on a couch. David starts; Andy's hair is quite long, and for a second he looks exactly like Ellen.

"Hello, Andy," David calls as he opens the door.

"Hiya, David," Andy says. He looks very young—certainly far too young to have just flown a plane five hundred miles. He is wearing a red T-shirt with blue stripes at the shoulders, and bluejeans, and basketball sneakers. He looks like a little kid.

"Where's your plane?" David asks, a bit incredulously.

"Oh, you can see it from here." Andy points out the window. "The gold-and-white one. See?"

David sees. It is even smaller than the ones he saw parked on the lot, but it is a real plane, with businesslike numbers on the fuselage. "Take me for a ride?" he says, kidding around.

"Sure."

"Really?"

"Sure. Why not? We'll have to check out again, though."

David, his bluff called, feels his heart beating faster. Ellen, he suddenly remembers, has never flown with Andy. "I'd just sort of rather not," she once confided to David.

There is a woman standing behind a counter, and Andy goes up to her; they seem already to have established some acquaintance. The woman is good-looking, with short curly hair and a cute, animated face with a turned-up nose. She is wearing a denim jump suit zipped halfway down her freckly chest, and a lot of makeup. The entire effect isn't bad, but it is as if she is trying to resemble a flying daredevil or a character from a movie and has just missed. She is a little too old. The airport is too small. She winks at Andy, and gives David a more uncertain look, mirroring, probably, his own expression. Andy and David walk outside.

"An interesting-looking woman," David says.

"When I landed and signed in, she said, 'Tell me your life story. You're young. It'll be short.' "

They walk across to where the plane is parked. Except for the wings, it is hardly bigger than David's M.G. They open the doors. The interior is tiny, although the instrument panel looks impressively complicated. Andy looks at the tires. He runs his hand over the blade of the propeller. He pushes on the ailerons. With the woman and now with the plane, he has undergone a transformation; he is no longer a kid. They climb into the cockpit and buckle their seat belts and lock the doors.

"I talk to myself when I'm flying," Andy says, not in an apologetic but in an informative way. He begins to push and pull knobs and switches, calling off their functions to himself while consulting a manual in his lap. Then he picks up the radio microphone and talks to the tower: "Cessna November one eight one niner Zulu requesting clearance for takeoff," he says in a strange voice. Then he starts the engine, which is just as loud as David expected it to be, and they begin to move forward. The radio barks suddenly, and they pause before a runway crossing.

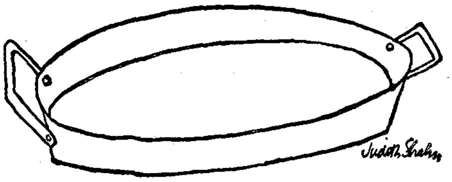
"Look," Andy says.

David looks off to the right and sees a spot in the sky trailing smoke; the spot becomes a small jet, which lands in front of them at what seems like two hundred miles an hour and flashes on down the runway with a roar of retro-rockets, lights blinking.

"Jesus," David says.

They taxi across the runway, then turn onto another runway and move into position behind two other planes. Each of the planes moves out onto the strip, pauses, and takes off, and then Andy and David are at the head of the strip, and then are moving down it, fast, faster, and then they are up.

Andy has put on aviator sunglasses, and is talking into the microphone in a clipped, authoritative voice. David is looking all around. "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," he keeps saying, aloud but under the engine noise, as he watches the earth drop away. It is nothing at all like a commercial flight. It is like a dream—as if he had suddenly just sprouted wings and taken off. David is very conscious of the great space between his rear end and the hard ground. The plane is made of tinfoil and toothpicks. The vast, unconsidered, beautiful array of northeastern, industrial New Jersey spreads beneath them: a kinetic landscape, glistening rivers of cars flowing in all directions. They turn and head into the sun, which is low in the sky ahead of them and so bright that it hurts David's eyes. Andy, in his sunglasses, is smiling. "Watch out for other planes," he calls into David's ear.



It is such an odd feeling. David's fear dulls, but he wonders if he will ever complacently sleep in a bed again. And then every once in a while there is a small bump of turbulence, and his palms sweat. They pass over territory that David knows so well, in terms of largeness and solidity and distance; he knows, in one mundane way, every road and shopping center and river beneath them, but they are all magically transformed now, seen as if from God's eyes.

They fly west, toward Morristown. The radio crackles, and Andy talks into the microphone. The radio crackles

TWO POEMS

THE HOUSE IN MARCH

In the cupboard, spring's whistling
Touched the stove's glacier.
Beautiful vetch-straw greens
Are on yesteryear's ledgers.

And the entire horizon is bruised with puddles
And a house whistles like a steamboat
Over there in the mountains at night
Where I play cards with Hungarian soldiers.

Midnight howls in the ash trees.
A green card smolders.
A robber emerges from the deck—
It's the notorious bandit from Ludźmierz.

He has smoking pistols in his hands.
He tilts his head to show his best profile.
The Hungarian soldiers rush him.
All the others hide under tables.

And the bandit leaps from table to table
And spring tolls in the ash trees
Over there in the mountains at night
Where I play cards with Hungarian soldiers.

SUNDAY AT MY AUNT'S

We had everything made to order by a cloud:
Autumn running through the garden like a red-haired
kitten,
The wind that whistled on the crest of the roof,
And a kite, a red leaf, above the town in the
distance.

It was pleasant—that wooden porch where a sprig,
Like a bay leaf, fell into the pickling jars,
And those tiny wild strawberries were like gems
In the rings on our fingers.

I loved the sweet heavenly jam of your lips
And your cheeks flushed as in a portrait by Hals.

—Jerzy Harasymowicz

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John Pijewski.*)

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back, and Andy says something and signs off. David looks at Andy, who looks straight ahead, impassive in his sunglasses. Are they all right? It's too loud in the cockpit to ask questions. Then suddenly they begin to descend, rapidly, toward Morristown Airport. David clutches his knees. They are flying inches above the runway; the tires just kiss, and they swoop up again over the trees. "That's called touch and go!" Andy shouts.

Now they're heading east. With the sun in back of them, David can see the land more clearly. They are only fifteen hundred feet up. He can see baseball players on a diamond, runners on a track, someone rushing to net on a tennis court: tiny, luminous chips of people. The shadows of trees seem to stretch hundreds of yards; clear ponds like eyes reflect darkly the cloudless sky; under bare fields like worn carpet, the warp and weft of the earth are clearly visible in the strong, slanting sunlight. And all at once the earth and everything on it, the tiny people running and playing on a warm afternoon, the little self-important cars on a white highway, each one with a long blue shadow, seem of infinite value, and David, with startled tears coming to his eyes, realizes he does—he does love Jean and only Jean. Only Jean. How could there be anyone else? His heart, seemingly frozen for so long, has stirred and shifted.

They descend over a ridge. The towers of Manhattan are in flames. They seem to be coming in for a landing directly in the Meadowlands stadium—David can distinctly see the seats, and he wonders for a second (he cannot look at Andy's face) if he's going to die now—but at the last moment they turn and sink, and approach a dark line on the ground which looms up and becomes a runway. They touch with a definite bump and are speeding down the skid-marked tarmac, swerving slightly from side to side. Then they taxi slowly in toward the parking lot. As soon as David's feet hit the ground, he swaggers with the banishment of fear. They push the plane into place (it weighs shockingly little), say goodbye to the sexy dispatcher, and walk out to David's car.

"Now you get to ride in *my* plane," David says, but the note is false.

When they arrive home, exactly at six, a sliver of moon and one bright star are setting in the dark-blue sky. Ellen's car is sitting, squat and complacent, in the driveway.

The next morning, the four hundred and first, a storm arrives from the west, and it rains and rains and rains.

—JAMES KAPLAN

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HONG KONG—In China, where the public appearances and rank accorded the wives of the country's leaders are often as significant as that given their husbands, analysts are intrigued by the treatment given several prominent women at the National People's Congress now in session in Peking.

Teng Hsiao-ping's wife is participating as a delegate from the army, as is her husband. The widow of Kang Sheng, China's secret police chief, has apparently been demoted, signaling trouble for her husband.—*Washington Star.*

Who probably doesn't give a damn.

ONE NIGHT IN BRAZIL

I had never heard of the man before, but in a long letter he wrote me from Rio de Janeiro he represented himself as a Yiddish writer who had become "lost and ground up in the hot desert of Brazil." His name was Paltiel Gerstendrescher. A few months after the letter, one of his books arrived. It was put out by the Myself Publications, printed on gray paper and bound in covers crimped at the side from the time it had been in the mail. A mixture of autobiography and essays about God, the world, man, and the aimlessness of creation, it was written in a turgid style and unusually lengthy sentences. It teemed with typographical errors, and some of the pages were transposed. Its title was "The Confession of an Agnostic."

I skimmed through it and wrote the author a thank-you note. That began a correspondence consisting of three or four incredibly long letters from him, and a brief note from me apologizing for not writing sooner and in greater detail.

I don't know how, but Paltiel Gerstendrescher found out that I was preparing to go to Argentina for a series of lectures, and he began to send me special-delivery letters and even telegrams asking me to spend a few days in Rio de Janeiro. At that time I wasn't flying, and it just so happened that the Argentinian ship I boarded was scheduled to stop over for two days at Santos, twelve days after its departure from New York.

The ship was nearly deserted, and someone confided to me that this was its last trip from North America. I had obtained a luxury cabin at a reduced rate, and in the dining hall I had my own wine waiter, even though I took only a sip of wine to give him something to do.

That spring—spring in Brazil and fall in New York—a hurricane swept over the Atlantic, with violent rains and gale-force winds. The ship lurched dismally. Its horn blew day and night, in warning. Waves pounded the hull like mighty sledgehammers. In my cabin I had hung my tie over the mirror and it executed acrobatic stunts. The toothbrush in the glass clinked without stopping. The ship fell behind schedule, and I sent Paltiel a radiogram giving our new time of arrival, but we missed even that.

When the ship finally docked in Santos, there was no one to meet me. The ship would remain in port for only twenty-four hours. I tried to telephone from the harbor, but I couldn't get a connection. One time, someone did answer, but he spoke only Portuguese, which I did not understand. For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to disappoint Paltiel Gerstendrescher. The tone in which he had written about this visit implied that all his hopes depended upon it. After brief deliberation, I boarded a bus that went to Rio, and from there took a taxi to his address. It turned out to be quite far from the city, in a desolate section that the driver had trouble finding. The narrow road, full of pits and potholes, lay partially flooded under broad puddles.

I knocked at a house that was a half ruin, and a woman opened the door. To my surprise, I recognized her from Warsaw—Lena Stempler, an obscure actress, singer, and monologuist. She painted as well. I had met her at the Writers' Club. She was then a young brunette and the sweetheart of the well-known writer David Hesheles, who later perished under the Nazis. Lena had vanished from sight years before I left Warsaw. All kinds of slanders were spread about her in the Writers' Club. It was said that she had divorced four husbands and had offered her body to a theatre critic in exchange for a favorable review. Someone told me that she suffered from syphilis. As I looked at her now, I was impressed at how girlish her figure had remained. Her short-trimmed hair was still black, though it showed the dullness of dye. Wrinkles could be seen through makeup. Lena had a snub nose, light-brown eyes, a wide mouth with loosely spaced teeth. The butt of a cigarette stuck out from between her lips. She wore a kimono of some flimsy material and high-heeled slippers.

When she saw me, she spat out the butt, smiled with an expression suggesting that she knew more about me than I imagined, and said, "I am Mrs. Gerstendrescher. Unexpected, eh?" And she kissed me. Her breath smelled of tobacco, alcohol, and something putrid.

She took my arm and led me into a huge room that seemed to be everything at once—a living room, a dining room, a bedroom, a studio. A table stood here, set with plates and glasses, and a wide divan of the kind that serves as a sofa by day and a bed by night. Unframed canvases hung on the walls. On the floor lay piles of books and stacks of "The Confession of an Agnostic."

Lena said, "Paltiel went to meet you in Santos. You missed each other. He called. I hope you remember me. We rarely exchanged a word, but I used to see you every day at the Writers' Club. In Rio, I read sketches you had written to audiences a few times. I married Paltiel in Brazil. We're together going on eight years already. Take off your jacket. It's hot as hell in here."

Lena seized my jacket by the sleeve and pulled it off. Afterward, she loosened my tie. She fussed around me like some relative, but also with an aggressiveness I didn't care for.

She put out refreshments on a small table—a pitcher of lemonade, a bottle of liqueur, a plate of cookies, a bowl of fruit. We sat down in wicker chairs, and drank and ate, and from time to time Lena took a puff on a cigarette. She said, "If I told you that Paltiel looked forward to your coming as one looks forward to the Messiah, this would be no exaggeration. He's been talking about you non-stop for years. When a letter comes from you, he goes berserk. He's crazy about you and he's made me crazy, too. Here, we are both trapped in a dilemma. Everything is against us—the climate, the local Jewish society, our nerves. Paltiel is a genius at making enemies. Here, if you quarrel with two or three of the community leaders you're as good as excommunicated. Because of him, I've been ostracized, too. We would starve to death if it weren't for a small stipend I get from my ex-husband. To hear the whole story, you'd have to sit and listen for days on end. Paltiel used to be a fantastic lover. All of a sudden, he became impotent. I, on the other hand, have become possessed by a dybbuk."

"A dybbuk?"

"Yes, a dybbuk. Why do you look so frightened? You write about dybbuks constantly. Apparently they are nothing more than fiction to you, but dybbuks do exist. Everything you conjure up about them is the truth. A dybbuk sits inside you, too, but you don't recognize it. It's better that way. Your dybbuk is creative, but mine wants to torture me. If he lets me live, it's only because you can't torture a corpse. Don't stare at me that way. I'm not crazy."

"What does he do to you?"

"He does exactly what you describe in your stories. I had saved up a little money, and I spent it all on psychiatrists and psychoanalysts. In Brazil they're a rare breed—and in addition maybe third- or tenth-rate. But when you're drowning you clutch at even a tenth-rate straw. Here is Paltiel."

The door opened and in came a little man wearing a short raincoat and a hat covered with plastic, an umbrella in one hand and a briefcase in the other. I had pictured him as tall, maybe because of his long name.

When he saw me, he appeared dumbfounded. In those days, my picture was seldom printed in newspapers and magazines. He stood there studying me up and down and even sideways. An angry smile showed on his pointed face. He had a high forehead, sunken cheeks, a sharp chin. "So it's *you*," he said. His tone implied, *You aren't what I wanted you to be, but I must accept the facts as they are.* Soon he added, "Lena, today it's a holiday by us!"

We ate a vegetarian meal, drank papaya juice, and strong Brazilian coffee, and for dessert Lena served a cake she had baked herself in my honor.

She threw open the door to a large and overgrown yard behind the house. The rain had stopped the previous day, and the evening was fresh with tropical scents and ocean breezes. The sun rolled toward the west like a coal, turning the remnants of clouds from the hurricane a fiery red. Lena switched on the radio and listened to the news for a while, and I cocked my ear to the song of birds that had flown in for the evening to roost on the branches of the trees. Some stayed where they landed, others shifted about, flying from tree to tree with a flapping of wings and a rustle. I had never seen birds of such color out of captivity. The force of Genesis still functioned here undisturbed.

Paltiel spoke to me about literature, about his own writing. "A creator should also be a critic," he said, "but the criticism must come later. My trouble is that before I even write three words I'm already filled with questions about what my pen wants to express and I try in advance to justify and smooth over everything. You asked me in one of your letters why I use such long sentences and enclose so many comments in parentheses. It's my critical nature. Actually, analysis is the sickness of man. When Adam and Eve ate of the tree of knowledge, they became critics and analysts and perceived that they were naked. All the current works written about sex have evoked an epidemic of impotence. Economists have interfered with the world economy until they've brought about inflation in every country. It's the same with the so-called exact sciences. I don't believe in all those particles of atoms they keep discovering. The human brain has imposed its own lunacies upon Nature, or Nature herself has eaten of the tree of knowledge and gone crazy. Who knows? It may be that God has gone into psychoanalysis and therefore—"

"Paltiel, I know your theories already," Lena interrupted. "I'd rather hear what our guest has to say."

"No, go on. It's interesting," I said.

I glanced toward the windows. Just a moment ago it had been day; abruptly, night had fallen as if a celestial light had been extinguished. The air inside the room filled with gnats, mites, midges. Huge beetles emerged from cracks in the walls and floor.

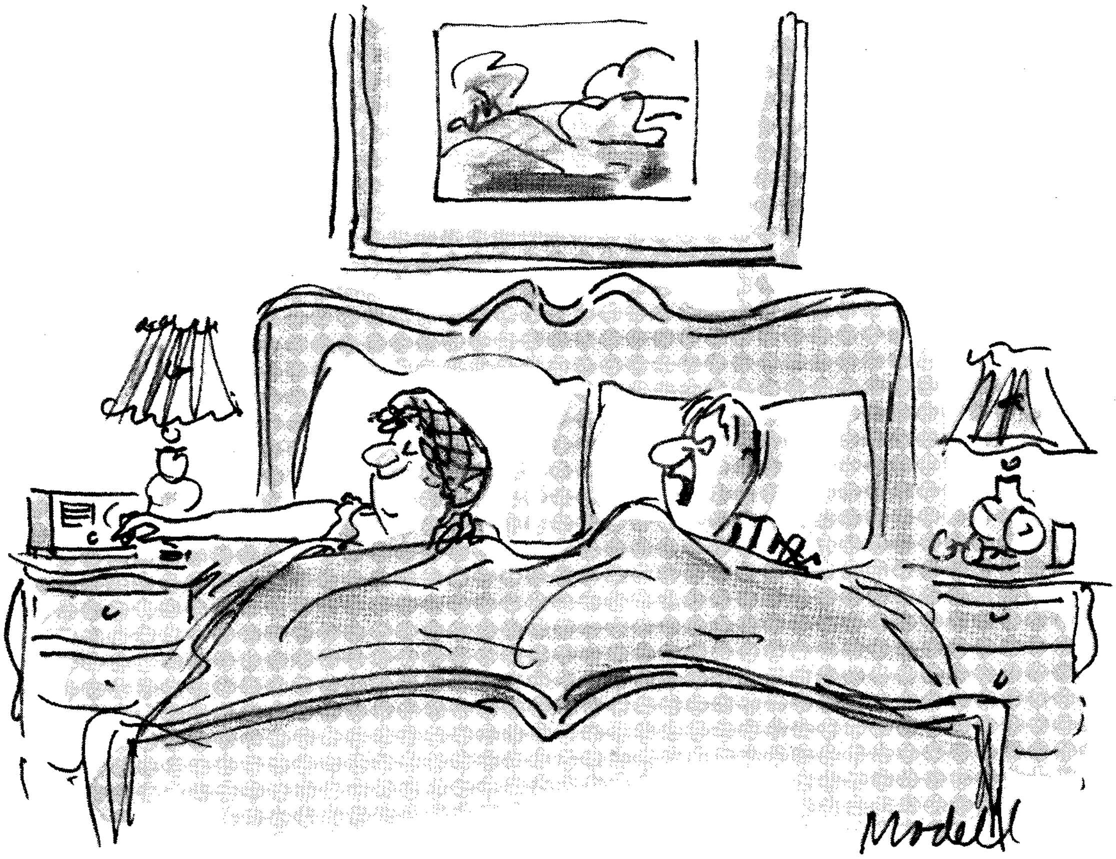
Lena said, "Life here is so plentiful you can't stop anything with nets. I was taught in *Gymnasium* that matter can't pass through matter, but that was true for Poland, not for Brazil."

"Tell me about your dybbuk," I said.

Lena cast a questioning glance at Paltiel. "Where shall I begin? If you want us to be open with him, we'll have to tell him the truth."

"All right, tell him," Paltiel replied.

"The truth is that we are both cursed or enchanted—call it what you will," Lena said after some hesitation. "Paltiel came here from Canada. On account of me he divorced a wife and left two children. We met in your New York. He



"Did it ever occur to you that maybe I don't want to wake up with John Gambling?"

• •

"Come back later, Miss Crane. At the moment, I'm drunk with power."

• •

wanted to be a writer, not a lawyer. He came to New York for some Yiddishist conference. I had the good fortune, as you might call it, to come here before the Holocaust, but I wasn't lucky in Warsaw, nor have I been lucky here. You remember me from Warsaw. I was raised in a house where Polish was spoken, not Yiddish. I came to Warsaw to study at a Polish drama school, not to become a hanger-on in the Yiddish theatre. It was your friend David Hesheles who made a Yiddishist out of me. They probably said terrible things about me at the Writers' Club. I was an alien element there from the beginning, and I remained one until the last day. The men were all after me and their slatterns despised me as they would a spider. What David Hesheles did to me, how he tormented me, is something I'd best not say, because he is already in the other world, a victim of human cruelty. Just one thing—he would only agree to be my lover if I was married. Crazy, isn't it? First of all, he was tempted by the thought of possessing another man's wife. Second, he was afraid that if I was alone I'd be looking around for someone else. He gave himself every freedom, but he burned with jealousy over me. He manipulated things so that when he saw I was growing attached to one husband he arranged for me to be divorced and found me another. How and in what circumstances I came to South America is a chapter in itself. I arrived physically and spiritually ill, and, once here, I married again—this time allegedly of my own will but actually for a piece of bread and a roof over my head. My new husband was forty years older than I and it was then that I met Paltiel and made another woman miserable."

"Lena, you're digressing," Paltiel said.

"So? If I'm digressing, I'm digressing. You begin writing about Yehupetz and end up in Boiberik but me you don't allow to come to the point. Because of your wild digressions, Parness has stopped publishing your work."

"Lena, this has nothing to do with Parness."

"In that case, I'll shut up and you can do the speaking."

"The fact is, she has talked herself into the lunacy that David Hesheles comes to her, tickles her, pinches her, pushes her, chokes her. He has taken up a position inside her belly. You know from my book that I'm no atheist. A real agnostic allows for all possibilities, even for your demons and hobgoblins. If in the twentieth century there could emerge a Hitler and a Stalin and other such savageries, then anything is possible. But even you will admit that not every case of hysteria is a dybbuk. The nuns who exhibited stigmata on the week of Jesus's anguish weren't possessed by dybbuks. Today even the Pope would concede this—"

"Only yesterday you said that our house was haunted and that what I'm going through couldn't be explained away in natural terms," Lena broke in. "Those were your very words."

"It is impossible to explain anything—even why an apple falls from a tree or why a magnet draws iron, not butter."

"You said that only our honored guest would be capable of exorcising this dybbuk."

"I said it because I know that you admire him, love him, and all the rest. I admire him myself, and I would be in seventh heaven if he would stay with us and have a look at my writing. But your dybbuk is nothing more than hysteria."

Lena sprang from her chair. She nearly overturned a wineglass and caught it just as it was falling. She thrust out a finger with a red nail and said, "Paltiel, the second you came back I noticed a complete change in you. What did you expect—that our guest goes around with a crown on his head? Certainly I would like him to stay with us, but since he can't, that's my misfortune. You can ask him to take along your manuscripts to read on the ship. He still has six days left to travel. But me he can't take along. I wish he could. You know I'm choking here."

"You're a free person. I told you that from the very first day." And they switched over to Portuguese.

I had fallen in with a couple caught up in an ongoing controversy—one of those quarrels that drag on for years and make couples shameless. The few hours I had spent here had made me fully aware of the situation. Paltiel Gerstendrescher was an intellectual, not an artist. He read and spoke a correct, even an idiomatic Yiddish, but he completely lacked the mentality of the Yiddishist. He had probably gone to Canada as a child. He belonged to that breed of people who exile themselves to an alien environment, choose a profession for which they're unsuitable, and quite frequently an unsuitable mate as well. The same thing held true for Lena. Even the house where they lived—in a forsaken, non-Jewish neighborhood—was unsuitable for them. They had turned away from the only circle from which they might have drawn a livelihood; and besides, Paltiel had involved himself in experimenting with language, indulging in elaborate wordplays and mannerisms that had small hope of interesting the Yiddish reader and that could never be translated.

Well, but why *would* a husband and wife so thoroughly sabotage their interests? And what was it they expected of me and of a visit that would last at most a day? I had a momentary urge to try to speak about their situation to them, but I knew that it was already too late. Lena's words about her dybbuk had piqued my curiosity, but although hysteria itself is exaggeration and lying, I knew that hers was entirely artificial—a literary dybbuk, perhaps borrowed from one of my stories. The real victim here was Paltiel, I told myself. He bowed his head and was listening to Lena's complaints with bewilderment. From time to time he shot a look of suspicion at me. It was obvious from the moment we met that he was disappointed in me, but as far as I knew I hadn't spoken any words that might have displeased him. It could only be the way I looked. For all my embarrassment, I tried to come to a decision as to the color of his eyes. They weren't blue or brown or gray but yellow and set wide apart. It occurred to me that if I found myself in a situation like this in America I could simply get up and walk out. But there was no escape in an alien land far from a city.

Paltiel stood up. "Well, good," he said in Yiddish. "I'm going." In a moment, he had closed the door behind him.

FOR a while Lena kept speaking in Portuguese, but she realized her mistake and broke into laughter. She said, "I am so confused I no longer know what's happening to me."

"Where has he gone in the middle of the night?"

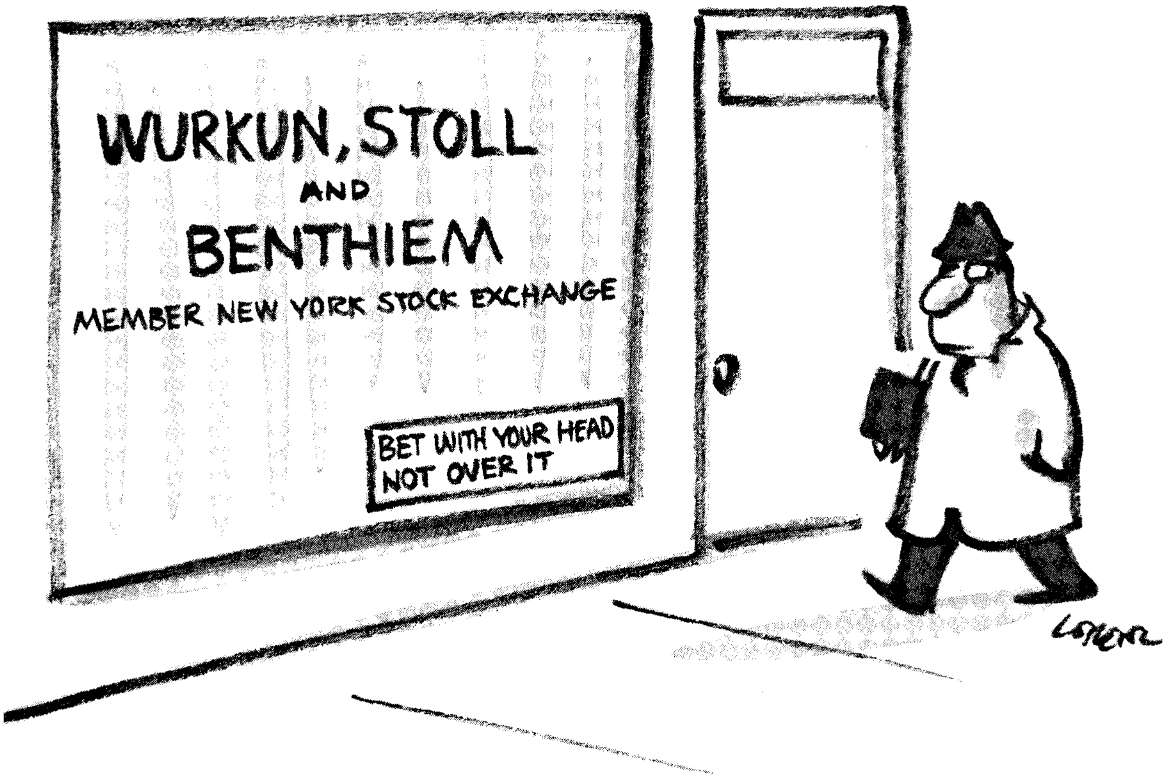
"Don't fear, he won't get lost. From looking at my neglected garden you might get the impression that we live in a jungle. Actually, we're only a few steps from the road and no more than twenty kilometres from Rio. It's not the first time he's done this. Every time I tell him the truth he runs away. He has an old widow in Rio who plays the role of his patron. She is also his only reader and he goes to her to bewail his fate. He stops a car and they take him. This isn't New York. People here aren't afraid to pick you up, especially such a runt as him."

"Is he having an affair with her?" I asked.

"An affair? No. Maybe. God grant he would and leave *me* alone."

"Who will take me to Santos in case he doesn't come back?"

"I'll take you. I have a schedule and all the rest of it. Don't worry. The ship won't leave without you. When they say four in the afternoon, they don't leave till ten at night. The whole way of life in these countries consists of putting everything off till tomorrow, till the day after, till next year. I see by your face that you want to hear more about my dybbuk. Yes, my dybbuk is David Hesheles. He caused me anguish when he was alive, and now that he's dead he wants to do me in. Not all of a sudden, mind you, but gradually. The only time he has left me alone was during the few years I was with my former husband, the old



man. He was apparently not jealous of him. But since I'm with Paltiel I have had no peace. David Hesheles tells me frankly that he'll drag me down to him in his grave, though, to be factual, there is no grave. There is only a heap of ashes."

"He talks to you in a real voice?"

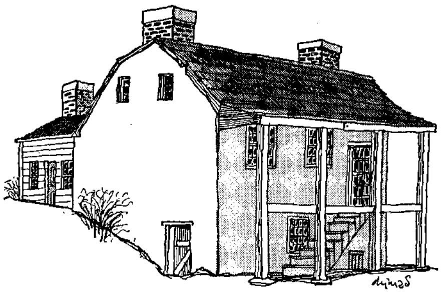
"Yes, in a voice, but I'm the only one who can hear him. Sometimes he makes noises that even Paltiel can hear, but he won't admit it. He plays the rationalist, but he's afraid of his own shadow. He has seen Hesheles' apparition walking down the steps of our cellar. He has heard him slam doors and open faucets in the middle of the night. David Hesheles has settled himself inside my stomach. I've always done calisthenics and I had a flat belly, almost like a man's. All of a sudden, I got up one morning with a huge swelling there. It's actually a head, *his* head. Don't look at me that way. Paltiel and the local doctors all have the same answer for it: neurosis, complex. When an X-ray shows nothing, it doesn't exist. But a head has settled inside my stomach. I can feel his nose, his brow, *his* skull. When he speaks, his mouth moves. As long as he is down there it's bearable, but when he falls into a rage he begins to edge up higher toward the throat. Then I can't breathe. I used to hear back home that if you did someone harm and he died the corpse came back to strangle you. But I did him no wrong. He wronged me. At first I considered this an old wives' tale—folklore. I'll be frank with you: if someone were to tell me what I'm telling you now, I would tell him to commit himself to an asylum. If you want, you can feel the head with your own hands."

For a moment, a childish fear came over me, along with a revulsion against touching her flesh. I had not the slightest urge for this female. I recalled what I had been told—that she suffered from a venereal disease. I myself would have become impotent with her. I began seeking a pretext to get myself out of this intimacy, but I felt ashamed of my fear. For the first time I was offered something the psychic researchers call physical evidence. I said, "Your husband may come back, and—"

"Don't be afraid. He won't come back. He undoubtedly went to her. Even if he did come, you wouldn't be in any trouble—we're both determined to show you the truth. I have an idea. There's a hammock outside. It's a dark night. We have no neighbors. The mosquitoes will attack us, but there is no malaria here. Besides, there's a net above it. Come!"

Lena took my arm. She flicked a switch and all the lights went out. She opened the door to the garden and a wave of heat struck me like heat from an oven. The sky hovered low, thickly strewn with southern constellations. The stars appeared as large as bunches of grapes in a cosmic vineyard. Crickets sawed unseen trees with invisible saws. Frogs croaked with human voices. From the banana trees, the wild flowers, and thickets of grass and leaves rose a scorching heat that penetrated my clothes and warmed my insides like a hot compress. Lena led me through the darkness as if I were blind. She mentioned the fact that lizards and snakes crawled here, but not of poisonous varieties.

Someone on the ship had told me the joke that what the government in Brazil stole during the day grew back at night. It seemed to me now that I could hear juices flowing to the roots and being transformed into mangoes, bananas, papayas, pineapples. Lena tilted the hammock so I could get in and gave it a playful push. Soon she slid in beside me. She opened the kimono that covered her naked body, took my hand, and placed it on her abdomen. She did everything quickly, with the skill of a medium accustomed to séances. I did, in fact, feel something inside her belly, protruding and long in shape. It began under the breasts and extended to the pubic hair. Lena guided my hand upward. She directed my forefinger to a small bump and asked, "You feel the nose?"



"The nose? No. Yes. Maybe."

"Don't be so scared. I'm not a witch. From the way you write about dybbuks, I assumed you were used to such mysteries."

"You don't get used to mysteries."

"Really, you've remained a boy. Maybe that's where your strength lies. David Hesheles is mad at me, not at you. He liked you. He always praised your talent. I kept seeking opportunities to meet you, but you fled from women like a Chassid. When I started reading your things here in Brazil, I couldn't believe that the writer was really you."

"Sometimes I don't believe it myself."

"Feel his forehead. You won't have many such opportunities."

Lena lifted my hand and I touched a pointed nipple. I jerked my finger away so that she shouldn't think I was trying to arouse her. For all the weirdness of the situation, I told myself that neither David Hesheles—that cynic, may he rest in peace—nor his soul had any connection with this game. Lena suffered from a tumor, or maybe it was

THE RAM BENEATH THE BARN

Deep in the dark between foundation walls
the thick ram lies, his bent forefeet tucked under.

The droppings of a winter foul his straw,
but I dare no longer venture to his level
with grain, hay, water. I lower them to him
as to a tribe closed off by mountain snows.

He walks out into the sun, looks up at me.
His eyes expressionless as agates, he waits
for the moment of revenge. One day he may
catch me in a corner! Meanwhile, to prime his aim,
he taps his head and horns against the granite.

Of course when autumn comes he will again
curl up his lips into the sneer of lust
and leap his docile ewes, rolling their stupid
eyes as he does them his service—

but in this March we stare each other down,
two rams caught in a thicket by the horns.

—PETER DAVISON

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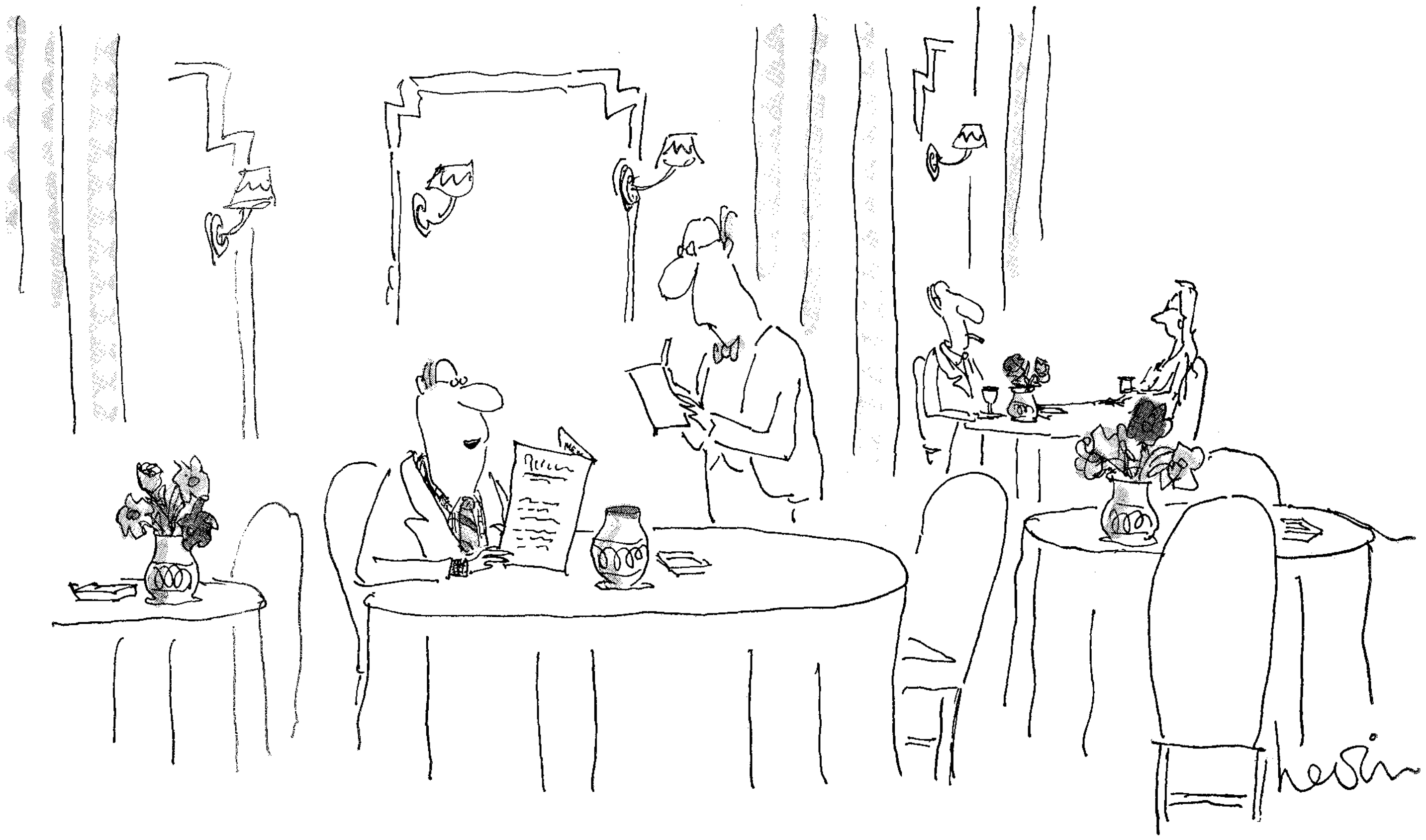


"I believe I'll skip the appetizer. I ate the flowers."

• •

the result of a practiced self-deception. If you desire something strongly enough, you can train the muscles to perform all sorts of stunts and contortions. But why should she want this so badly?

"What do you say now?" Lena asked.

"Truly, I don't know what to say."

"Don't be so nervous. Paltiel won't come back. I suspect that he started arguing with me on purpose so I could be alone with you."

"Why do you say that?"

"Why? Because he's half crazy, and because we are both trapped in a dark corner—physically, spiritually, in every respect. I've had husbands and I know. No matter how great a love may be, there comes a crisis that is just as much an enigma as love itself—or as death. You still love each other, but you have to part, or a new person comes along and introduces a new approach. I'll tell you something, but don't take it badly—in our fantasies, *you* were that person."

"Oh, but unfortunately I'm leaving the first thing tomorrow. I have my own complications. Why did you settle so far from everything and everyone?" I asked, changing my tone. "Paltiel is highly intelligent; he possesses lots of knowledge. In New York he could easily become a professor. Your chances would be better there, too."

"Yes, you are right. But here I have the house. I receive alimony from my former husband. This house would be hard to sell. Besides, it's not altogether mine. He wouldn't send me the cruzeiros to New York, either. Paltiel has grown completely apathetic. He sits day and night and writes these novels in which there isn't one interesting character. He is trying to become a Yiddish Joyce, or something of the sort. I hear that in New York the Yiddish theatre is going under."

"I'm sorry, yes."

"Sometimes I want the dybbuk to go up to my throat and finish me off. I'm too tired to begin all over—especially since there is nothing to begin. I'm ripe for death, but I lack the courage to act. Don't laugh at me, but I still dream of love."

"I've heard this from sick and old people literally a day before they died."

"What sense does it make? I lie in bed loaded down with troubles and fantasize about a great love—something unique that probably doesn't exist. Whether my dybbuk will strangle me or I'll die from heart failure, one thing is sure: I'll die with this dream."

"Yes, true."

"How do *you* understand it?"

I wanted to say that I didn't understand it. Instead, I said, "It seems that life and death have no common border. Life is total truth and death is total lie."

"What do you mean—that we live forever?"

"Life is God's chariot and death is only the shadow of His whip."

"Who said that?"

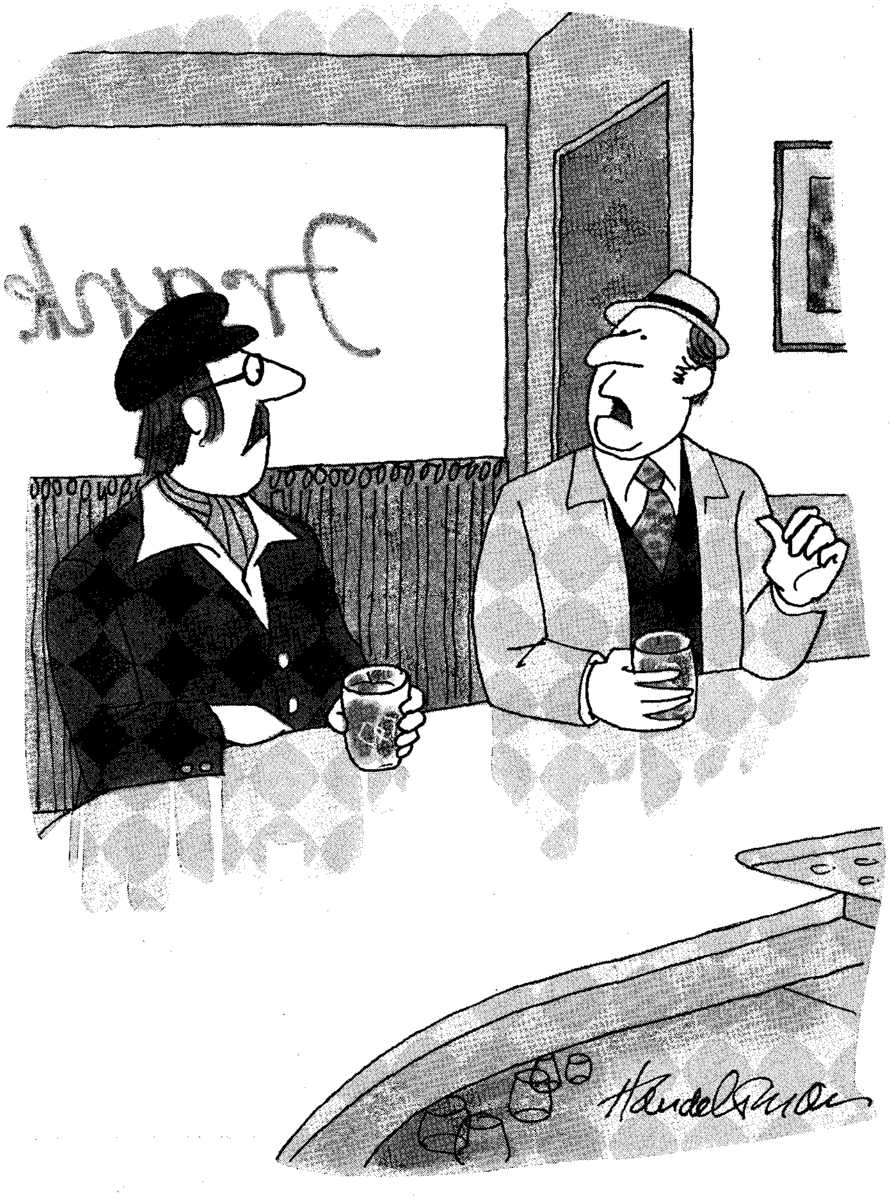
"I don't know. Maybe I did myself. I'm just babbling."

"I told you—a dybbuk sits within you, too. Tell your dybbuk to kiss me. I'm not so old or so ugly."

I'm not going to start anything with her, I decided. This woman is a liar, an exhibitionist, and mad to boot. Her husband showed me hostility. I had had dealings with people of this sort. One minute they idolize you, the next they scold you. They are invariably out for some favor that is as impossible and crackpot as they are themselves. But even while I made this firm decision I put my arms around Lena. I was always intrigued by those who chose failure, wallowed in its complexities, sacrificed themselves to its deceptions. I kissed Lena now, and she bit into my mouth. I heard myself calling her endearing names. We were rolling and struggling. She tried to cover us with the mosquito net and we fumbled to tuck it around us. Suddenly the hammock tore away from the tree and we fell into a swamp full of nettles, rotten roots, slime. I tried to get up, but I was trapped in the net. At that moment Lena let out a ghastly scream. Mosquitoes had descended upon us, as dense as a swarm of locusts. I had been bitten by mosquitoes before, but never by so many and with such ferocity. I somehow managed to disentangle myself and help Lena up. We tried to run to the door but were caught in thorns, branches, prickly weeds. Lena kept on screaming. Only now did I realize that she was naked and had lost one of her shoes. I tried to lift her up, but she resisted.

When we finally reached the house and the light was turned on, I saw that we were both covered with bites and with living mosquitoes. They had attached themselves to us like leeches. We began to slap one another to kill these parasites whose blood had been our blood only an instant before. We jumped against each other in a crazy dance. My shirt was soaked with blood. Lena tore it off and pulled me into a bathroom with a long bathtub over which hung a copper tank and a shower. She let the water run and we stood under it, holding one another to keep our balance. Lena opened a medicine chest, took out a bottle of fluid, and began to rub down our bodies. I saw in a mirror that the skin of my face was half peeled off. Still wailing, Lena led me back to the living room, where she pulled a sheet from a chest, spread it over the broad couch, and wrapped me up like a corpse in a shroud. Then she wrapped herself in a sheet. She bent over me and cried out, "God loves us. He has sent the punishment before the sin!"

She threw herself on me with a lament, and in an instant my face became wet and salty. She put out the light, but it went on immediately—Paltiel had returned.



"Yes, I've got a gas guzzler. Not because I like gas guzzlers but because in 1953 that's all there was."

THE next morning Paltiel took me on a bus to Santos. Lena had to remain in bed. Paltiel and I didn't speak a word. We avoided looking each other in the eye. I was so exhausted that I dozed most of the time, my head dropping again and again. I was too numb even to be ashamed. Before I entered the ship, Paltiel handed me two huge envelopes full of manuscripts and said, "We both gained a lot from your visit: I gained a true reader and Lena gained a true dybbuk."

I hoped that this would be the end of my bizarre encounter, but when I returned to New York from my South American journey I found three more manuscripts and two forty-page letters from Lena—one in Yiddish, one in Polish. Lena revealed to me that her love for me had begun when we were still in Warsaw and that she received vibrations and telepathic messages about my coming to her long before Paltiel knew of my trip. I tried to read what the two of them had written, but the manuscripts and letters arrived in such quick succession I realized that no time would be left me for anything else. From glancing here and there into Lena's letters I learned that the widow, Paltiel's Maecenas, had died, leaving him quite a large sum of money, and that he was spending it to publish all his works through Myself Publications. Soon the books started to arrive at unbelievably short intervals. It was more than I could do to open their mail anymore, but this did not deter them from continuing to send books and letters for a long time. Some years later I learned that Lena had died from cancer and that Paltiel had been put away in a mental institution. I had to dispose of the mass of their writings. I kept only one large book by Paltiel, written in an atrocious style, almost unreadable, and a few letters from Lena—frightening documents of what loneliness can do to such people and what they can do to themselves. —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.)

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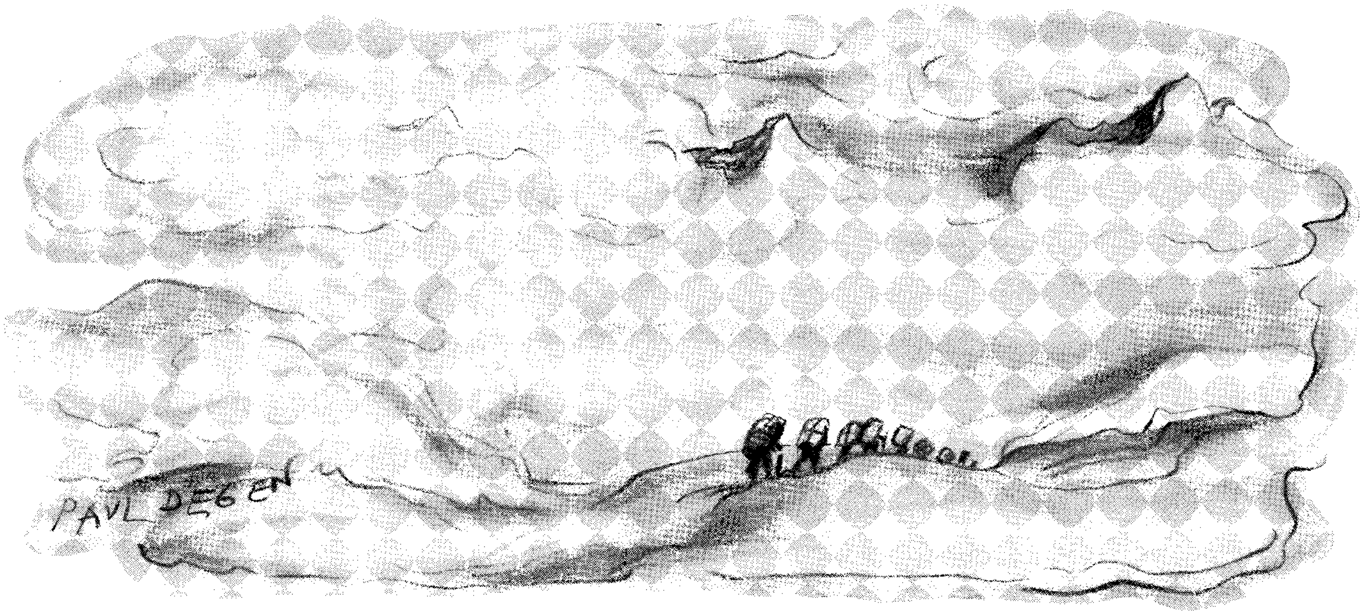
PIAGET MAN'S GOLD WATCH and 18K band, retail value $6,000. Will sell for $3,500, or trade for farm tractor or well broke team of daft horses of equivalent value. An excellent gift for a retired farmer with an appreciation of fine jewelry. —*Adv. in Blair & Ketchum's Country Journal.*

Fine jewelry and crazy horses.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SNOW LEOPARD—II



In late September of 1973, I set out on a journey to the Crystal Mountain, walking west under Annapurna and north along the Kali Gandaki River, then west and north again, around the Dhaulagiri peaks and across the Kanjiroba, two hundred miles or more to the Land of Dolpo, on the Tibetan Plateau. The zoologist George Schaller had invited me to join him on this expedition to northwest Nepal, near the frontier of Tibet, where he planned to study the bharal, or Himalayan blue sheep. Near Shey Gompa—"Crystal Monastery"—where the Buddhist lama had forbidden people to molest them, the bharal were said to be numerous and easily observed. And where bharal were numerous there was bound to appear that rarest and most beautiful of the great cats, the bharal-killer—the snow leopard. Since the usurpation of Tibet by the Chinese, the Land of Dolpo, all but unknown to Westerners even today, has been said to be the last enclave of pure Tibetan culture left on earth, and for me—a student of Buddhism as well as of nature—the walk across the greatest range on earth to Shey Gompa was a true pilgrimage, a journey of the heart.

OCTOBER 25

WE must leave Ringmo before word comes from Dunahi that we must not. But the porters yell and complain about their loads, until Jangbu, the head Sherpa, takes cord thongs from their boots, mixes them up, and lays one on every basket, giving each man the load on which his cord is laid. The nine porters we hired in Ringmo accept this way of dispensing justice with much grumbling.

Gloomy and restless, I set out ahead, and am some little way along the ledge above Phoksumdo Lake when the rest catch up. Parts of the ledge have fallen away, and the gaps are bridged by flimsy scaffoldings of saplings. Certain sections are so narrow and precarious that more than once my legs refuse to move, and my heart beats so that I feel sick. One horrid stretch, lacking the smallest handhold in the wall, rounds a windy point of cliff that is several hundred feet above the rocks at lake edge, and this I navigate on hands and knees, arriving a lifetime later at one of the few points in that whole first mile where one can lean far enough into the cliff to let another man squeeze by. Gasping for breath, I let the expedition pass.

For some time now, the chattering, laughing voices of the Ringmo porters have been coming up behind. At that dangerous point of cliff, an extraordinary thing happens. Not yet in view, the nine men fall silent in the sudden way that birds are stilled by the shadow of a hawk, or tree frogs cease their shrilling, leaving a ringing silence in the silence. Then, one by one, the porters round the point of rock in silhouette, surreal beneath big bulky loads that threaten each second to bump the cliff and nudge them over the precipice. On they come, staring straight ahead, as steadily and certainly as ants, yet seeming to glide with an easy, ethereal lightness, as if some sort of inner concentration was lifting them just off the surface of the ground. Bent far forward against the tumplines around their foreheads, fingers widespread by way of balance, they touch the cliff face lightly to the left side, stroke the north wind to the right. Light fingertips touch my upper leg, but the men's intensity is such that they seem not to distinguish between cold rock face and warm bluejeans. Mute, unknowing, dull eyes glazed, the figures brush past in their wool boots and sashed tunics, leaving behind in the clear air the smell of grease and fires. When the bad stretch is past, the hooting instantly resumes, perhaps at the point where they left off, as if all had awakened from a trance.

The Sherpas come, and Phu Tshering, the cook, smiles gold-toothed encouragement from under his red cap. Schaller appears, moving as steadily as the rest; I am glad that the cliff corner hid my ignominious advance on hands and knees. Squeezing by, Schaller remarks, "This is the first *really* interesting stretch of trail we've had so far." Having barely got my breath, I let him live.

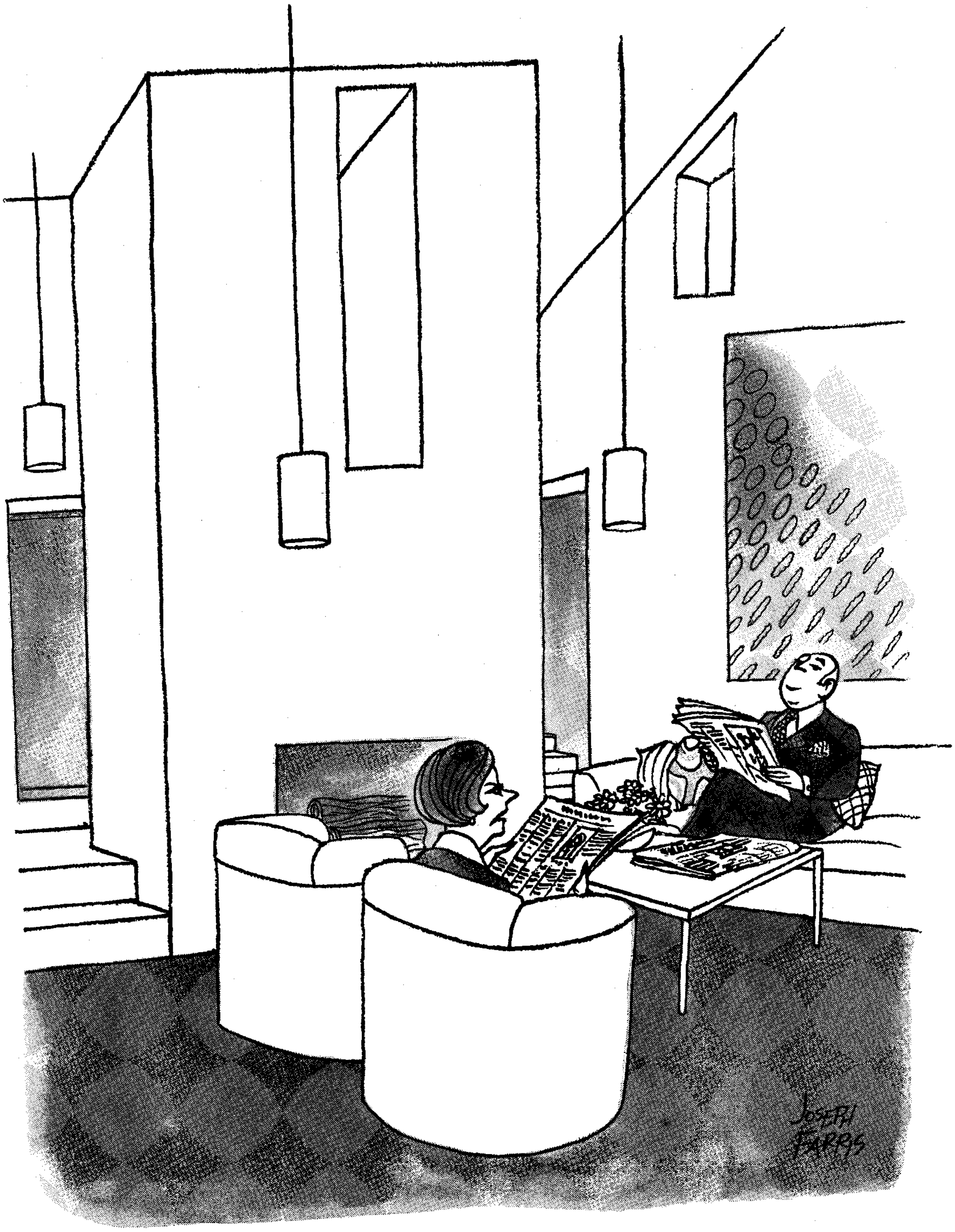
The second mile of the ledge path is pleasant, and I am able to enjoy the view. Below lies the turquoise lake that has never known paddle or sail, and above, all around the sky, rise the snow mountains. A ravine that falls from a small glacier splits the rock face, opening out on a small beach of smooth pebbles. From here the trail climbs once again toward the ramparts at the northwest corner of Phoksumdo Lake.

High above the lake, Schaller turns to wait; he points at something on the trail. Coming up, I stare at the droppings and mute prints for a long time: snow leopard. All around are high rock ledges, a thin cover of stunted juniper and rose. "It might be close by, watching us," he murmurs, "and we'd never see it.” He collects the leopard scat, and we go on. On the mountain corner, in hard gusts of wind, Schaller’s altimeter reads 13,300 feet. The path descends through snow and ice to silver-birch woods by the shore, where we make camp. A cold wind drives waves onto the dead gray beach, and when the sun sinks behind the Kanjiroba massif it is still very early in the afternoon. Shey is about two thousand feet higher than this camp and therefore colder, and since there is precious little fuel for lamps, and no way to heat the tents, we can only hope that the western mountains there are low and sunset later.

By firelight, we talk about the snow leopard. Not only is it rare, says Schaller, but it is wary and elusive to a magical degree, and so well camouflaged in the places it chooses to lie that one can stare straight at it from yards away and fail to see it. Even those who know the mountains rarely take one by surprise: most sightings have been made by hunters lying still near a wild herd that a snow leopard happened to be stalking. In years of searching, Schaller has seen but two adults and one cub. He got his first look at *Panthera uncia* in the Chitral district of Pakistan, in 1970; this past spring, in the same region, after two weeks of baiting with live goats, he made the first films ever taken of this creature in the wild.

The snow leopard is usually found above five thousand feet, and occurs as high as eighteen thousand. Though nowhere common, it has a wide range in the mountains of Central Asia, from the Hindu Kush in Afghanistan eastward along the Himalayas and across Tibet, and also northeastward in the mountains of the Soviet Union, China, and Mongolia to the Sayan Range on the Siberian border near Lake Baikal. The few captive specimens caught in the wild come mostly from the Tien Shan Mountains of the Soviet Union, where trapping is limited and the animal is otherwise protected.

The typical snow leopard has pale frosty eyes and a coat of pale misty gray, with black rosettes that are clouded by the depth of the rich fur. An adult may weigh a hundred pounds and exceed six feet in length, including the remarkable long tail, thick to the tip, used, presumably, for balance and for warmth. It has enormous paws and a short-faced heraldic head, like a leopard of myth; it is bold and agile in the hunt, and capable of terrific leaps; and although its usual prey is the blue sheep and the ibex, it occasionally takes livestock, including young yak of several hundred pounds. This means that man would be fair game as well, although no unprovoked attack on a human being has ever been reported. Of the snow leopard’s social system there is nothing known; almost always it is seen alone.



“Whenever I’m pleasantly surprised, you’re bitterly disappointed. And when I’m bitterly disappointed, you’re pleasantly surprised.”

October 26

LAST night a bonfire was made from deadwood at the mouth of the Phoksumdo River, and for a long time I sat beside it, watching the stars rise from the mountains. The porters came, singing and laughing, from their own camp in a

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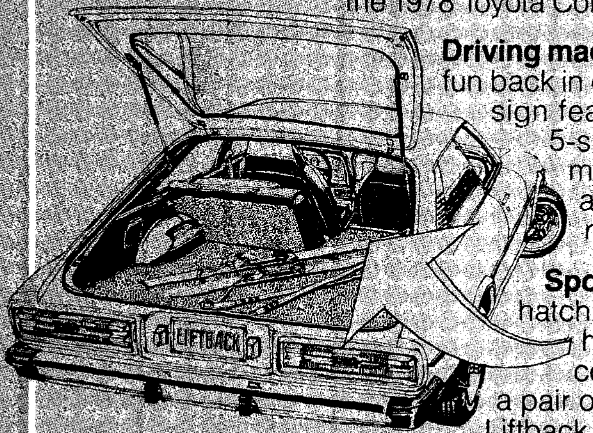

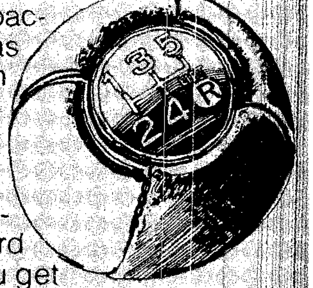

Driving made fun again. Corolla Liftback puts the fun back in driving because it's got many of the design features of a sports car. Like a standard 5-speed overdrive transmission. So you get maximum performance from the peppy 1.6 liter engine. Corolla also has MacPherson strut front suspension and steel belted radial-ply tires. So it handles as crisply as it moves out.

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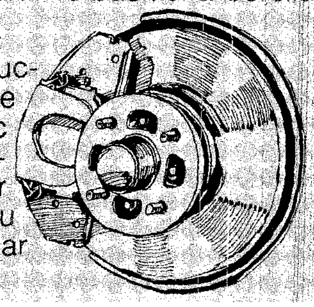

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YOU GOT IT.

SR5
COROLLA

THE COROLLA SR-5 LIFTBACK. **TOYOTA**

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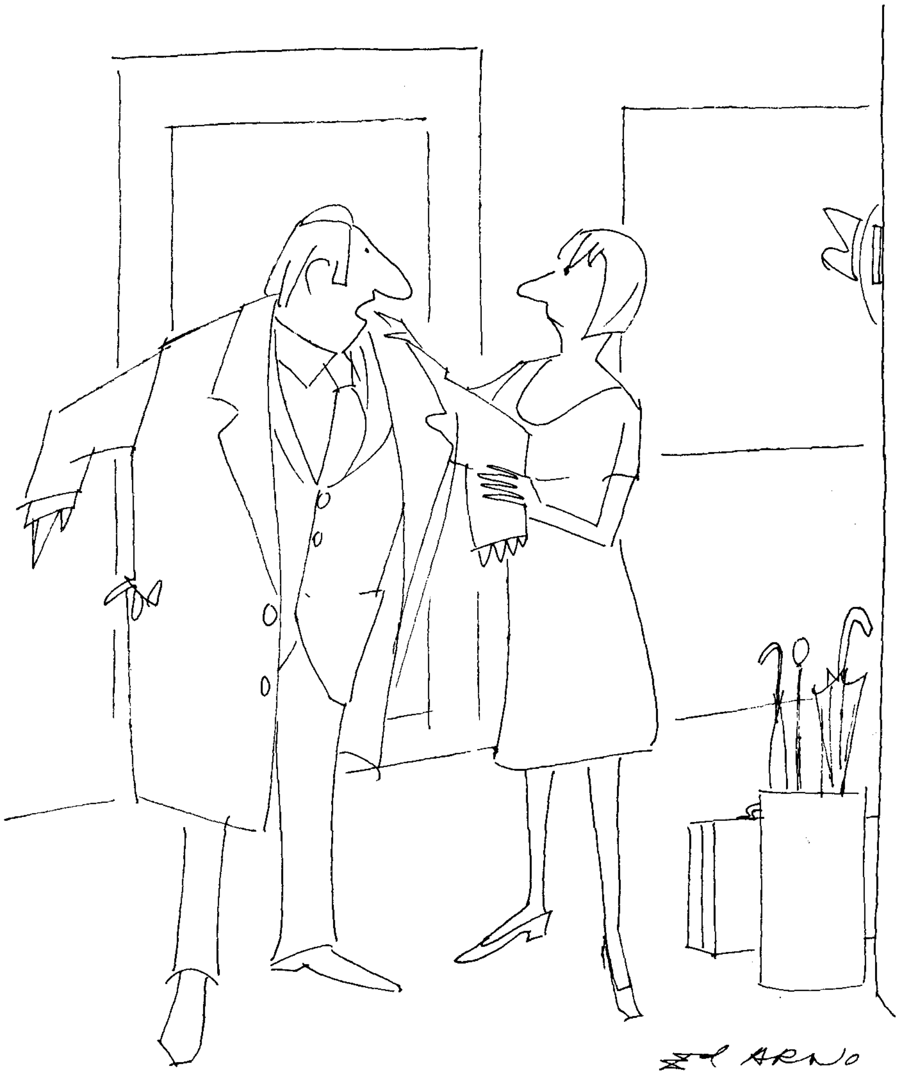
cave by the lake shore, and mimicked everything that was said by sahib or by Sherpa. "Ferry good!" "Thak you!" They are jolly and colorful, but there is aggressiveness in their good nature, and we cannot trust them. Yesterday morning, having stalled for two hours before departure to insure themselves three short days rather than two long ones on the trail, they stopped constantly to rest, and this morning one man is complaining and stirring up the others to protest their loads. Because Jangbu seems indecisive, Schaller shouts at this man to shut up or go home. Today this works, for we are only a few hours out of Ringmo, but in the snows it may be a different matter altogether. These devils have us at their mercy, and all know it. Perhaps we should adopt the British methods of dealing with unruly Tibetans at the turn of the century, as reported by Henry Savage Landor:

> Throwing myself on him, I grabbed him by his pigtail and landed in his face a number of blows straight from the shoulder. When I let him go, he threw himself down crying, and implored my pardon. Once and for all to disillusion the Tibetan on one or two points, I made him lick my shoes clean with his tongue. ...He tried to scamper away, but I caught him once more by his pigtail, and kicked him down the front steps which he had dared to come up unasked.

We left Kathmandu a month ago today: theoretically, we shall arrive at Shey tomorrow, almost two weeks later than expected. Schaller has been worried by the setbacks, but among the blue sheep on the mountains above Ringmo there is still no sign of rut. The main effect of the repeated delays has been extra expense: over and over, the porters have been paid to sit and sleep. Schaller figured his budget rather closely—he is rigorous in his responsibility to the societies that sponsor him—and at Pokhara the expedition was already so short of money, even with my own thrown in, that we could not afford an extra porter to carry more kerosene for the lamps, or more canned food to vary our diet, or perhaps one or two bottles of strong drink. The sausage, crackers, and coffee are all gone, and sugar, chocolate, tinned cheese, peanut butter, and sardines are nearly finished; we will soon be down to a pallid regimen of poor rice, coarse flour, lentils, onions, and a few potatoes without butter.

Perhaps tomorrow we shall reach our destination, but, as Schaller says, it is sure to be the hardest day of all, even if our porters prove dependable. He intends to carry his own sleeping bag, and warns me to do the same. "In fine weather," he says, "seventeen thousand feet isn't all that high, but weather can change quickly at that altitude, and it isn't a height to fool around with. So I like to keep my bag along, in case of emergency or injury." When the round trip is considered, Pokhara is now two months away, and the nearest wireless, at Dunahi, even if it worked, might or might not locate a doctor who might or might not be able and willing to abandon his practice and make a long trek over high mountains to help out strangers. In short, there is no reason to expect that help would ever come to us over these trails. "One can live with a compound fracture," Schaller says. "It can always be broken and reset. But a ruptured appendix . . ." He does not bother to finish.

There is no trail up this gray valley, only dim paths that lose themselves in bogs and willow flats and gravel streams. Several hours pass before we come to a chasm where a torrent descends from the ice fields of Kang La, the Pass of Snows. Even at midday the ravine is dark, and so steep and narrow that on the ascent under hanging rocks the torrent must be crossed over and over. Each time we strip off boots and pants the Ringmos cheer in simplehearted hope that the strangers will crack their skulls on the slick rocks or fall into the frigid water. We climb on, numb-legged, without incident. Higher, where the ravine widens, a snowslide extends down from the east, and just above, in a wood of stunted birch, near tree line, the porters dump their loads and quit; farther up, they say, it will be too cold to camp. Schaller is nowhere to be seen (he told me later that he sat near the trail and watched us pass—he just needed to get away from human company), and since Jangbu seems so leery of these people,



"The meeting on the Babcock merger was postponed. Gil Gowers cancelled our lunch. The people from the Atkinson account didn't show. The 5:38 was delayed for an hour and a half because of a power outage. And now I'm skipping dinner and going straight to bed."

"His concerns are global."

• •

I step in angrily, shouting out that for two days now they have got away with a half day's work, that there is no hope of crossing the high pass to Shey unless we gain more altitude today and get started earlier tomorrow. I am taken aback when they heft their loads and go on for another hour.

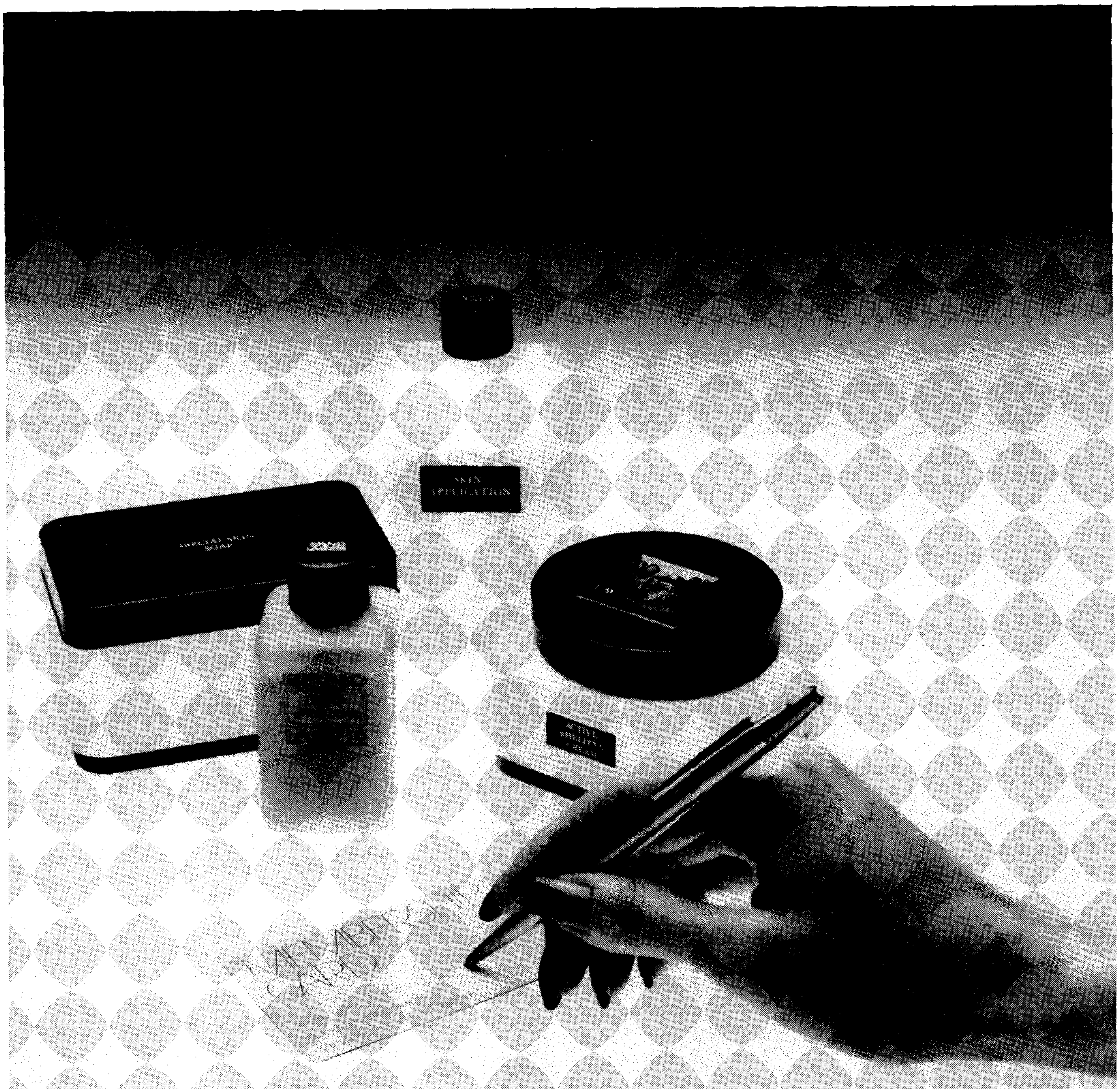
October 27

ROCKFALLS half-covered with snow, interspersed with ice and scree, make the ascent arduous. Moving quickly to keep out the cold, I meet the sun where the canyon opens out, eighteen hundred feet above the camp we made last night in a cave. Schaller's map seems to indicate a steep climb from this approximate point straight up the valleyside to the north, but maps of this region are more imaginative than precise. Seeking Shey Gompa in May, 1956, David Snellgrove, a scholar of Tibetan Buddhism whose fine book "Himalayan Pilgrimage" enables me to speak about the iconography of this region with an authority that is not mine, made camp farther up, at the head of this long canyon, and he does not mention returning to a point downstream before climbing toward the Kang Pass. Since scholars are less apt to be mistaken in small matters than in large ones, it seems to me that the ascent to the pass would begin at the head of the valley, a mile farther. But Schaller, certain he is right, cuts off toward the north. I wait here in the sun awhile, to see which way the Ringmos go, for two of them have been to Shey in milder seasons. Soon they appear—the cold in the dark canyon must account for their brisk pace—and stop at the first sunlight; when they start again, they move on up the canyon toward the head. Schaller has vanished over a ridge, and there is no answer to my calls in the empty valley: either he will proceed along the ridge and join the trail higher up or he will descend again into this valley and follow our fresh tracks in the snow. There is sheep sign here, and perhaps he has come upon a band of bharal.

At the canyon's head, a faint path becomes visible, following a steep series of frozen waterfalls to a point where stream and path are buried under drifts. The porters have been resting every little while since emerging from the cold of the lower canyon, and now they quit again, on a narrow ridge kept clear of snow by wind. Breaking trail for them, I keep on climbing, but continually plunge through the crust over my knees; finally I cut across to the frozen falls, continuing upward by way of the half-exposed stream boulders until these vanish underneath the snow.

These snowfields lie high up under the peaks, and in this immensity of silence they are awesome. There is no one behind me, nor is there sign of Schaller on the ridges all around. In hopes that the Sherpas can get the porters going, I try to find a stretch of snow that will hold my weight, but after ten yards in any direction, in the thick snow and thin air, I am exhausted. The one chance is a straight climb to the western ridge, where the snow appears to be thinned away by wind.

Eventually two porters come up without loads to have a look; for some reason, the Sherpas stay behind. Having no interpreter, I tease them in pantomime, and get them laughing, and they agree to go back for the loads. By the time they have returned, Schaller may have appeared, and some sort of decision can be made. But it is early afternoon when the porters' heads appear above the icy falls, and it is plain that the expedition is in trouble; the loads are cast down in a sullen way, and even the Sherpas look unhappy. I point out the high ridge to the west which looks less locked in snow: the pass is no more than a two-hour climb, we have only to take turns breaking trail. . . . The Ringmos shake their heads. These snowfields are impassable, and anyway it is too late in the day and in the year to go to Shey, and much too high, too cold, to make camp here. Nor are the Sherpas any help. When I persist in my arguments, wondering where in hell Schaller can be, Jangbu and Phu Tshering take me aside and express discouragement about proceeding farther. The Ringmos have persuaded them that even if the Kang Pass is reached, the north face of it is perilously steep and icy. Why, last year a man lost his life there. Jangbu is also worried about



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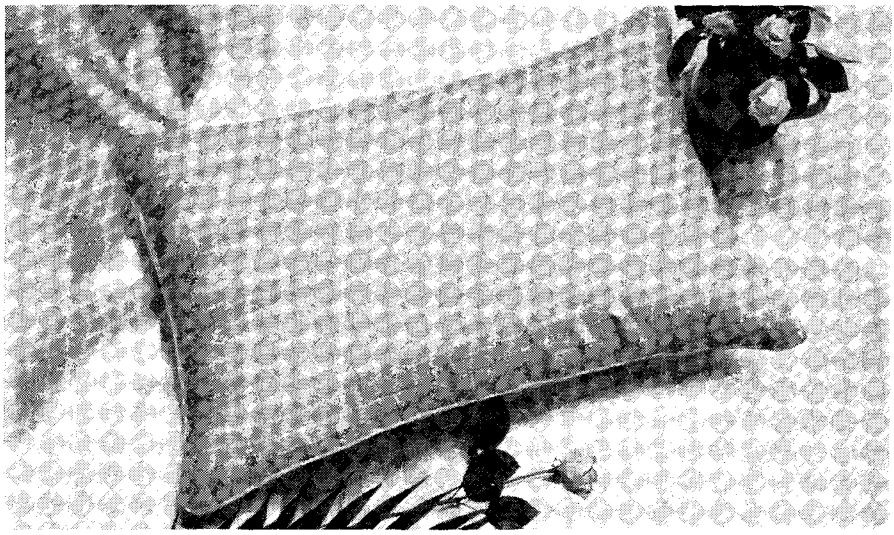

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his friend Gyaltsen—how would he and Thukten, who have gone back to Jumla for rice and mail, ever find us, since the wind is sure to cover any tracks? It is best that we return to Ringmo.

Having tried the snow with my minimal load, I cannot blame the porters for wishing to give up. And we have seen blue sheep and sign of snow leopard near Phoksumdo Lake, which is not only strange and beautiful but accessible to the outside world in event of trouble; to cross the Kang Pass only to have the winter snows close behind us is what I fear most. On the other hand, we have come too far to quit—no more than a mile from the Kang Pass, perhaps one day away from Shey—and Schaller would not consider a retreat even if I abandoned him, which I won't do.

With binoculars, I scan the ridges a last time, then give the order to stack the loads against a drift, where a bare place has been spun by wind on the black scree; the whole lot is covered with tarpaulin. We will start from this place early tomorrow, I announce, getting no response whatever. We have scarcely started our descent to the cave camp when Schaller comes in view across the icy falls. Even from afar it's plain that he is not happy to see us here on this side of the pass. "It looks like this day has really been bollixed up," says he accusingly, annoyed by the suggestion that his own disappearance, if nothing else, has prevented us from going farther—though not, I think, quite so annoyed as he might have been had he been left lying broken-legged in the ice as darkness fell while his expedition proceeded on to Shey. I do not point out that both yesterday and today he was elsewhere when the porters quit; that but for me we wouldn't have reached the point we did on either day. Instead, I say shortly that the porters won't go farther, that even our Sherpas advise us to be content with the blue sheep and snow leopard above Ringmo. No, he says. The animals at Ringmo are scattered because of harassment by the likes of these scrofulous porters. We will go to Shey.

October 28

A LIGHT snow fell throughout the evening, but this morning it is clear. The Ringmos demanded a raise in pay before they would try again, and, not receiving it, have quit. I agree with Schaller that they are robbers, but since the total increased expense, on the Asian wage scale,

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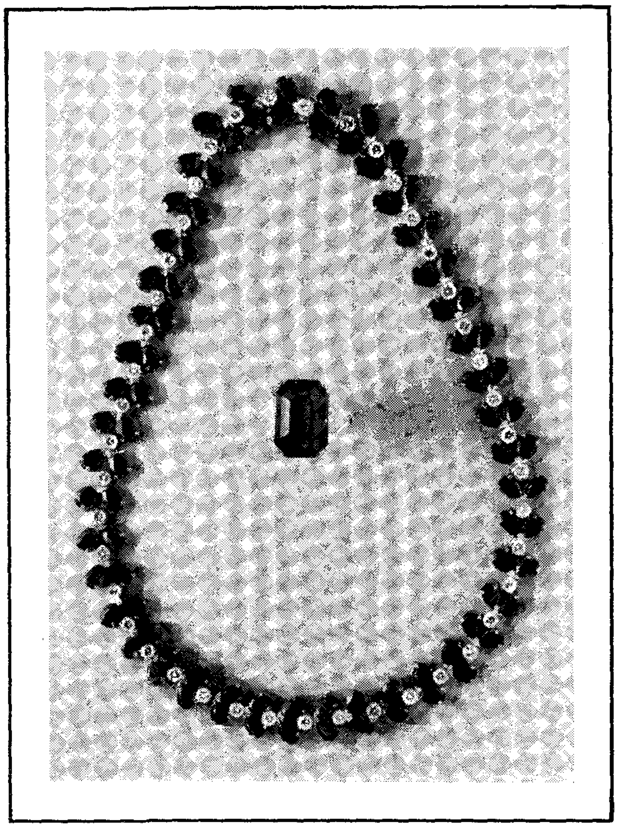

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comes to about twenty-five dollars, our decision may be a false economy. However, he feels—and very likely he is right—that the Ringmos are sure to quit short of the pass in any case, leaving us poorer and no wiser.

Schaller left in the early hours, in the hope that the snow crust will support men's weight before it is softened by the sun; he has with him two Ringmos who agreed to guide but not to carry, and he is also taking Jangbu, our best interpreter, and Phu Tshering, our most experienced mountaineer. Travelling light, they will try to reach Shey, where perhaps new porters can be recruited. Meanwhile, Dawa will carry a load of firewood up to the snowfields depot, in case Schaller's party cannot cross the pass and get caught by snow or darkness on their return, and I shall remain to guard the cave camp against light-fingered porters.

In the afternoon, Dawa, Phu Tshering, and the two Ringmos return with a note from Schaller:

1200 hrs. Top of Pass

PETER:

The route yesterday was obvious—sorry I was not there. Straight up the ridge you talked about and in two hours you're at the pass.

Move all gear to Camp 2. Establish Camp 3 on pass. Two trips a day can easily be made.

With your trusty knife cut some thin 2–3′ long willow wands and mark the trail every few hundred feet, in case it drifts over.

Pay porters 80 R's each.

GS

I go out among the river rocks with Dawa's inlaid bronze-and-silver kukri and slash crossly at the stunted sprigs of willow. Why does Schaller want to establish a "Camp 3" on a windy snow pass near eighteen thousand feet when we must keep returning anyway to "Camp 2" (I presume he means the snowfields depot), a much more sheltered site a thousand feet below? For twenty-five dollars' worth of porterage, I fume, we could have been across this pass with its wind, cold, and deep snow. True, my attitude is not improved by the note's peremptory tone, or by its seeming suggestion that if Schaller had been there the porters would have carried on to Shey yesterday afternoon.

OCTOBER 29

WITH a full pack, I leave at dawn, and make good time. The trek is fun, for, knowing the way, I can enjoy details. On bare places in the ice-fretted snow, rubbery red plants grow among the stones, and the stones hold fossils from the epochs when summits lay beneath the sea.

In the snow mountains—is it altitude?—I feel open, clear, and childlike once again. I am bathed by feelings, and once again I find myself near tears, brought on this time by the memory of an early-morning phone call from the hospital, in the last week of Deborah's life. For days, she had been in what the doctors thought was her last coma, yet a nurse's voice said that my wife wished to speak with me; the nurse had to assure me that there was no mistake. Then I heard this very weak clear voice, out of Deborah's childhood, calling out, as if I were far away across a meadow. "Peter? Peter? Come right away! I'm very, very sick!" She must have sensed that she was close to death, and the bewilderment in her voice broke my heart. I ran there through the winter streets, past pinched city faces glaring in suspicion, steam rising from beneath the street in frozen wisps, blowing away.

At the snowfields depot I rest in the warm sun, enveloped in the soft shroud of white emptiness; my presence in such emptiness seems noticed, although no one is here.

When Phu Tshering comes, we pitch two tents in a gravel gully between drifts; the loads lie under a thin mist of windblown snow. Now Dawa arrives, it is just past noon, and when we finish these *chapatis* we shall carry our three loads to the pass, descending again to this camp for the night. Despite bitter experience with snow blindness, Dawa wears a rag over his eyes only because I forbade him to leave camp without it.

It is windless and hot, and the knee-deep snow has softened in the sun; our boots break through the steps made by Schaller's party while the snow was still hard yesterday morning. I am toting a burlap sack of lentils in a broken basket, and can testify that the porters would have quit within the first one hundred yards in the unlikely event that Schaller had charmed them into going on. The thin straps bite at my shoulders, the broken wicker stabs holes in my parka, and the basket itself on its crude harness rolls heavily from side to side, throwing me off balance. I pant so in the thin air that I feel sick. I keep my gaze fixed on the misted footprints that weave back and forth up the steep slope, so as not to be disheartened by the distance still to go; the sun is shimmering in waves off the bright snow.

With no landmarks, only this hallucinating whiteness blurred by the salt sweat in my vision, the way to the pass mounts in crazy spirals to a white

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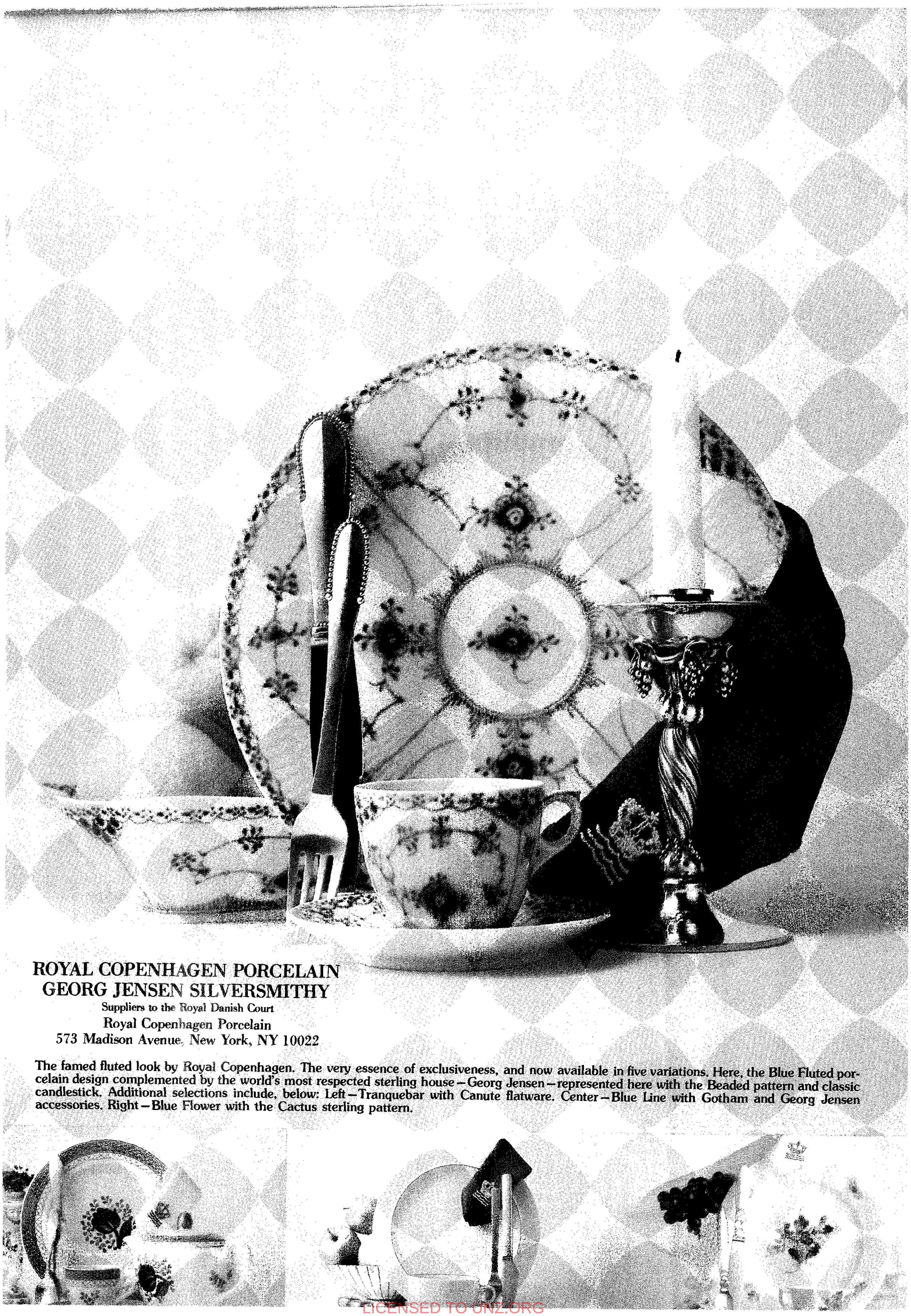

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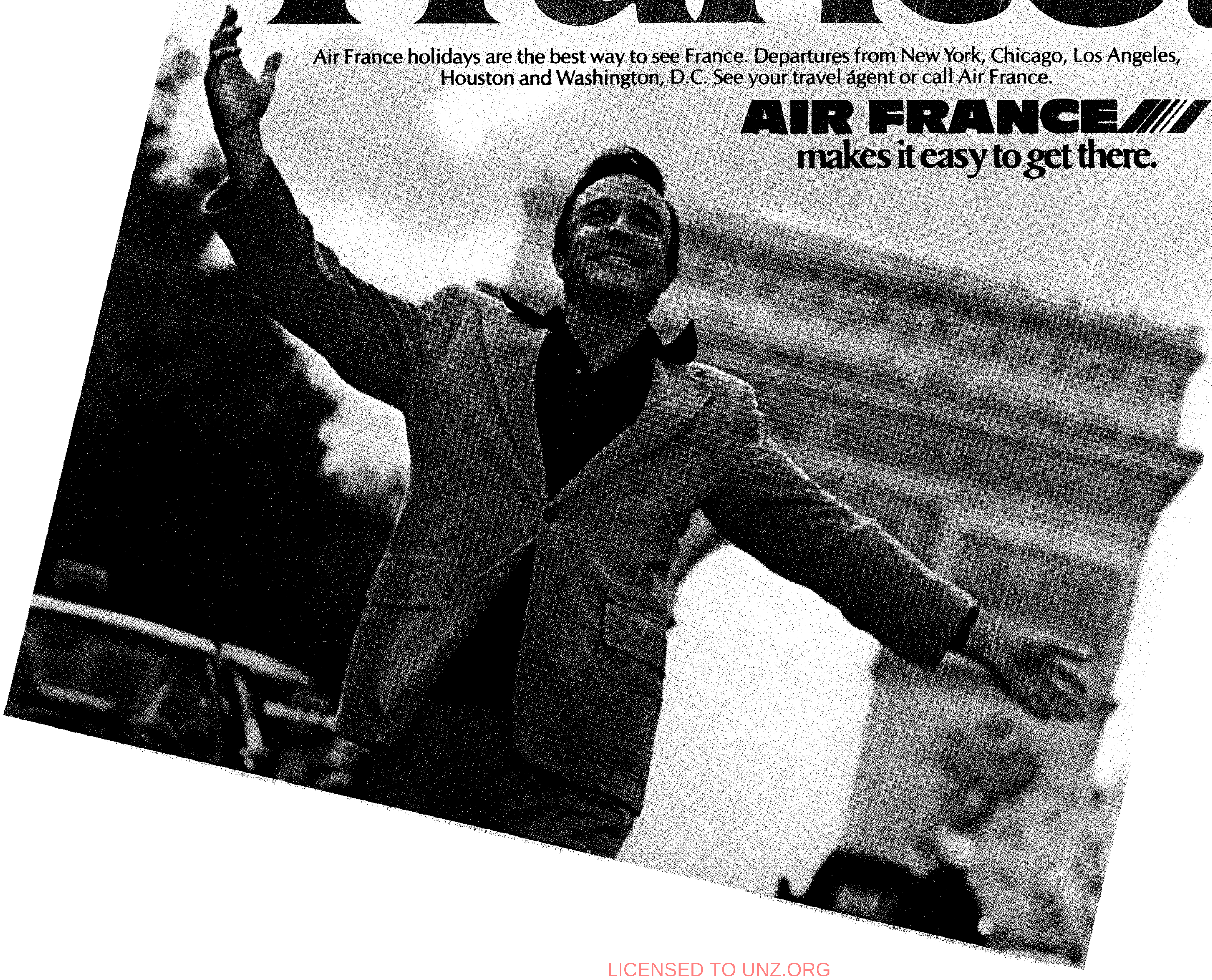

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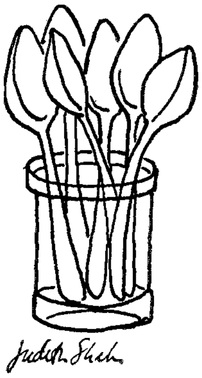
crescent on the blue. From somewhere comes the rumble of an avalanche. Here I am at seventeen thousand feet, in desperate need of air, floundering through soft snow beneath sixty pounds of lentils. Every few feet, I come to a gasping halt, lungs bursting. The stress brings an upsurge of yesterday's rage. Today we shall have carried heavy porters' loads from the cave camp to the Kang Pass, four thousand feet up through ice and heavy snow, and two more loads apiece must come up from the snowfields camp tomorrow. Why aren't Schaller and Jangbu back today to help? Why are we setting out willow sticks for Thukten and Gyaltsen, when it is plain that the absent Sherpas will never get this far without a guide? If Schaller had packed a sack of lentils up this steep slope, knee-deep in this blazing slush, he would send no more damned messages about two easy trips a day.

Then I come to my senses, as if hearing a distant bell: All this raging is absurd. I know this man, and if he has stayed in Shey (the alternative explanation for his absence—accident—is unthinkable) he has good reason. My anger is wasting energy I badly need, and, realizing this, I hastily put it aside.

As the slopes steepen, I am almost on all fours, knuckles brushing the snow, and this simian stance shifts the weight forward, saving my lacerated shoulders. Three thoughts carry me ahead: the prospect of the northward view over Dolpo to Tibet; the prospect of a free descent across these brilliant snowfields to hot tea and biscuits; and the perception—at this altitude, extremely moving—that these two hands I see before me in the sun, bracing the basket straps, hands square and brown and wrinkled with the scars of life, are no different from the old hands of my father. In this moment, I am simultaneously myself, the child I was, and the old man I will be.



Judith Shahn

Three hours of brute labor are required to reach the pass, where a very cold wind from the north makes us lie flat on our bellies. What the Kang Pass turns out to be is the only point on a narrow spine between two crags where a descent might be attempted into the great snow bowl beneath. Even here the drop in the first hundred feet is so precipitous that a slip would mean a roll and tumble of a good half mile. At 17,800 feet, the Kang Pass is much higher than any peak in the United States outside Alaska, yet in all directions, all the way to the horizon, rise mountains of greater altitude.

At sundown, a black eagle crosses between peaks; then bitter cold descends from the swift fierce stars. With no fuel to spare, we turn in quickly, to wait out the night.

October 30

At daybreak, when I peek out at the still universe, ice fills my nostrils; I crouch back in my sleeping bag, cover my head. If Schaller and Jangbu do not come today, there are hard decisions to be made. Since our path of retreat is a descent down icy boulders, this is no place to be caught in storm, and anyway we cannot stay, since our fuel is almost gone. The spell of silence on this place is a warning that no man belongs here.

This morning we will carry three more loads up to the pass, and then three more. To avoid the bitter cold, we wait until the sun touches the slopes, then climb hard to take advantage of the snow crust, reaching the pass in an hour and a half. In the snowbound valleys to the north, still in night shadow, there is no sign of our companions, no sign of any life at all.

After noon, on our second arrival at the pass, we see Schaller, in his bright-blue parka, plodding upward; lower still, Jangbu rests on a white rock. There are no porters with them. In full sun, the mountains to the north look less forbidding, but it is clear from the way Schaller is moving that the route to Shey lies under heavy snow. We gaze down stupefied, as the hot sweat on our backs turns cold, and then we descend to the snowfields camp again without waiting for Schaller and Jangbu. Though none of us says so, we are all disheartened.

In afternoon, our friends reach us with bad tidings: at Shey, there are no porters and no food. The early-October storms that held us up have been blizzards in these peaks, just as we feared, and the unseasonal snow caused the people to lock up the Crystal Monastery, abandon Shey, and cross the eastern mountains to Saldang, leaving two women to guard the remnant stores.

Schaller brings up of his own accord what he refers to as his "curt note" of two days before, explaining that it was so cold and windy at the pass that he could not write more than bare es-

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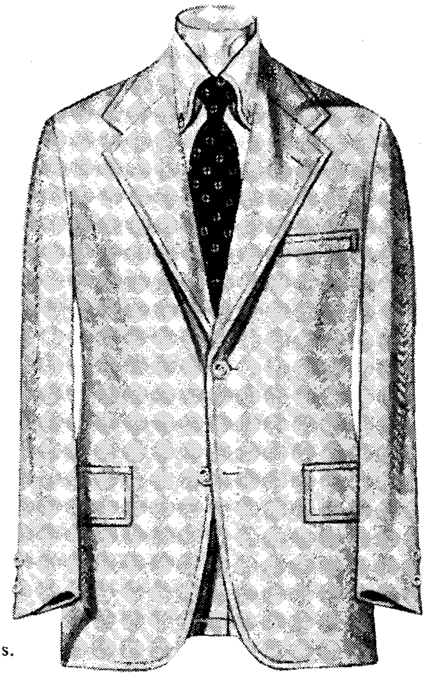

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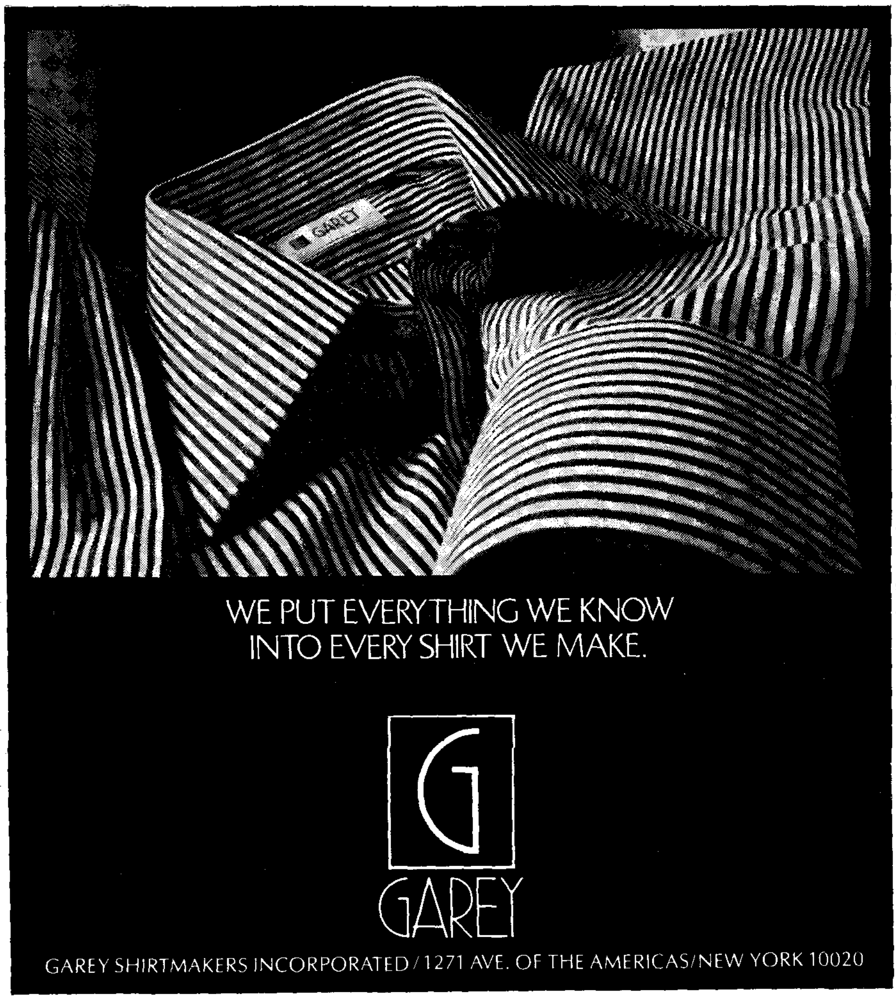

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sentials; he had ordered me to pay off the two Ringmos because his frozen fingers could not count out money, which might have blown away into Tibet. I admit to him that I didn't care much for the note, and offer to say why, but he anticipates my objections, saying that the note meant no criticism of my actions but only recognition that my instincts about the route had been correct, whereas he had held us up by "waiting too long on the wrong mountain." That he wrote it as he did, and that I took it so amiss, he ascribes to the pressure of the days preceding and also to the high-altitude irritability that has ruined so many mountain expeditions. Everything he says rings true to me, and I feel foolish; I recall my first visit to high altitudes, in the Andes, when I was so volatile that any sudden noise inspired fury. Quickly and happily, we drop the entire business. We are glad to see each other and full of excitement about Shey, for there is good news, too: the blue sheep there are plentiful and tame, and the rut we have come so far to see has scarcely started.

Early tomorrow, if fair weather holds, we shall carry the last five loads up to the pass, then slide all the loads down the northern face to a strange black tarn in the bottom of the snow bowl. From there the supplies will be moved in relays three hours downriver to Shey. At the snowfields camp we shall leave a cairn with food for Thukten and Gyaltsen, and instructions to ignore advice from the denizens of Ringmo and to push on to Shey; being lightly loaded, they might reach Shey from the snowfields camp in a half day.

October 31

I AM tired, and the early climb takes a half hour longer than the climb at the same hour yesterday. At the rim we rest briefly before starting the descent into the blue shadows of the bowl. I plant my stick, then kick a foothold into the snow wall, then move the stick down, kick another step—"Never move more than one thing at a time!" Schaller calls—until, reaching a point just above a chute of sharp jutting shale, I level a platform for both feet and prepare to receive the loads. Out of the sun, the air is very cold. Schaller lowers my backpack, then a sack of lentils, then our supply of flour, in a big neoprene bag. I work the lentils and the flour over to my right, to a point where they will clear the stretch of shale, then let them fall. The lentils in their squashy sack soon come to rest where the wall becomes steep slope, a hundred

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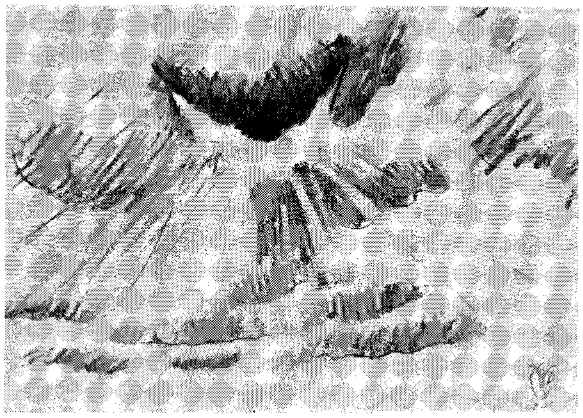

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yards below, but the slick neoprene bag sails so far down into the bowl, and at such speed, that the Sherpas, whose heads have now appeared over the rim, give it a cheer.

With my backpack, punching with my stick, I descend carefully to the lentils, then keep on going, sliding the rough sack alongside. Even here the bowl side is so steep that, facing the slope on all fours, I am almost upright, and I must kick steps into the hard crust as I go down, to avoid a long and lacerating fall.

We hoped to have the loads down to the snow lake by midday, but the warmth and windlessness now work against us. In the steep stretch, the loads slide well upon the crust, but later, when the sun is overhead, they bog down and must be dragged through softening snow. Frequently one sinks up to the crotch, and it is midafternoon before the first loads reach the snow lake; the rest lie scattered on the slopes above.

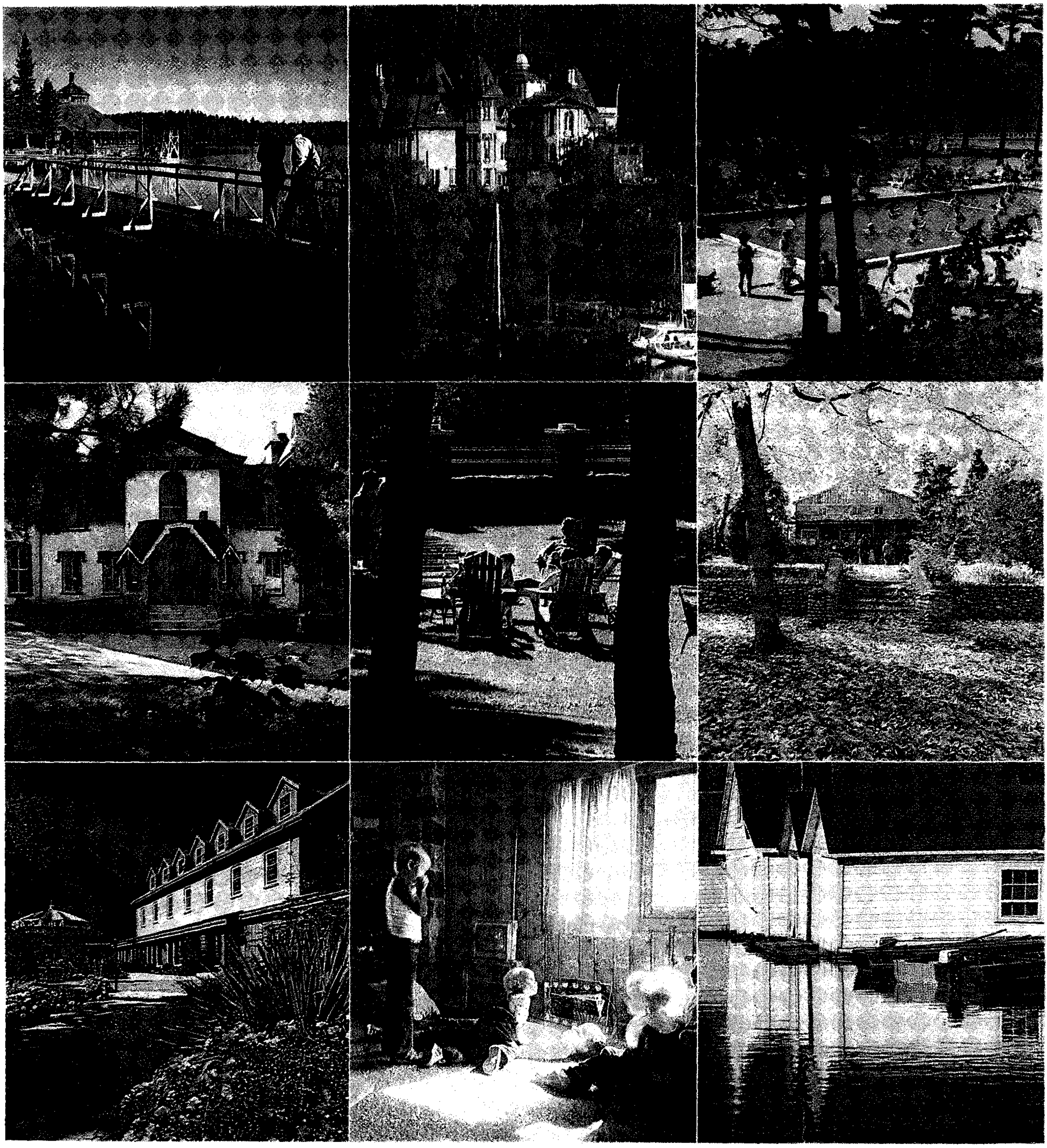
The sunset behind the steep walls of the bowl will bring cold immediately. The Sherpas, unladen, set off rapidly for Shey, although they cannot reach there before dark. Much as I wish to go to Shey this evening, it is folly to set out wet and tired down a tortuous three-hour course of drifts and ice-stream boulders and floes: I say I will camp here. Schaller agrees. Although we did not eat at noon, we are too tired to be hungry. And so we bivouac by the strange pond—a depression of black clay where at this season snow and ice melt at midday—and share the last tin of sardines, and are huddled in our sleeping bags when darkness comes in the late afternoon.

A sundown wind has died away to utter stillness, and a good thing, too, since the snowbanks all around are deep and dry, all set to drift. Schaller is a remorseless sleeper, but for me the night will be a long one. I think about a great black eagle that crossed the sky at twilight: this can only be the golden eagle, which I last saw in western mountain lands of North America. Perhaps this golden eagle is the same one that passed over the snowfields camp two days ago. What can it be hunting, this heroic bird, in bitter white waste, at the edge of darkness?

NOVEMBER 1

THE Crystal Monastery stands like a small fort on a bluff where two rivers flow together in a snow bowl. High to the west, a white pyramid sails on the sky—the Crystal Mountain.

A gravel island under the monastery



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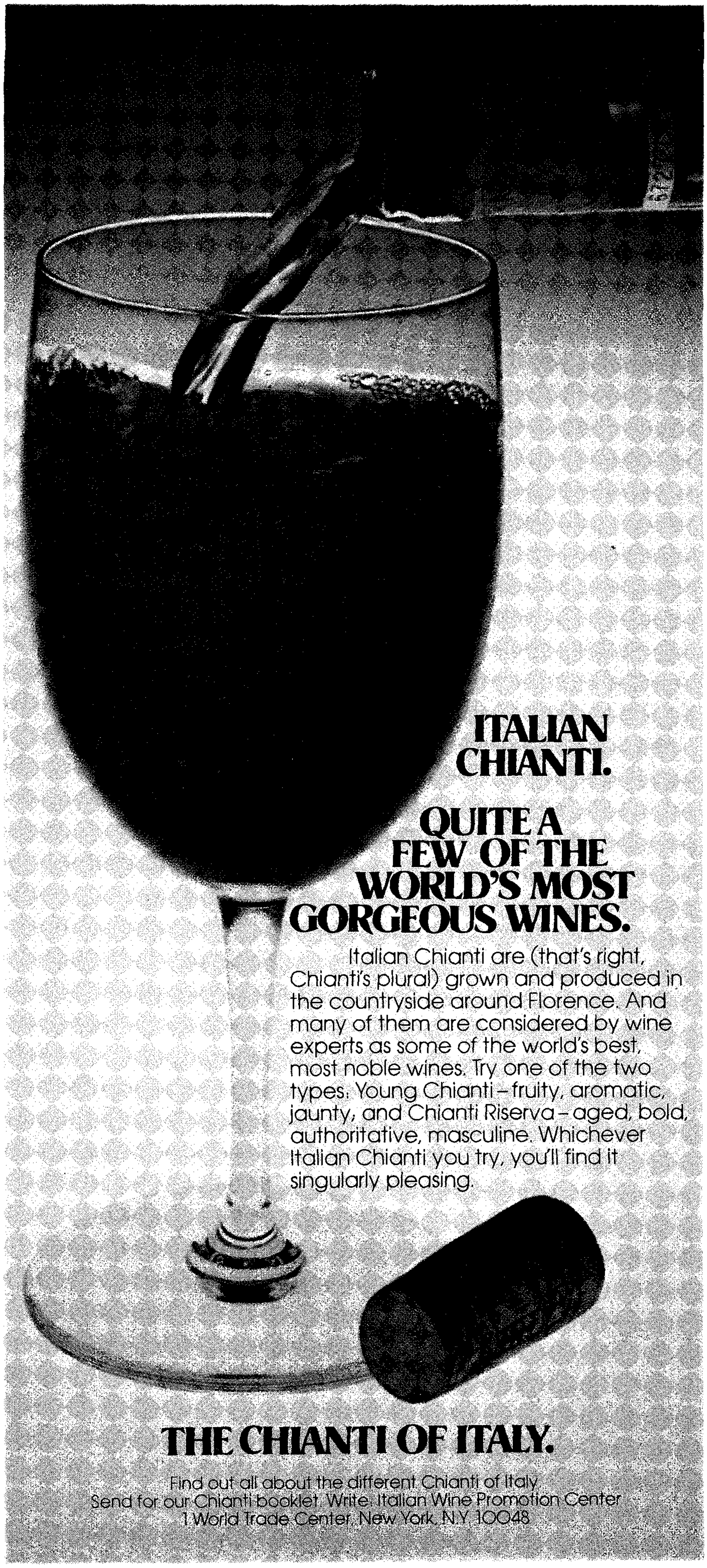

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bluff is reached by crossing ice and stones of a shallow channel. At the island's lower end are prayer walls and a stone stockade for animals; farther on, small conduits divert a flow of river water to a group of five prayer mills in the form of waterwheels, each one housed in its own stone shrine. The conduits are frozen and the wheels are still. On top of the stone shrines are offerings of white quartz crystals, presumably taken from the Crystal Mountain in the summer, when the five wheels spin five ancient prayer drums, sending "*om mani padme hum*" down this cold river.

On the far side of a plank bridge, a path climbs the bank to two big red-and-white entrance stupas on the bluff. I go up slowly. Prayer flags snap thinly on the wind, and a wind-bell has a wooden wing in the shape of a half-moon that moves the clapper; over the glacial rumble on the river stones, the wistful ring on the light wind is the first sound that is heard here at Shey Gompa.

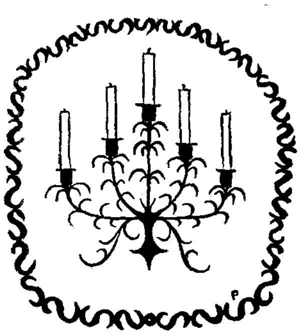
The monastery is a cluster of a half-dozen stone houses that surround the small temple itself, and another group of five small houses sits higher up the mountain. Above this hamlet, a band of blue sheep may be seen with the naked eye. To the north, on a soaring cliff face, is a red hermitage. Otherwise, except for prayer walls and stone stockades for animals, there are only the mighty rock formations and dry treeless mountainside where snow has melted, and the snow and sky.

I move on slowly, dull in mind and body. Gazing back toward the rampart of icy cornices, I understand that we have come over the Kanjiroba massif to the mountain deserts of the Tibetan Plateau: we have crossed the Himalayas from south to north. But not until I had to climb that short steep path from the wintry river onto the monastery bluff did I realize how tired I was after thirty-five days of hard trekking. And here I am, on this first day of November, standing before the Crystal Monastery, with its strange stones and flags and bells under the snows.

Two women and two infants, sitting in the sun, make no sign of welcome or hostility. Fearing Khampa brigands, the women had locked themselves into their houses a few days ago when Schaller first appeared, and plainly they are still suspicious. The younger woman is weaving a rough cloth on an ancient loom. When I say, "*Namaste*," she repeats it as if trying the word out. Three scraggy dzos (hybrids produced by yaks and cattle) and an old black nanny goat excepted, these are the only sentient beings left at Shey, which its inhabitants call Sumdo, or "Confluence," because of the meeting of rivers here beneath the bluff—the Kanju, "Snow Waters" (the one I think of as Black River, because of the black pond at its source and the black eagle I saw there and the black patterns of its stones and ice in the dark canyon), and the Yeju, "Lowland Waters" (which I call Shey River).

For cooking hut and storeroom, Jangbu has appropriated the only unlocked empty dwelling. Like all the rest, it has a flat roof of clay and saplings piled on top with brushwood, a small wooden door into the single room, and a tiny window in the west wall to catch afternoon light. The solitary ray of light, as in a medieval painting, illumines the smoke-blackened posts that support the roof, which is so low that Schaller and I must bend half over. The earth floor is bare except for a clay oven built up in three points to hold a pot, with a hole near the floor to blow life into the smoky fire of dung or brushwood. Jangbu and Phu Tshering pitch their tent outside the door, while Dawa will sleep inside. Schaller's tent is pitched just uphill from the hut; I place mine some distance away, where the buildings end, facing east up the Shey River toward the sunrise.

The cooking hut is otherwise the dwelling of the brother of the younger woman, whom the Sherpas call Namu, meaning "hostess." Namu's real name is Tasi Chanjun. Her little boy, aged about four, is Karma Chambel, and her daughter, perhaps two, is Nyima Poti. Nyima means "sun" or "sunny"—Sunny Poti. The old woman's name is Sonam: her husband, Chang Rapke, and her daughter, Karima Poti, have gone away to winter in Saldang, and Sonam lives alone in one of the abandoned houses up the mountain. Namu says that before the snows there were forty people here, including twenty-odd monks and two lamas: all are gone across the mountains to Saldang, from where—is this a warning to outlandish men who come here without women?—her husband will return in a few days. I am very disappointed that the Lama of Shey is gone and the monastery locked. But Namu's husband has the key, or so she says, and will doubtless bring it with him when he comes to visit, in four or five days, or in twenty. Namu is perhaps thirty years old, and pretty in a sturdy way.



We are extremely happy to be here, all the more so since it often seemed that we would not arrive at all. Now we can wake up in the morning without having to put on wet boots, break camp, get people moving; and there is home to return to in the evening. There are no porters harassing our days, and we are sheltered, more or less, from evil weather. The high pass between Shey and the outside world lies in the snow peaks, ghostly now in the light of the cold stars. "God, I'm glad I'm not up there tonight!" Schaller exclaims as we emerge from the smoky hut, our bellies warm with lentil soup. We know how fortunate it was that the Kang Pass was crossed in this fine, windless weather, and wonder how long fair skies will hold, and if Thukten and Gyaltsen will appear. It is November now, and everything depends upon the snows.

November 2

At fifteen thousand feet, Shey is in what has been described as inner Dolpo, which is walled off from eastern Dolpo by a surrounding crescent of high peaks and must be one of the highest inhabited areas on earth. Its people are of pure Tibetan stock, with a way of life that cannot differ much from that of the Ch'iang nomads out of Central Asia who are thought to have been the original Tibetans and who may have come here first a thousand years ago. Dolpo was formerly a kingdom of western Tibet, and it is certain that some form of Buddhism came here early.

Shey Gompa is a monastery of the Kagyupa sect, which was established in the eleventh century by the great Lama Marpa, "the Translator," who studied at Bihar, in India, with the "Great Magician" called Naropa. After sixteen years, Marpa returned to Tibet, where he transmitted the dharma to Milarepa. Subsequently, some of Milarepa's disciples created the so-called Karmapa branch of the Kagyupas, and that tradition has prevailed at Shey Gompa. A "reformed" sect, known as the Gelugpas, led by the Dalai Lamas, has dominated Tibet politically and socially since the seventeenth century, but it has not changed the nature of the Karmapa tradition—or not, at least, in such far places as the

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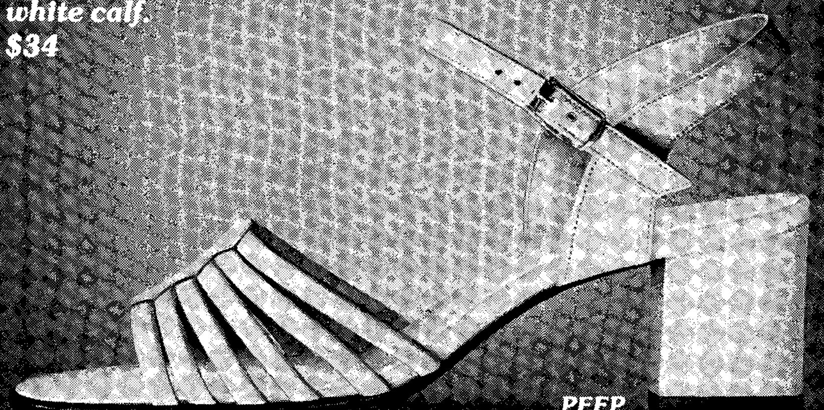

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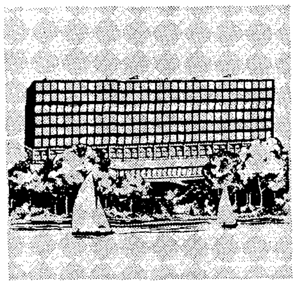

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Crystal Mountain. In its ascetic disciplines and spare teachings, which discourage metaphysical speculation in favor of prolonged and solitary meditation, Karmapa practice is very similar to that of Zen, which also emphasizes intuitive experience over priestly ritual and doctrine. Both have been called "the Short Path" to liberation, and although this way is difficult and steep, it is also the pure essence of Buddhism, with all religious trappings cut away. It seems to me wonderful karma that the Crystal Monastery belongs to this "Zen" sect, and that the Lama of Shey is a notable *tulku*, or "incarnate lama," revered throughout the Land of Dolpo as the reincarnation of other Karmapa lamas back through the centuries. On my way here, I entertained visions of myself in monkish garb attending the Lama in his ancient mysteries, and getting to light the butter lamps into the bargain. That the *gompa* is locked and the Lama gone away might be read as a karmic reprimand to spiritual ambition, a silent teaching to this ego that still insists upon itself.

"Expect nothing," I had been warned by Eido Roshi, my Zen master in New York, when I went to take leave of him before departing on this trip. The Roshi was pleased that there would be but two of us—this seemed to him a condition of true pilgrimage. He instructed me to recite the Kannon sutra as I walked among the mountains, and gave me a koan (a Zen "problem," not to be solved by intellect, that may bring about a sudden dissolution of logical thought, and clear the way for direct seeing into the heart of existence).

All the peaks are covered with snow—why is this one bare?

The Roshi then rose from his black cushion and, taking me by the shoulders, touched my forehead three times with his own, smote my back, and sent me on my way with a great shout.

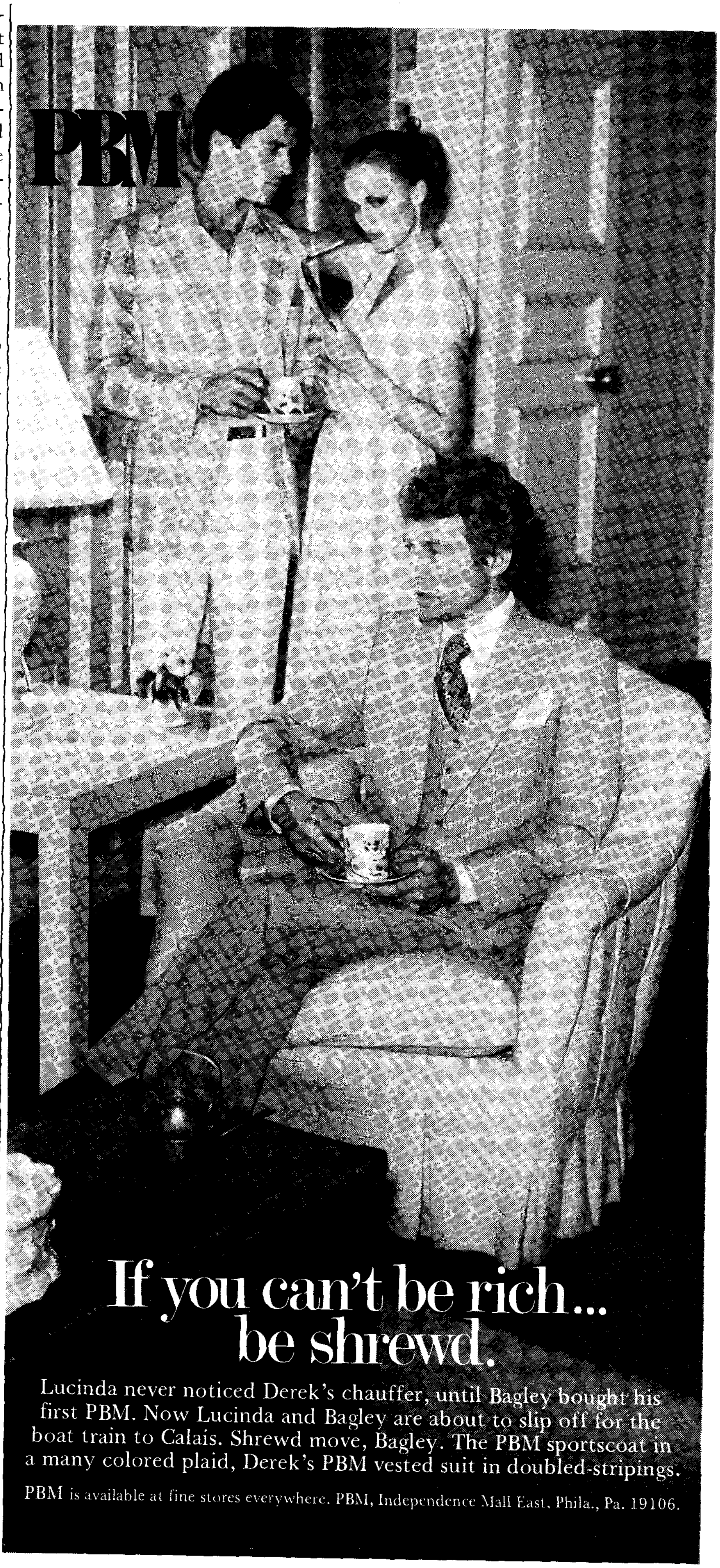
Shey Gompa itself is distinguished from the buildings that abut it on both sides by the ceremonial raised entrance under a roofed porch and the abundant ornaments upon the roof, which include prayer flags, tritons, the great horns of a Tibetan argali, and the gigantic antlers of a Sikkim stag. (Since Schaller had thought that neither animal occurred here, he is fascinated by these horns and antlers, all the more so since he had supposed that the Sikkim stag—a creature of northern Bhutan and southeast Tibet—was now extinct.)

Although the *gompa* is locked tight, the two large stupas on the bluff over the river bridge give a clue to the iconography within. Perhaps thirty feet high, they have the typical square red base and white dome garlanded with red loops; above the dome is the tapering cone topped by a lunar crown and solar disc. On the four sides of the base are crude clay frescoes of symbolic creatures—elephants, horses, peacocks, and the Garuda, a man with wings and the head of an eagle bearing what appears to be the sun and moon. The Garuda, like swastikas inside the stupas, is a pre-Buddhist symbol, and the yin-yang sign on the door is also ancient, being thought to antedate the early Taoism of two thousand five hundred years ago in China.

In the small chamber inside one stupa are two rows of ancient prayer wheels, five to a row, set up in such a way that ten rounds of "*om mani padme hum*" may be invoked simultaneously by the visitor. Each wheel represents the Wheel of Dharma, first set in motion by the Buddha. On walls and ceilings are bright-painted mandalas and the multiple Buddha aspects. The dominant figure is Dorje-Chang, the primordial Buddha of Tibet who transmitted the dharma to the great Indian sage Tilopa, and thus began a celebrated series of transmissions—Tilopa to Naropa to Marpa the Translator to Milarepa, and so forth to the present day. Dorje-Chang also appears outside on a dome fresco with the Pleiades and black sickle moon over his shoulder; his sky-blue color signifies his eternal nature, and he carries a bell that represents the perfect sound of voiceless wisdom. Beside the dome, a wind-bell has been mounted, and its very small clear ring, in shifts of air, seems to deepen the vast silence of this place.

Between the two stupas and the monastery houses, built up on an immense platform four or five feet high, is a vast field of thousands upon thousands of carved flat stone offerings—by far the greatest assemblage of prayer stones that I have ever seen. "*Om mani padme hum*" is the commonest inscription, but there are also wheels of life, carved Buddhas, and quotations from liturgical texts, heap upon heap. The stones vary in size from ten pounds to several hundred; some are recent, while on others the inscriptions are worn to shadow by the elements, and all of these stones conceal the masses more that lie beneath.

THIS morning I bathe inside my sunny tent, and sort out gear. Jangbu and Phu Tshering have crossed



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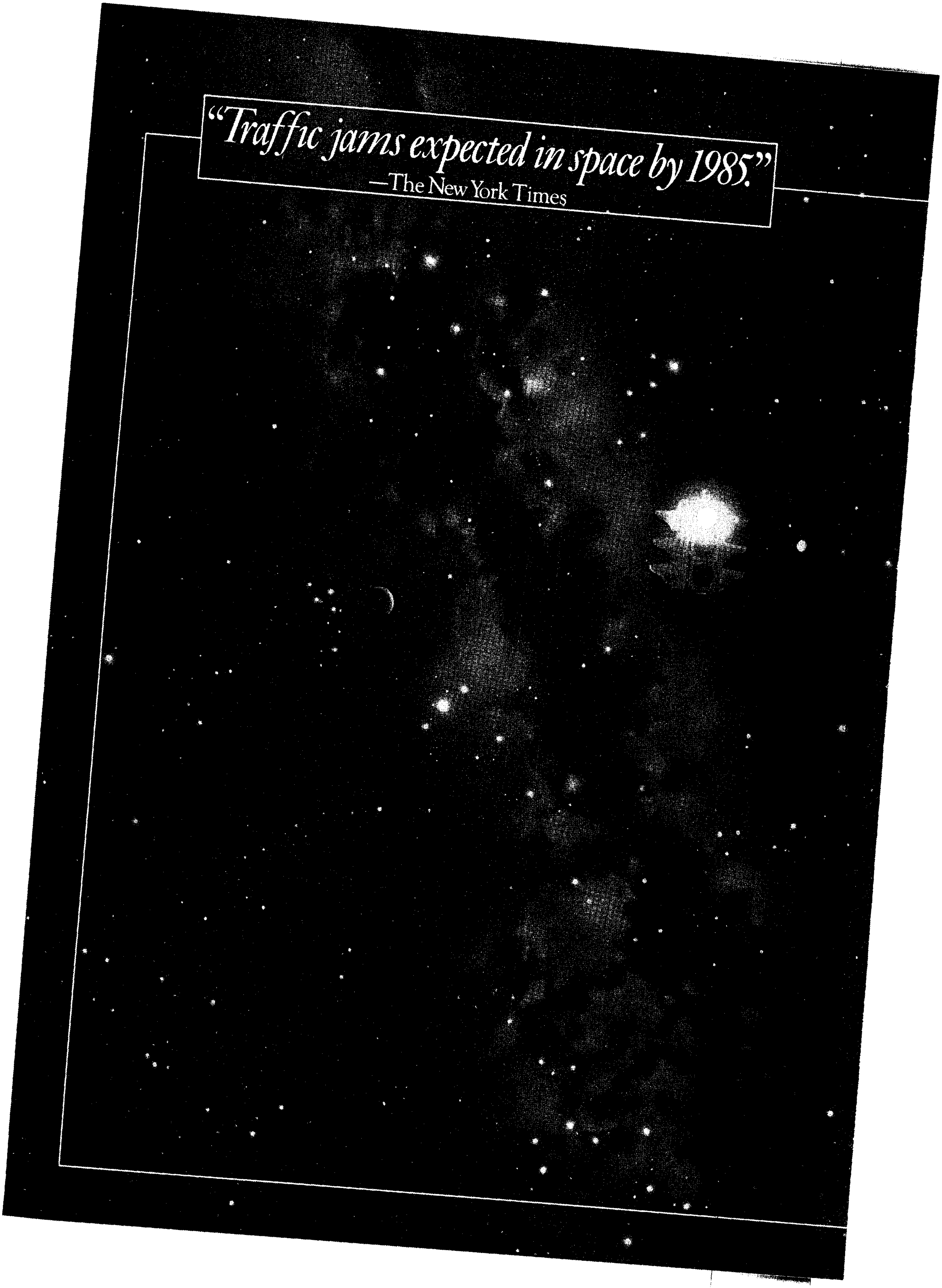
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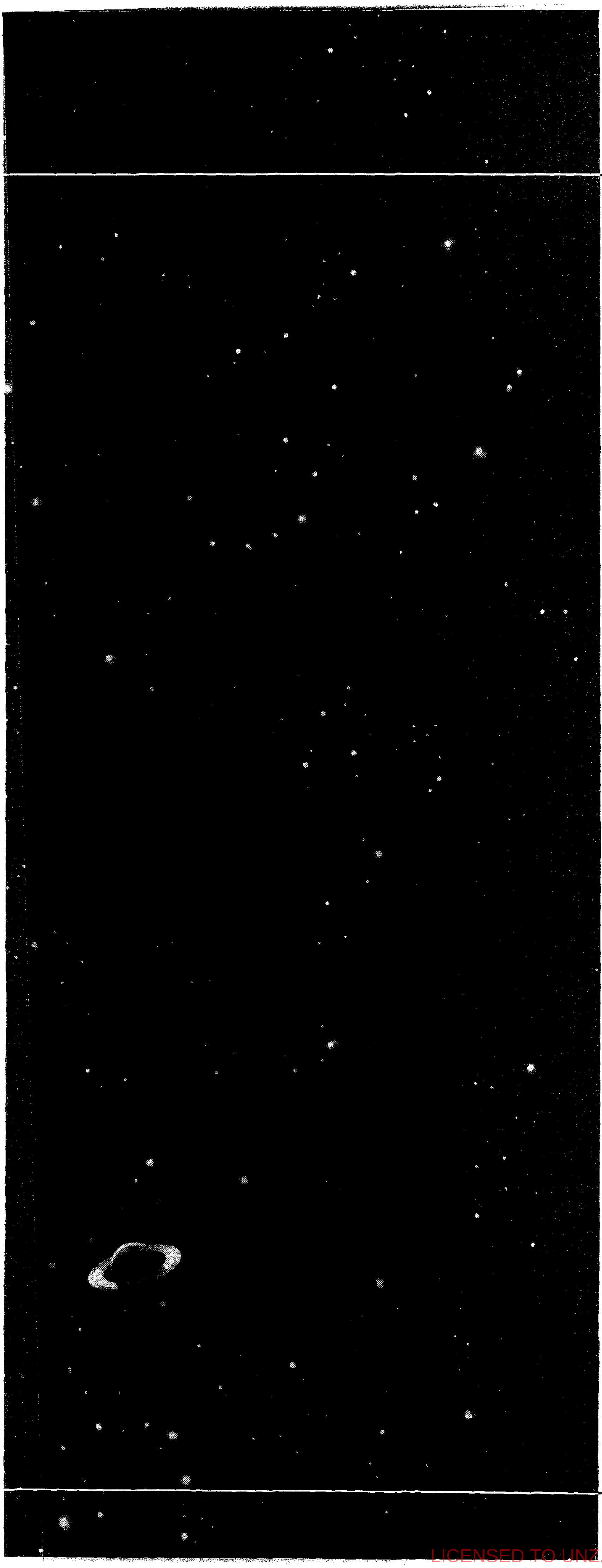

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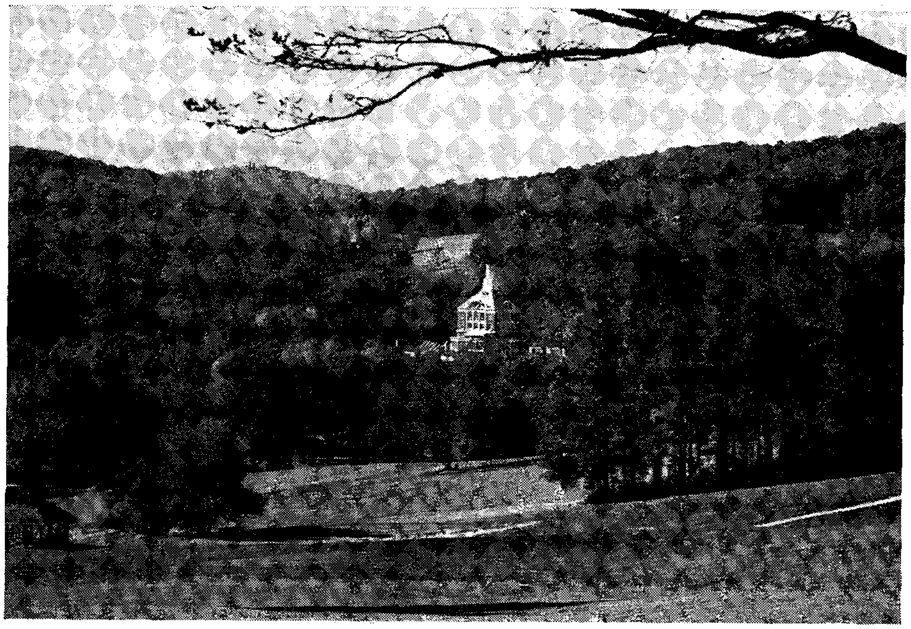

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Black River to hunt scraps of low shrub juniper for firewood, and Schaller is up on the mountainside viewing his sheep; he returns half frozen toward midmorning. After a quick meal of *chapatis*, we decide upon a survey of other sheep populations in the region, and set off eastward up the Saldang trail, which follows the north bank of the Shey River.

Snow clouds come up over the mountains, and the river turns from silver to black, over black rocks. A lone black dzo nuzzles the stony earth. Schaller has picked up scat of a large carnivore and turns it in his hand, wondering aloud why fox sign, so abundant at higher altitudes, is so uncommon here. "Too big for fox, I think," he says.

As Schaller speaks, I scan the mountain slopes for bharal: on the rolling hills to the east we have not seen even one. Abruptly, he says, "Hold it! Freeze! Snow leopards!" I see a pale shape slip behind a low rise patched with snow as Schaller, agitated, mutters, "Tail's too short. Must have been foxes."

"No!" I say, determined to see snow leopard, not fox. "It was much too big—"

"Wolves!" he cries out. "Wolves!"

And there they are.

Moving away without haste up an open slope beyond the rise, the wolves bring the barren hills to life. Two on the slope to northward frisk and play, but soon they pause to look us over; their tameness is astonishing. Then they cut across the hill to join three others that are climbing a stone gully. The pack stops each little while to gaze at us, and through the telescope we rejoice in every shining hair: two silver wolves, and two of faded gold, and one that is the no-color of frost: this frost-colored wolf, a big male, seems to be leader. All have black tail tips and a delicate black fretting on the back. "That's why there's no sign of fox or leopard!" Schaller says. "And that's why the blue sheep stay near the river cliffs, away from this open country!" I ask if the wolves would hunt and kill the fox and leopard, and he says they would. For some reason, the wolves' appearance here has taken us by surprise; it is in Tibet that such creatures belong. This *Canis lupus* is essentially identical to the timber wolf, which we have both seen in Alaska, and it is always an exciting animal. The empty hills where the pack has gone take on new life. In a snow patch are five sets of wolf tracks, and old wolf scats along the path contain brittle gray

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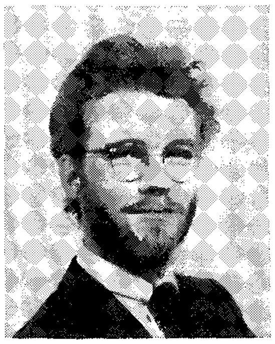

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stuff and soft yellow hair—blue sheep and marmot.

Down the path comes an old woman who has walked alone from Saldang, over the Shey Pass to the east; we are as surprised by her appearance as she is by ours. The old woman has seen these five *jangu*, and two more, but seems less wary of the wolves than of big strangers.

We wonder about that solitary dzo, not more than a half mile from the place where we turned the wolves back toward the east. Later, Namu says that wolves kill two or three dzos every year, and five or six sheep at a time in the corrals. She sets out upriver to fetch her dzo, and is back with the lone beast just before sundown.

NOVEMBER 3

THERE is so much that enchants me in this spare, silent place that I move softly so as not to break a spell. Because the taking of life has been forbidden by the Lama of Shey, bharal and wolves alike draw near the village. On the hills and in the stone beds of the river are fossils from blue ancient days when all this soaring rock lay beneath the sea. And all about are the prayer stones, prayer flags, prayer wheels, and the prayer mills in the torrent, calling on all the elements in nature to join in celebration of the One. What I hear from my tent is a delicate wind-bell and the river from the east, in this easterly wind that may bring a change in the weather. At daybreak, two huge ravens come, their long toes scratching on the prayer walls.

Eleven sheep are visible on the slope above the village—six rams together and a group of ewes and young. Though the bands begin to draw near to one another, there is no real sign of rut. From our lookout above Sonam's house, three more groups—six, fourteen, and twenty-six—can be seen on the slopes opposite, across the Black River to the west.

After years of studying the carnivores, Schaller has become fascinated by the Caprini—the sheep and goats—which have the attraction of inhabiting the remote high mountains that he loves. And among the Caprini this blue sheep, which we have come so far to see, is a most peculiar species. It is presumed that the sheep and goats branched off from a common ancestor among the Rupicaprini, the so-called goat-antelopes, which are thought to have evolved somewhere south of the Himalayas. Beside the six species of true goat (*Capra*) and the six of true sheep (*Ovis*), there are three species of tahr (*Hemitragus*) as well as the aoudad, or Barbary sheep (*Ammotragus*), and the bharal, or Himalayan blue sheep (*Pseudois*), that exhibit characters of both *Capra* and *Ovis*. The tahrs, which in their morphology and behavior appear to be intermediate between goat-antelopes and true goats, are classified as goats, and the aoudad, though sheeplike, is considered a near-goat. *Pseudois*, too, is sheeplike in general appearance; it recalls the Rocky Mountain sheep, not only in its general aspect but in type of habitat—rolling upland in the vicinity of cliffs. Certain specimens, Schaller says, possess the interdigital glands on all four feet which were thought to be a diagnostic character of *Ovis*, and the genus lacks the strong smell, beard, and knee calluses that are found in *Capra*. Nevertheless, Schaller considers it more goat than sheep, and hopes to establish this beyond all doubt by observation of its behavior in the rut.

Hunters' reports account for most of what is known of the wild Asian goats and sheep, which is one reason the classification of *Pseudois* is still disputed. Since the blue sheep is now rare in world collections, the one way to resolve the question is to observe the animal in its own inhospitable habitat—above timberline, as high as eighteen thousand feet, in the vicinity of cliffs—in one of the most remote ranges of any animal on earth: Baltistan, in Kashmir, east across Tibet into China, south to the Himalayan crest and north to the Kunlun and Nan Shan Mountains. In Nepal, a few bharal are found on the western and southern flanks of Dhaulagiri (this is the population that we saw near the Jang Pass), as well as in the upper Arun Valley, in the east, but most are found here in the northwest, near the Tibetan border.

This morning, through the telescope, I study blue sheep carefully for the first time. Like Rocky Mountain sheep, they are short-legged, strong, broad-backed animals, quick and neat-footed, with gold demonic eyes. The thick-horned male is a handsome slaty blue, the white of his rump and belly set off by bold black face marks, chest and flank stripes, and black anteriors on all four legs; the black flank stripes, like the horns, become bolder with age. The female is much smaller, with dull pelage and less contrast in the black, and her horns are spindly, as in female sheep. Those of the males, on the other hand, curve upward, out, and back. Also, the basioccipital bone at the base of the skull is goatlike, and so are the large dewclaws and the prominent markings on the front sides of the legs. In this confused situation, the rutting behavior will be a deciding factor.

Although the male herds are still intact, the males are mounting one another, more to establish dominance than in sexuality; among many sheep and goats, the juvenile males and the females are quite similar in appearance, and even imitate each other's behavior, so that rams may fail to differentiate between them, treating all of these subordinates alike. The itch of the rutting season has begun, and even the young animals play at butting and sparring.

November 4

TODAY, the Sherpas will climb up to Black Pond to fetch down three more loads of the supplies we left there. Being dependent on their good will, we try to spare them when possible, and share things, and wait for them to volunteer—they always do—instead of making requests, but theirs is a wearing job, and poorly paid, and were they less faithful, they could simply abandon us, as they have seen the porters do so often. In days to come, they will bring in the remaining loads, one trip a day, and for all of this period they will be paid as porters as well as Sherpas.

Schaller and I shall track the bands of blue sheep on the western slopes and hunt for sign of snow leopard along the cliffs; we shall also visit the red hermitage, known as Chakang, and collect firewood.

Descending from steep snowfields on Crystal Mountain is a series of ridges that terminate in buttresses or points where the mountain falls away into Black River; between these ridges, each one higher than the next as the path goes north, lie deep ravines. Winding in and out of these ravines, the path follows a contour around the outer points, which, like all eminences in the region, are marked by prayer flags and a wall of prayer stones. In an hour we are opposite the red hermitage, which sits high against a cliff: three huge Himalayan griffons turn and turn on the cold updrafts from the Black River canyon. The path continues round the point and into the ravine, which is still in shadow, and sheeted with ice and snow on this north exposure; here the incline is so steep that any misstep might be fatal. At the head of the ravine, the

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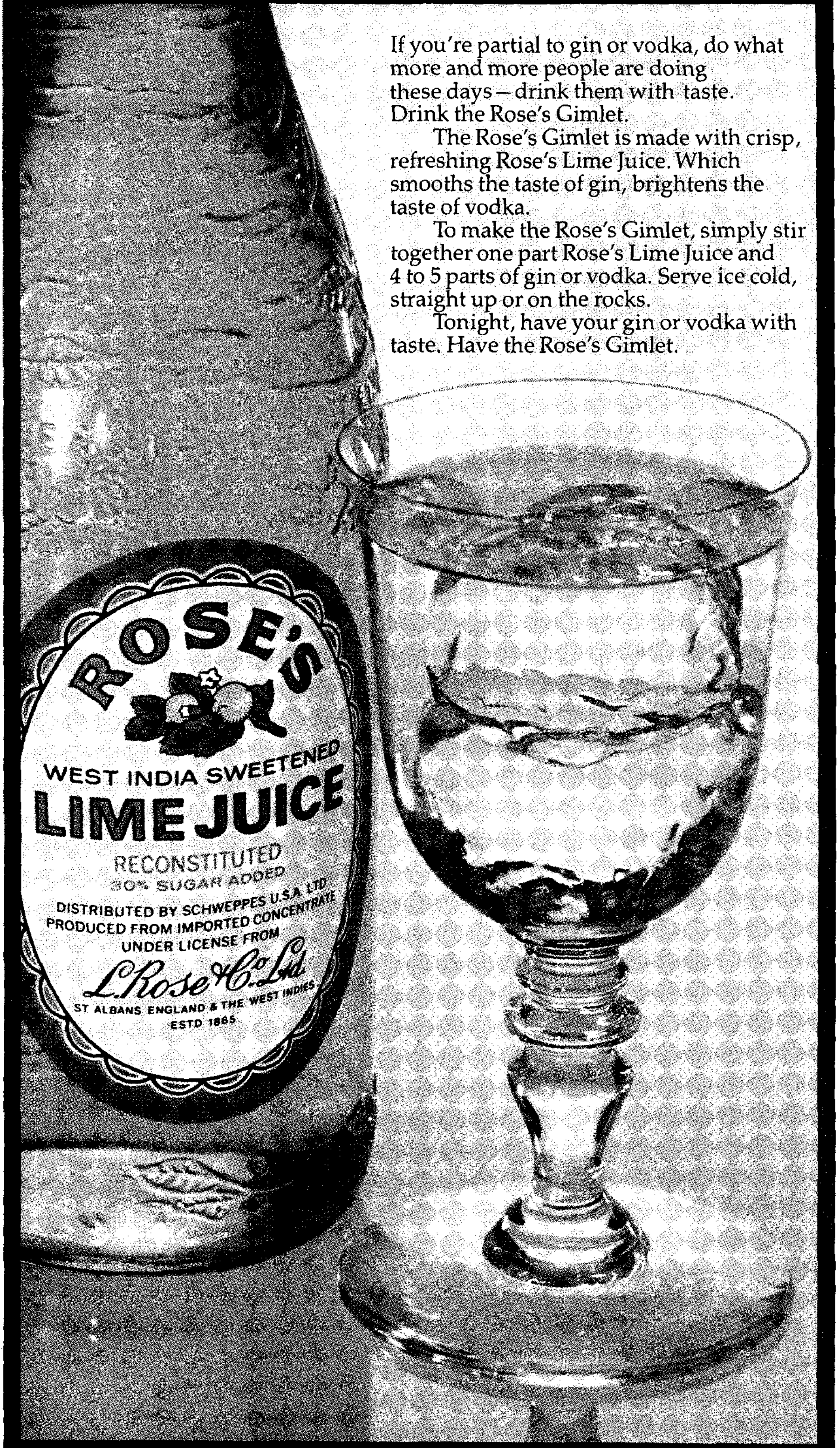

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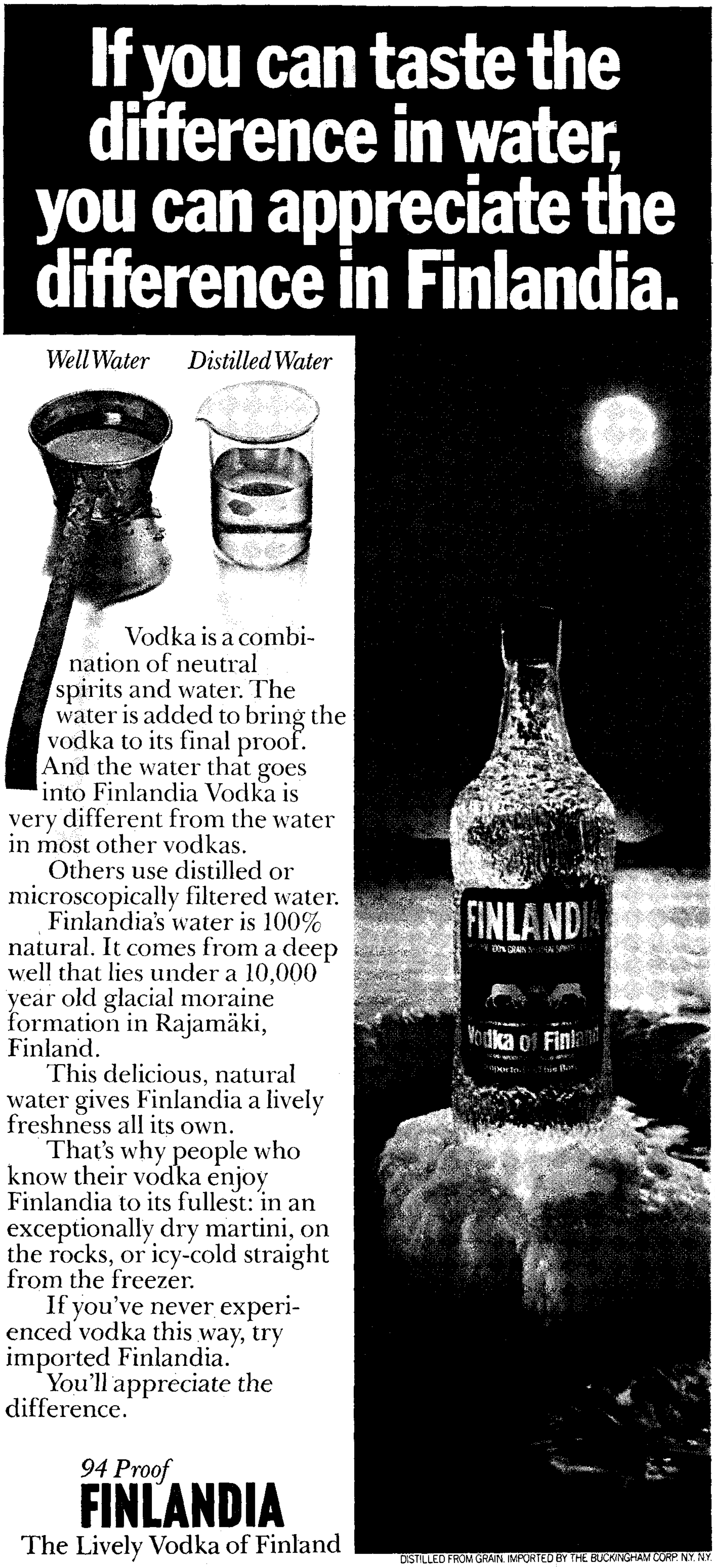
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trail crosses an icy stream and climbs up to the hermitage, which is perched on a ledge against bright cliffs of blue and red.

Chakang itself consists of four stone structures plastered to the wall like nests of swifts. One is a cell with a single narrow window slot that looks out on a world of snow and sky, pure white, pure blue; another has crooked doors and windows of carved wood. A tiny potato plot has been constructed on a ledge, and sliced potatoes lie drying on a stone. By the cliff wall are stacks of dung and juniper, for winter fuel, and water issues from a cave, dripping sonorously onto slate conduits that lead to a copper caldron; in the cave a small stupa has been built in honor of the water.

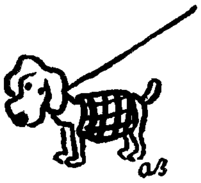
This hermitage is a true *gompa*, "a place for meditation," located wherever possible against a cliff that overlooks a lake or stream, and often inhabited by a solitary monk. Chakang is bedecked with prayer flags, white and blue, and has an astonishing ornate balconied window painted in red and fire-orange, blue, and turquoise; carved Buddha stones adorn its sunny walls. The hermitage is situated so that nothing may be seen but snow peaks rising to a shining sky. The effect is so hallucinating that Schaller, disturbed, is stirred to protest at the hermit's life and solitary meditation: "You have to have *something* coming in!" But the point of meditation, as Lao-tzu suggests, is to let everything go: "When your mind is empty like a valley or a canyon, then you will know the power of the Way."

On a ledge, two bronze-skinned monks sit quietly, as if in waiting. One is patching his wool boots, the other is curing a goat hide in a yellow mixture of goat brains and rancid yak butter. Smiling, calm, they let our greetings wander; perhaps they live here under vows of silence. The boot-mender is a clear-faced youth, while the other, curiously ageless, is a handsome cripple in strange rags of leather. When we say goodbye, the two figures bow slightly, smile again, and keep their silence.

NOVEMBER 6

I HAVE a meditation place on the mountain above Shey, a broken rock outcrop like an altar set into the hillside, protected from all but the south wind by shards of granite and dense thorn. In the full sun it is warm, and its rock crannies give shelter to small stunted plants that cling to this desert mountainside—dead red-brown stalks of wild buckwheat, some shrubby cinquefoil, pale edelweiss and everlasting, and even a few poor tatters of cannabis. I arrange a rude rock seat as a lookout on the world, set out binoculars in case wild creatures should happen into view, then cross my legs and regulate my breath, until I scarcely breathe at all.

Now the mountains all around me take on life; the Crystal Mountain moves. Soon there comes the murmur of the torrent, from far away below under the ice. Even in windlessness, the sound of rivers comes and goes and falls and rises, like the wind itself. There comes an instinct to open outward by letting all life in, as a flower fills with sun. Although I am not conscious of emotion, the mind-opening brings a soft mist to my eyes, as ego falls away. Then the mist passes, the cold wind clears my head, and body-mind comes and goes on the light air.



I lower my gaze from the snow peaks to the glistening thorns, the snow patches, the lichens. Though I am blind to it, I believe the truth is near, in the reality of what I sit on—rocks. These hard rocks instruct my bones in what my brain could never grasp in the Prajna Paramita sutras, that "form is emptiness, and emptiness is form"—the void, the emptiness of blue-black space, contained in everything. Sometimes when I meditate the big rocks dance.

The secret of the mountains is that the mountains exist, as I do myself: the mountains exist simply, as I do not. The mountains have no "meaning," they *are* meaning; the mountains *are*. The sun is round. I ring with life, and the mountains ring, and when I can hear it there is a ringing that we share. I understand all this not in my mind but in my heart, knowing how meaningless it is to try to capture what cannot be expressed, knowing that mere words will remain when I read it all again, another day.

Toward four, the sun sets fires on the Crystal Mountain. I turn my collar up and put on gloves and descend to Shey, where my tent has stored the last sun of the day. In the tent entrance, out of the wind, I drink tea and watch the dark rise from the earth; behind it, sunset fills the deepening blues with rays that turn a twilight raven to the silver bird of night, passing into the shadow of the mountain. Then the great hush falls, and cold descends. The temperature has already dropped well below freezing, and will go down twenty degrees more before the dawn.

At dark, I walk past lifeless houses to the cooking hut, where Phu Tshering will be baking a green loaf; the Sherpas have erected two stone tables, and in the evenings the cooking hut is almost snug, warmed by the dung and smoking juniper in the clay oven. As usual, Schaller is there ahead of me, recording data. Eyes watering, we read and write by kerosene lamp. We are glad to see each other, but we rarely speak more than a few words during a simple supper, usually rice of a poor bitter kind, with tomato or soy sauce, salt and pepper, sometimes accompanied by thin lentil soup. After supper I watch the fire for a time, until smoke from the sparking juniper closes my eyes. Bidding good night, I bend through the low doorway and go out under the stars and pick my way around the frozen walls to my cold tent, there to remain for twelve hours or more until first light. I read until nearly asphyxiated by my small wick in its flask of kerosene, then lie still for a long time, exhilarated and excited as a child. I have yet to use a large packet of cannabis that I gathered at Yamakhar and dried along the way, to see me through long lightless evenings on this journey: there is no need.

"Regard as one, this life, the next life, and the life between," wrote Milarepa. And sometimes I wonder into which life I have wandered, so still are the long nights here, and so cold.

NOVEMBER 7

HIGH on the mountain, I come upon a herd of twenty-seven blue sheep which includes males and females of all ages; until today the rams had maintained their own herd. At the sight of man, the bharal drift over a snow ridge toward the north. I trail this promising mixed party, hoping to make observations for Schaller, who is working near Chakang. Eventually, the sheep lie down on a steep grassy slope that plunges toward the mouth of the Black River canyon, and I withdraw to a point where they cannot see me, letting them calm themselves before I attempt to go closer.

For a long time, I sit very still. To a nearby rock comes a black redstart, bobbing in spry agitation and flaring its rufous tail. Then choughs come squealing on the wind, lilting and dancing in a flock of fifty or more: the small black crows, in escadrilles, plummet from view, filling the silence with a rush of air.

The wind shifts to the north, and I

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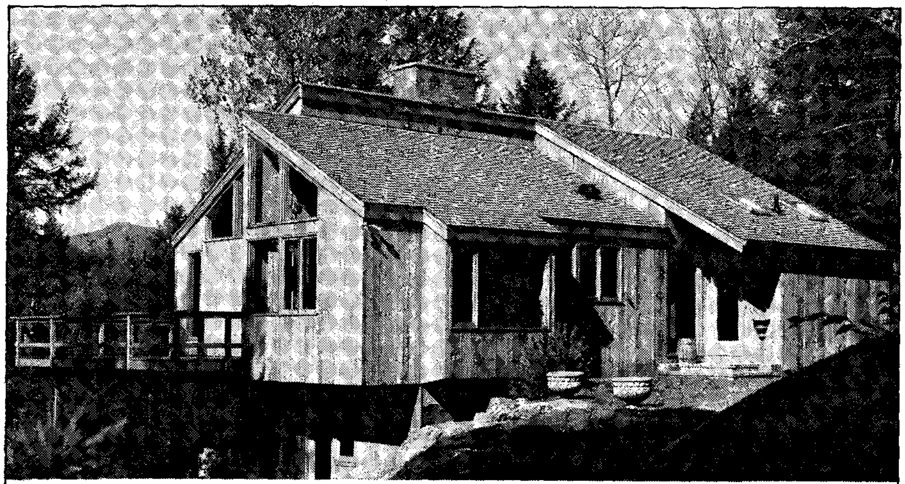

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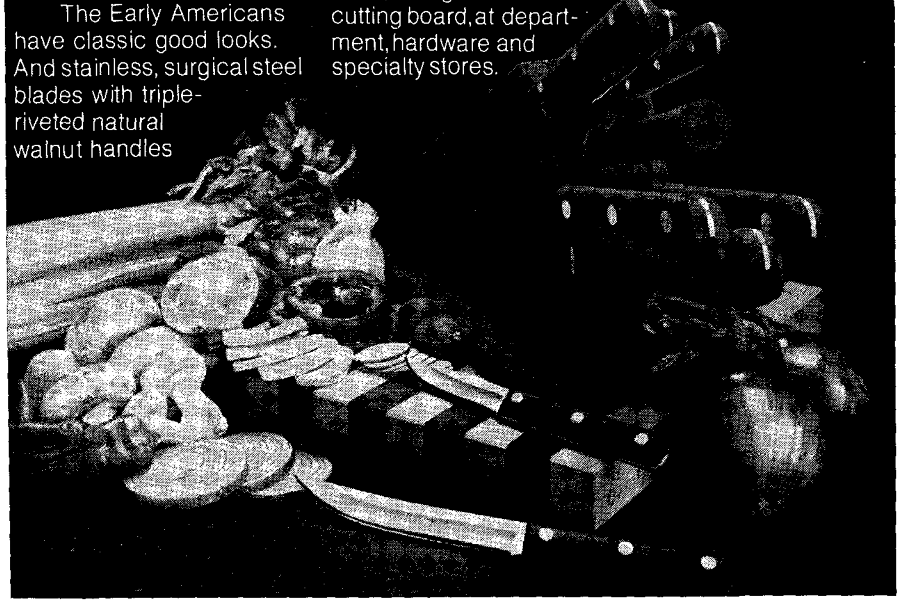

can wriggle to a point not a hundred yards away from the nearest animal. To be right among the sheep like this is stirring. I lie belly down out of the wind, and the whole warm mountain seems to take me in. All the sheep but two are lying down, and four big males a little uphill from the rest face me without alarm. The sun glows in the coarse hairs of their blue coats as they chew their cuds, carved faces sweeping back to the huge cracked horns. These males are big and heavy, broad across the back, strong, handsome animals: they look much more like the rams of mountain sheep than like any goat that I have ever seen, and although I am downwind of the herd, there is no smell of goat at all.

One of the males senses me, for there is an elegant arch to his neck, and his eyes and ears are wide in relaxed readiness. The other sheep are dozing. Most of the young animals lie with their rumps downhill, in my direction—the reverse is true of the adults, which expect threats from below—and two sprawl out in an adolescent manner, heads laid back along their flanks. This is the morning lull, observed each day; they will not browse again for at least an hour. I back down behind a rise to wait. An hour later, when I stalk them once again, they are just getting to their feet. The animals begin to graze, twisting their necks to search out grass tufts under the bush honeysuckle; a few browse the small yellow-green leaves of the shrub itself. Led by a female, they move downhill a little as they feed, until they come directly toward the hummock where I lie. Suddenly the creatures are so close that I must lower the binoculars inch by inch so as not to flare them, drawing my chin deep into the thin growth of the mountainside, hoping my brown hair may be seen as marmot. On they come, browsing a little, males sniffing ignominiously after the females, two calves of the year bringing up the rear.

The lead female comes up out of a hollow not ten yards up the hill. She gets my scent and turns quickly to stare at my still form in the dust below. She does not move but simply stands, eyes round. In her tension, the black marks on her legs are fairly shivering; she is superb. Then the first ram comes to her, and he, too, scents me. In a jump, he whirls in my direction, and his tail shoots straight up in the air, and he stamps his right forefoot, venting a weird harsh high-pitched whinny—*chirr-r-rit*—more like

"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." These were the words literally written on the wall at pagan Belshazzar's feast—words which echoed Isaiah's prophecy of impending doom in Babylon.

"Previn and The Pittsburgh" honors composer Sir William Walton's 75th birthday with a performance of his *Belshazzar's Feast*, one of the outstanding landmarks in English music.

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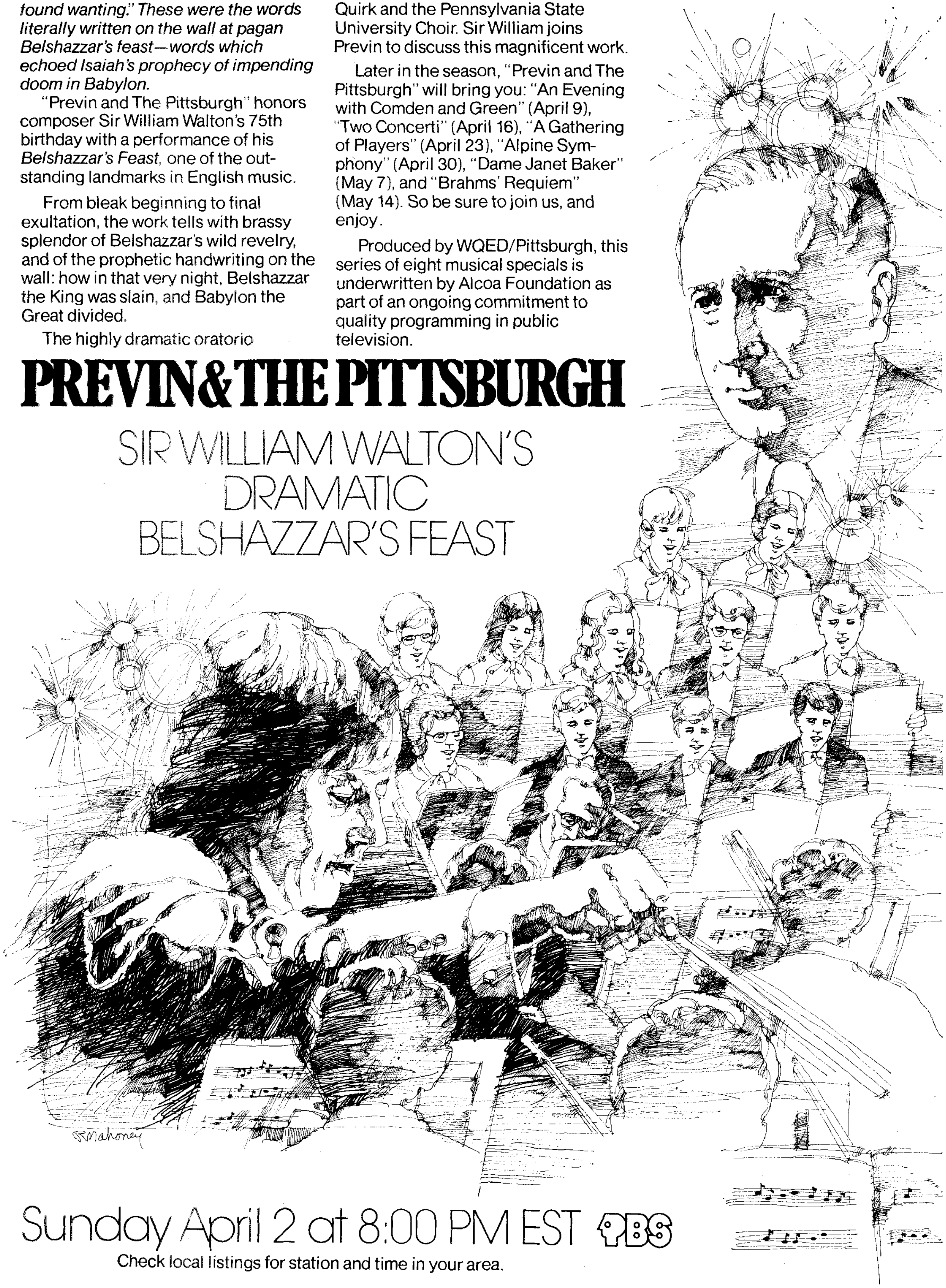
Produced by WQED/Pittsburgh, this series of eight musical specials is underwritten by Alcoa Foundation as part of an ongoing commitment to quality programming in public television.

PREVIN & THE PITTSBURGH

SIR WILLIAM WALTON'S DRAMATIC BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST



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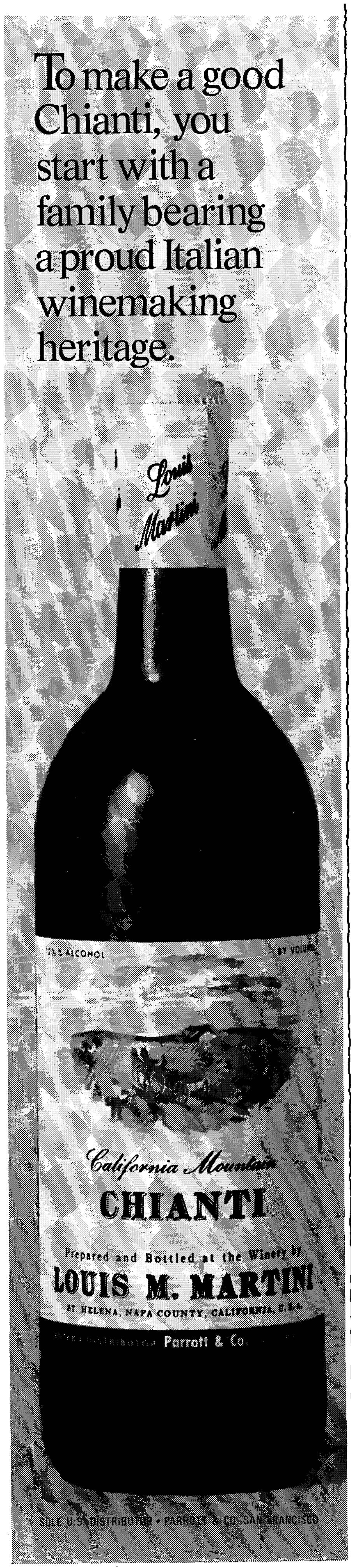
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a squirrel than like any ungulate. Boldly this ram steps forward to investigate, and the rest follow, until the mountain blue is full of horned heads and sheep faces, sheep vibrations. I hold my breath as best I can. In nervousness, a few pretend to browse, and one male nips edgily at a yearling's rump, coming away with a silver tuft that shimmers in the sun. Unhurriedly, they all move off, rounding the slope toward the east. Soon the heads of two females reappear, as if to make sure nothing is following. Then all are gone.

NOVEMBER 8

Namu has been setting mousetraps for Schaller, and he soon has a series of fluffy short-tailed mice, a set of voles, and a small shrew, collected on the mountainside. Besides sheep and wolves, there are signs of weasel, marmot, hare, and fox, but all of these stay out of sight; except for one glimpse of the Tibetan hare, we have had to be content so far with a few droppings. This is also true of an unknown grouse—very likely the Tibetan partridge. There is a small company of mountain birds—eagles, griffons, lammergeiers, choughs, hill pigeons, finches, redstarts, accentors, and larks—and also the hardy skinks of the sunny slopes, and an assortment of ants, bees, grasshoppers, and spiders.

Yesterday yaks appeared, and a belled pony led by Ongdi, brother of Namu and the owner of our cooking hut, who has come here with his daughter-in-law and sons. No doubt Ongdi got word in Saldang that one of his houses has been occupied by outlanders, here to collect dead mice and wolf scat, and thought to turn this unhealthy situation to his own advantage. Impressed, perhaps, by the stone tables set up by the Sherpas, this sharp-eyed, shifty, and forever smiling fellow demands five rupees a day for his poor hut, but he agrees to settle for one rupee if a pound of cheap tea is thrown in. Ongdi covets everything we have; he is possessed by the fury of acquisition. Later this month, his sister says, this insatiable trader is off on a bartering expedition across eastern Dolpo to Jomsom and the Kali Gandaki, and even, perhaps, as far as Kathmandu. He has been to Kathmandu before, and is much celebrated in these parts on that account. In exchange for biscuit tins, plastic containers, and other treasures that would have been left behind in any case, Phu Tshering acquires a good stock of potatoes and some yak butter. Last night, we had butter on potatoes baked in coals—the first butter since Pokhara, and the closest thing to *haute cuisine* in weeks.

By the prayer wall, in an early shaft of sun, Namu is gathering dried yak chips, tossing them back over her shoulder into a widemouthed wicker basket; these chips are precious, and Ongdi, when he leaves, will lug some with him over the eastern mountains to Saldang, where fuel is still more scarce than it is here. Yak dung burns with a hot clear flame that is almost without smoke, and in these mountain deserts above tree line it is worth its weight in almost anything.

Watching sheep early this morning, Schaller and I agreed upon a plan. I shall leave Shey on November 18th, assuming that Thukten and Gyaltsen have arrived. Even if they fail to come, I shall leave as planned, accompanied by Jangbu on the first part of the journey. We shall go out by way of Saldang, over the eastern mountains, hoping to meet the missing Sherpas on that route. If we do not, Jangbu will find a porter for me in Saldang, for Schaller wants him back as soon as possible. I feel better for having settled this. Now the whole subject can be put aside.

NOVEMBER 9

Beyond Chakang, the path is no more than a ledge in many places, and the north face of each ravine is covered by glare ice and crusted snow. Even on the southward face, the path is narrow, and, concentrating hard on every step, I come upon what looks like a big pugmark. Because it is faint, and because Schaller is too far ahead to summon back, and because until now we have found no trace of leopard, I keep quiet; the mark will still be there when we return. And just at this moment, looking up, I see that Schaller has paused on the path ahead. When I come up, he points at a distinct cat scrape and print. The print is faded, but at least we know that the snow leopard is here. A little farther on there is another scrape, and then another, and Schaller, looking ahead to where the path turns the cliff corner into the next ravine, says, "There ought to be a leopard scat out on that next point—it's just the sort of place they choose." And there it is, all but glowing in the path, right beneath the prayer stones of a stupa. Schaller gathers the droppings into one of the plastic bags that he keeps with him for this purpose and tucks it away into his rucksack with our lunch. Though the sign is probably a week old, we are already scanning the sunny

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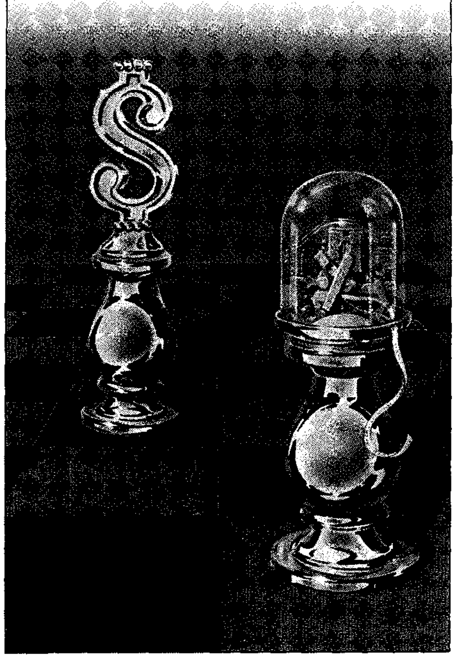
A. Strategic planning. The discipline helps corporate officers anticipate and cope with a variety of forces beyond their operating control.

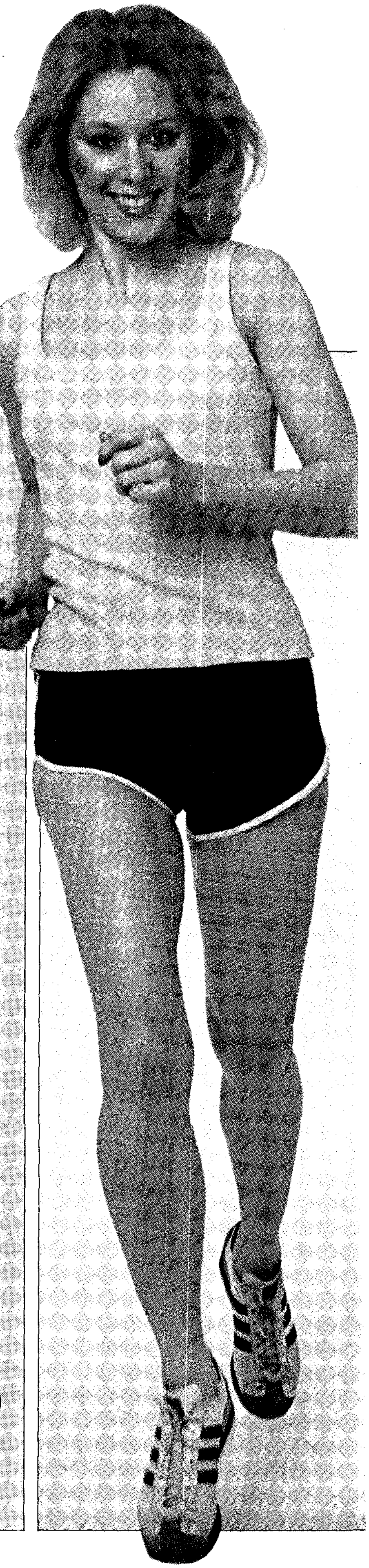
(Corporate strategies, a major new section in every issue of Business Week, defines a company's business, positions it, and explores its goals.)



Q. The best way to build a favorable attitude toward your company is to direct your corporate ads to your critics. Yes or no.

A. Business Week thinks not. The first priority is to build a solid core of supporters. To build a constituency. For a corporation, with an issue, that constituency is the business community.

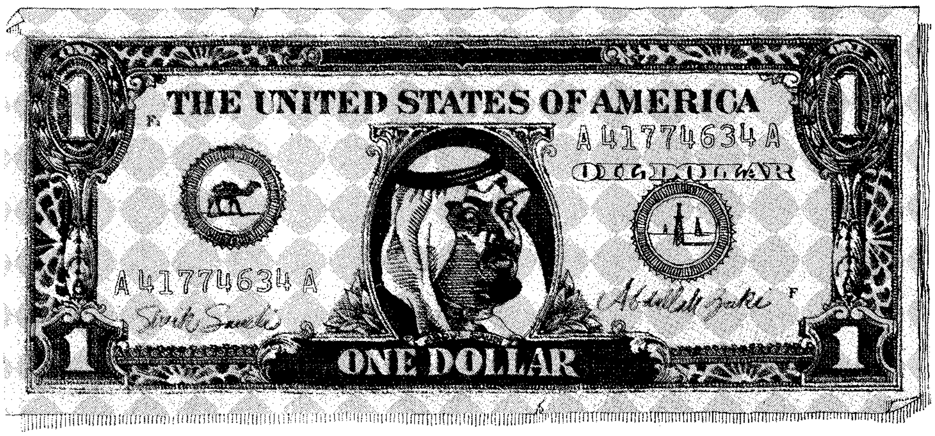
(Business Week carries more pages of corporate advertising than any other magazine. 88% of Business Week's audience of opinion makers are in executive positions: chairmen, presidents, department heads. Almost one of four are members of the boards of their own companies.)



Q. 1 or 2. The reason more and more people are ecoming addicted to jogging is: (1) they want to prevent eart disease and keep trim, (2) they want to remold their inds.

A. According to James F. Fixx's "The Complete Book f Running", reviewed in Business Week, (2) is no less mportant than (1).

Business Week's Book section, like its Personal Business section, omes in on what's interesting and important to the personal side of 3.5 illion executive readers.)



Q. True or false. The business of advising Arab and Iranian petrodollar millionaires seeking to invest in the U.S. is booming.

A. True. Well-connected consultants are collecting enormous fees for providing information, analysis and the political clout to make things happen.

(A recent Business Week story, "Famous U.S. Middlemen for Arab Money", notes that several Nixon Administration officials, including John B. Connally and Richard M. Helms, are among those advising Arab investors.)

Q. There's no such thing as a free lunch. True or false.

A. Almost always true. But here's something to chew on. Advertisers in any of eight different special issue/report sections of Business Week during the year can have their company name appear free on a postage-paid Reader Service card offering further information.

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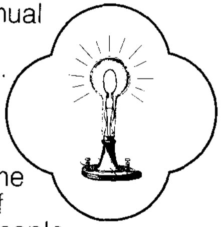

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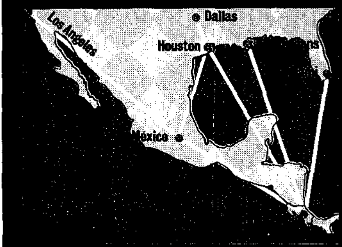

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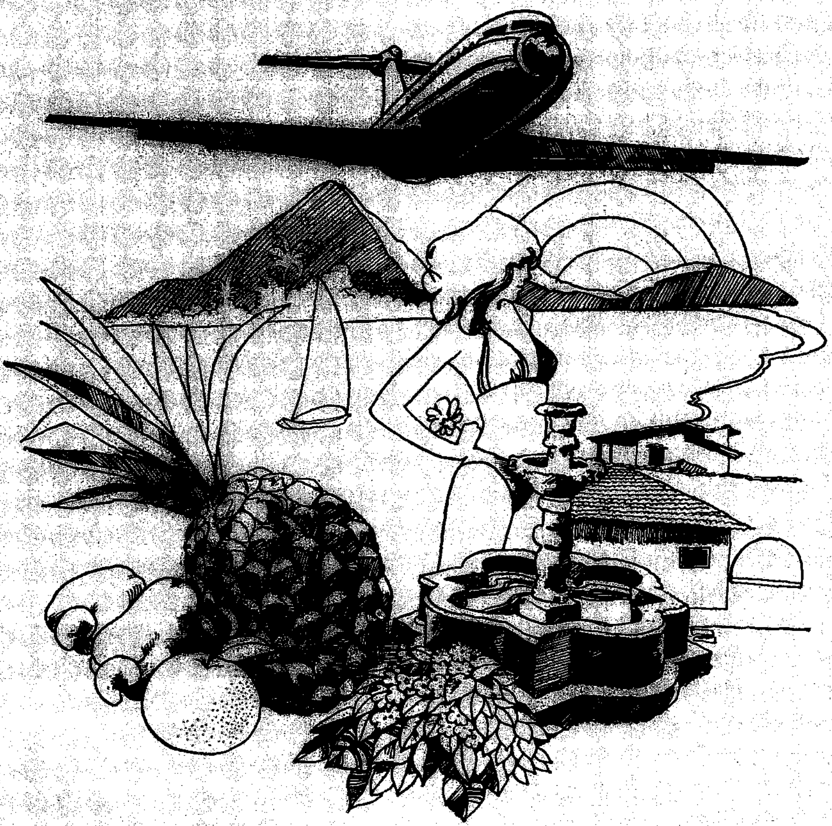

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ledges and open caves on both sides of the river that we have studied for so many days in vain.

Perhaps this creature is not resident but comes through on a hunting circuit, as the wolves do: the wolves have been missing now for near a week. On the other hand, this labyrinth of caves and ledges is fine haunt for leopard, out of the way of its enemy, the wolf, and handy to a herd of bharal that is resident on the ridge above and often wanders down close to these cliffs. Perhaps, in the days left to us, we shall never see the snow leopard, but it seems certain that the leopard will see us.

NOVEMBER 10

THESE days are splendid, luminous. There is no wisp of cloud—clear, clear, clear, clear. Although the shade is very cold throughout the day, and wind persists, the sun is hot—imagine a striped and shiny lizard above fifteen thousand feet, in deep November! For the first time in my life, I understand the pure heat of our star, piercing the frigid atmospheres of so many million miles of outer space. The lizard is one with its rock, flanks pulsing, in the star heat that brings warmth to our common skin.

Jangbu returns this afternoon with great news of a way out, through Saldang, that remains open almost all winter. One has only to cross to Saldang, and a yak trail leads from Saldang to Murwa, a pretty village below Ringmo, under great waterfalls. In this season, many people leave Saldang in search of winter work; some go as laborers and porters, some hire out their yaks on the main route between Tarakot and Jumla, and others transport wool and salt for trade. At present, they dance and drink their *chang*, in preparation for the winter exodus, but no doubt some few will be left by the time we need them for the outward journey. There are no police at Saldang, Jangbu says. There are "many temples," and a lama from Shey is there. But the true Lama of Shey—and we realize now that Namu was protecting him—the *tulku*, or incarnate lama, whom I was so anxious to find, is the crippled monk who was curing the goatskin in yak butter and brains up at Chakang.

NOVEMBER 11

IN hope of seeing the snow leopard, I have made a wind shelter and lookout, just at snow line, that faces north over the Black River canyon. From here, the Chakang mountainsides across the river are in view, and the

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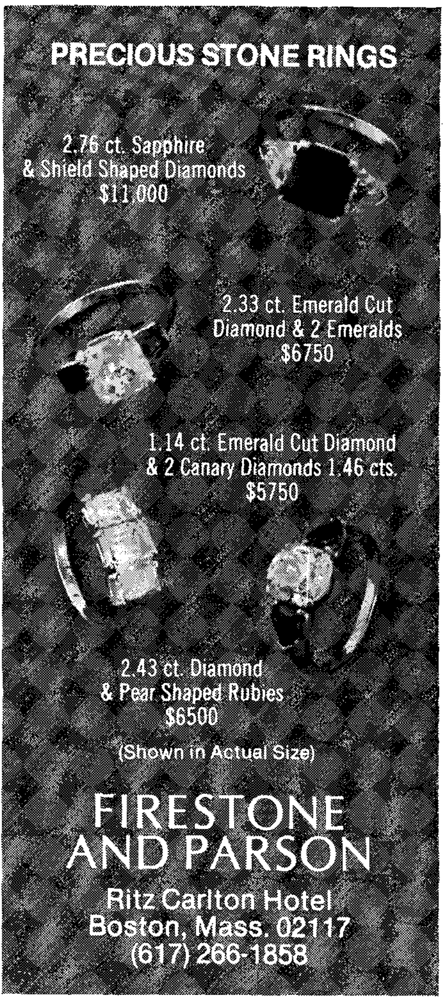
cliff caves, too, and the slopes between ravines, so that most of the blue sheep in this region may be seen should they be set upon by wolf or leopard. Schaller estimates a population of a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred animals on the mountainsides in the near vicinity of Shey. Unlike the wolves, the leopard cannot eat everything at once, and may remain in the vicinity of its kill for several days. Therefore, our best hope is to see the griffons gather, and the ravens, and the lammergeier.

The Himalayan griffon, buff and brown, is almost the size of the great lammergeier; its graceful turns against the peaks inspire the Tibetans, who, like the Asians of the Vedas, revere the wind and sky. For Buddhist Tibetans, prayer flags and wind-bells confide spiritual longings to the winds, and the red kites that dance on holidays over the old brown city of Kathmandu are also of Tibetan origin. There is also a custom called air burial, in which the body of the deceased is dismembered and set out on a wild crag such as this one, to be rent and devoured by the wild beasts; when only the bones are left, these are broken and ground down to powder and mixed into lumps of dough, to be set out again for passing birds. Thus all is returned into the elements, death into life.

Against the faces of the canyon, the griffons turn and turn. Perhaps the raptors think that this queer lump on the landscape—the motionless form of a man in meditation—is the defunct celebrant in an air burial, for a golden eagle, plumage burnished a heraldic bronzy black, draws near with its high peeping, and a lammergeier descends with a rush of air, sweeping so close past my head that I feel the break of air. This whisper of the shroud gives me a start, and my sudden jump flares the dark bird, causing it to take four deep slow strokes—the only movement of the wings that I ever observe in this great sailer that sweeps up and down the Himalayan canyons.

I grow into these mountains like a moss. I am bewitched. The blinding snow peaks and the clarion air, the sound of earth and heaven in the silence, the requiem birds, the mythic beasts, the flags, great horns, and old carved stones, the silver ice in the black river. Also, I love the common miracles—the murmur of my friends at evening, the clay fires of smudgy juniper, the coarse dull food, the hardship and simplicity, the contentment of doing one thing at a time: when I take my blue tin cup into my hand, that is all I do. We have had no news of



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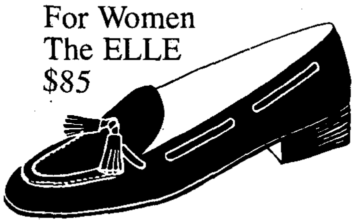

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modern times since late September, and gradually my mind has cleared itself, and wind and sun pour through my head as through a bell.

NOVEMBER 12

THUKTEN and Gyaltsen came yesterday evening. They had good weather all the way and no snow at all on the low passes between Tibrikot and Jumla. But, according to Gyaltsen, who got here first and burst out with his side of the story, there was bad trouble on the journey. At Jumla, Thukten, very drunk, had hatched a plan to make off into India with the money that was sure to be found in our mail; the ensuing series of disputes between them had ended in Ringmo in a violent fight the day before.

Gyaltsen is young, excitable, and upset, but he is no liar; the other Sherpas have warned us about Thukten all along. Still, the story is unclear, and the mail has arrived safely. When Thukten comes, he is as open-faced and calm as ever, and says nothing against Gyaltsen but includes his erstwhile travelling companion in a general attitude of friendliness. I admire Thukten for making no effort to defend himself, and even Jangbu, who is Gyaltsen's friend and the one most suspicious of Thukten from the start, is soon laughing at his stories, entirely disarmed. Whether he is a thief or no, I am happy and relieved to see them both, and Thukten especially, since I am counting on this man for the outward journey.

My letters I put away unopened, in my pack; they will not be read until I get to Jumla or Kathmandu. Today is the twelfth, and I leave on the eighteenth; even if the letters bring bad news, I could leave no earlier than the fifteenth, since Thukten and Gyaltsen have travelled hard and must have rest. And good news, too, would be intrusive, spoiling this chance to live moment by moment in the present.

Yesterday a circumambulating wolf left tracks around the prayer wall across the river at the foot of the trail that climbs the mountains to Chakang, and this morning, on the trail itself, there are prints of leopard. As if seeking protection, the blue sheep feed close by the hermitage, where I go with Jangbu to visit the Lama of Shey.

When we arrive, the Lama is inside chanting sutras, but his attendant sits outside, cutting and sorting the small store of potatoes; he is an aspirant monk, and his clear gaze makes him look much younger than he is. His name is Takla, he is twenty-two

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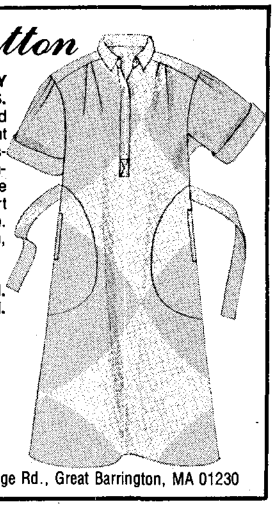

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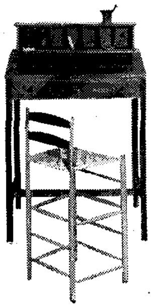

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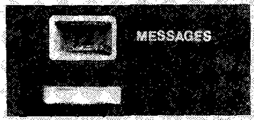

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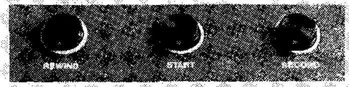

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years old, and he comes from the great north plain of Tibet.

On the sunny ledge, under the balconied window of the *gompa*, we listen to the murmurs of the Lama and contemplate the prospect of the snows. When the Lama appears, he seems glad of our visit, though we lack the gift of a *khata*, or ceremonial white scarf, which is customary on such occasions. He is an imposing man with the long hawk nose and carved cheekbones of a Plains Indian; his skin is a dark-reddish copper, his teeth are white, his long black hair is tied up in a braid. He wears an old leather jacket with brass buttons, patched with burlap homespun of strange colors. When talking, he sits with legs crossed, barefoot, but puts on ancient laceless shoes when he moves around; in the doorway behind him hangs a wolfskin that he wears about his waist, indoors, to warm his back. Now he relates his history to Jangbu, whose halting translation is more or less as follows:

Karma Tupjuk was born fifty-two years ago of Tibetan parents in the region of Manang, on the farther side of the north Kali Gandaki. The Lama of Shey, Tuptok Sang Hisay, had been dead for several years, and as he had been a *tulku*—that is, the reincarnation of his predecessor—the people of Dolpo were on the lookout for the new *tulku*, who usually turns up within a few years of the death, not as the same physical individual but in the way that a live flame is passed to a new candle. Those sent in search turned up eventually at Takang, in Manang, near the pilgrim shrine at Muktinath, where water, air, and earth burn in strange fire. Hearing of a boy who claimed to be a *tulku*, the searchers put him to such tests as the unhesitating selection of the dead man's personal effects—cups, clothes, religious objects, and the like—from a series of nearly identical objects belonging to others. When Tupjuk had satisfied them that he was indeed the *tulku* whom they sought, they declared him such, and took him away to Shey, but since he was only eight years old, he returned each year to Manang for religious instruction from his brother, the Lama Pamawongal. Like Milarepa and many other Kagyupa lamas, Karma Tupjuk has chosen a hermit's life of solitary meditation, which, being the Short Path to true knowledge, is the supreme form of existence. To renounce the world in this way requires the ultimate discipline.

Long ago, Karma Tupjuk retreated to Chakang, where he expects to pass the remainder of his life. Until ten years ago, he liked to walk around the mountain, but since that time he has become crippled by what appears to be arthritis, and moves painfully on twisted legs with two crutch canes. Even so, he seems cheerful, open, natural, and strong, and as he talks he smiles at Crystal Mountain, which sails on the western sky over our heads.

The Lama of the Crystal Monastery appears to be a very happy man, and yet I wonder how he feels about his isolation in the silences of Chakang, which he has not left in eight years now and, because of his legs, may never leave again. Since Jangbu seems uncomfortable with the Lama or with himself or perhaps with us, I tell him not to inquire on this point if it seems to him impertinent, but after a moment Jangbu does so. And this holy man of great directness and simplicity, big white teeth shining, laughs out loud in an infectious way at Jangbu's question. Indicating his twisted legs without a trace of self-pity or bitterness, as if they belonged to all of us, he casts his arms wide to the blue sky and snow mountains, and cries, "Of course I am happy here! It's wonderful! *Especially* when I have no choice!"

I feel as if he had struck me in the chest. I thank him, bow, go softly down the mountain.

Have you seen the snow leopard?
No! Isn't that wonderful?

November 15

I FIND myself hoarding my last chocolate for the journey back across the mountains—forever getting ready for life instead of living it each day. This restlessness is intensified by the presence of the Sherpas, who can now do little besides use up precious food; they sleep and sit around, waiting to go. And I, too, prepare to go, though I try hard to remain. The part of me that is bothered by the unopened letters in my rucksack, that longs to see my children, to drink wine, make love, be clean and comfortable again—that part is already facing south, over the mountains. This makes me sad, and so I stare about me, trying to etch into this journal the sense of Shey that is so precious, aware that all such effort is in vain; the beauty of this place must be cheerfully abandoned, like bright water that returns into its fountain. Frustration at the inadequacy of words drives me to write, but there is more of Shey in a single sheep hair, in one

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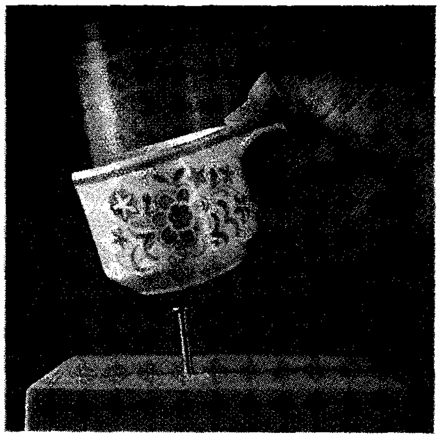

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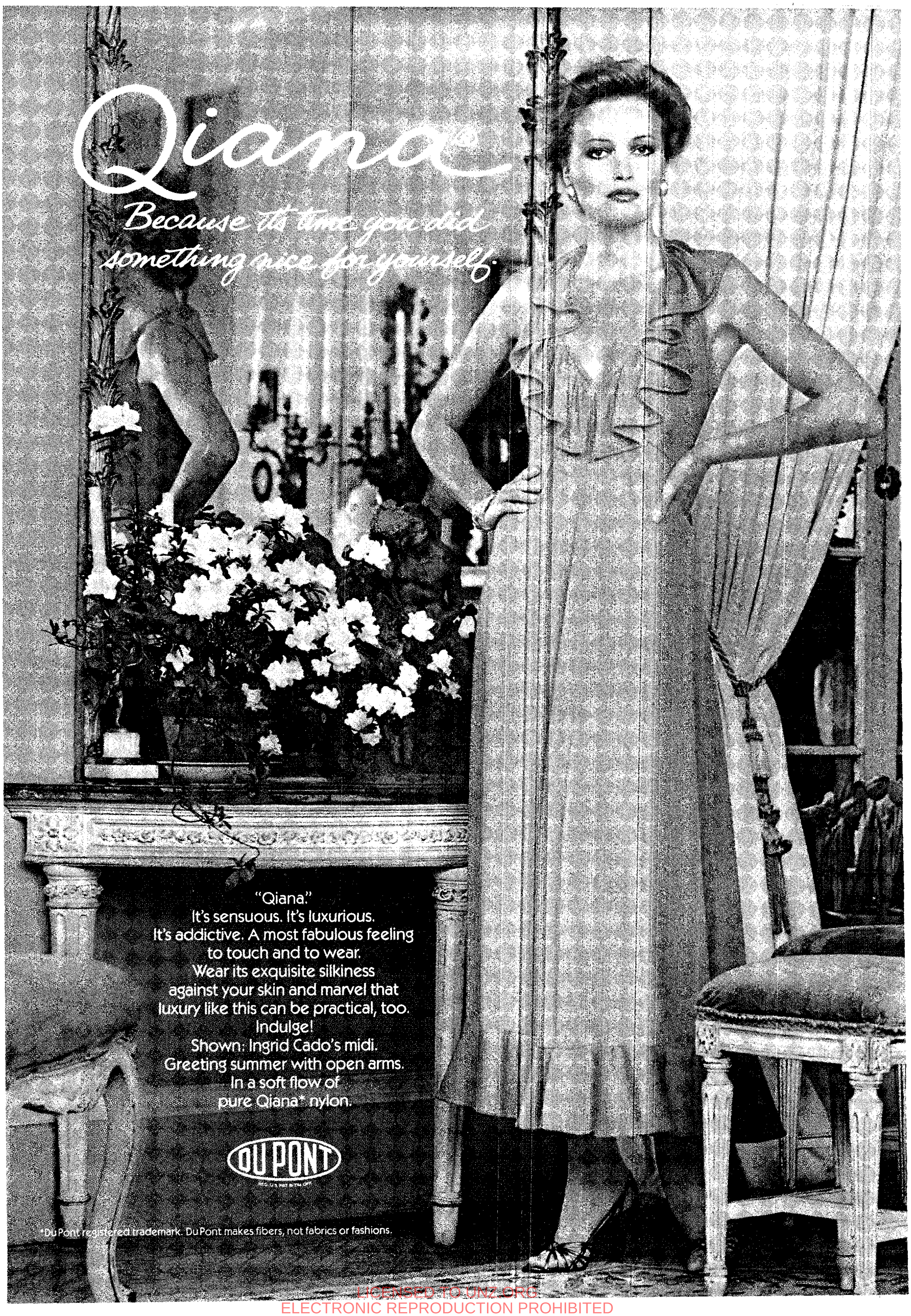
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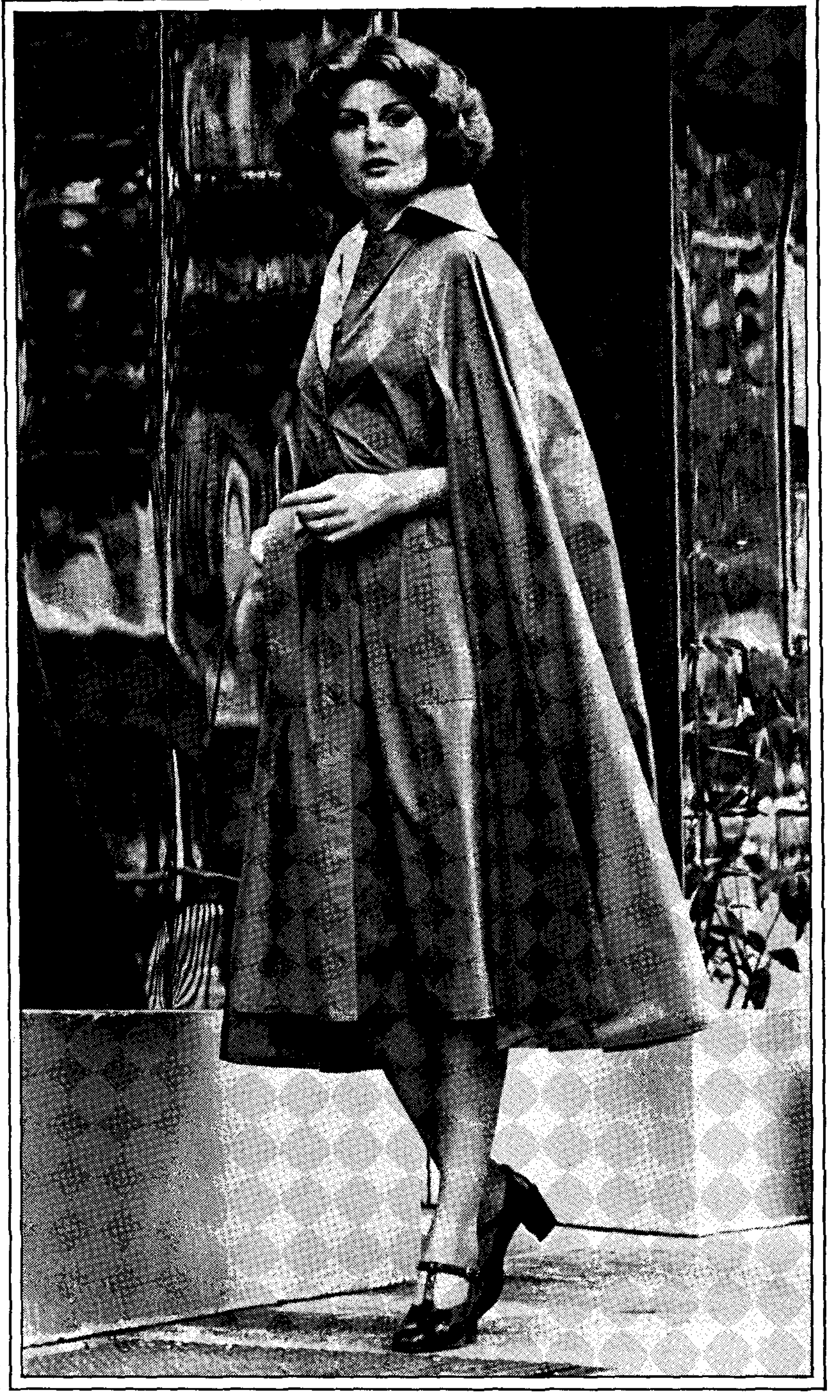
withered sprig of everlasting, than in all these words; to seek some sort of permanence for what I think I have perceived is to miss the point.

Am I leaving too soon? Has a great chance been wasted? If I stayed at Shey until December, would the snow leopard reveal itself at last? These doubts fill me with despair. In worrying about the future, I despoil the present; in my escape, I leave a true freedom behind.

Near my lookout, I find a place to meditate, out of the wind, a hollow on the ridge where snow has melted. My brain is cleared by the cold mountain air, and I feel better. Wind, blowing grasses, the notes of southbound birds in the mountain sky are no more fleeting than the rock itself, no more so and no less—all is the same. The mountain withdraws into its stillness, my body dissolves into the sunlight.

In other days, I understood mountains differently, seeing in them something that abides. They appalled me with their "permanence," with that awful and irrefutable *rock*ness that seemed to intensify my sense of my own transience. Perhaps this dread of transience is why we cling to the few glimpses of unscreened experience in modern life, why violence is libidinous, why lust devours us, why soldiers choose not to forget their days of horror. In sexual abandon as in danger, we are impelled, however briefly, into that vital present in which we do not stand apart from life, we *are* life, our being fills us, and so we cling to extreme moments in which we seem to die yet are reborn.

My foot slips on a narrow ledge: in that instant, as needles of fear pierce heart and temples, eternity intersects with present time. Thought and action are not different, and stone, air, ice, sun, fear, and self are one; the whole is experienced purely, in the present. What is exhilarating is to extend this acute awareness into ordinary moments, in the moment-by-moment experiencing of the lammergeier and the wolf, which, finding themselves at the center of things, have no need for any secret of true being. In this moment lies the truth that all great teachers try to tell us, what one lama has referred to as "the precision and openness and intelligence of the present." The end purpose of meditation practice is not enlightenment; it is to be in the present even at unextraordinary times, to be of the present, nothing-but-the-present, to bear this mindfulness of *now* into each event of ordinary life. When I watch blue sheep, I must watch blue



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sheep, not be thinking about sex, danger, or the present. For this present—even while I think of it—is gone.

If the snow leopard should manifest itself, then I am ready to see the snow leopard. If not, then somehow—and I don't understand this instinct, even now—I am not ready to perceive it, and in the not-seeing am content. I think I must be disappointed, having come so far, and yet I do not feel that way. I am disappointed and also I am not disappointed. That the snow leopard *is*, that it is here, that its frosty eyes watch us from the mountain—that is enough.

November 16

THE snow leopard has been hunting in the night, for part of the Chakang herd has fled off toward the north, and the other sheep have crossed the ridges to the west; from Shey a calligraphic track up the white mountain can be seen that disappears into blue sky. Having dispersed the Chakang herd, the leopard has crossed over the Black River—either that or a second leopard has arrived—for the big herd here is also scattered, with males and females reverting to their separate bands. As we climb the broad mountainsides above the village, a lone band of nine male animals is in sight.

Not a thousand feet above our tents at Shey, on the path that I walked yesterday, a leopard has made its scrape right in my bootprint, as if in sign that I am not to leave. The leopard may still be present on this slope, for the rams are skittish. Even so, the rut is near, activity is constant, and Schaller scribbles in his notebook. Here and there we see fighting, especially among the older rams, which rear repeatedly on their hind legs; remarkably, two rams rear at the same instant, and the two run forward like trained partners, coming down together with a crash of heads. For most creatures, such an encounter would be fatal, but bharal are equipped with some two inches of parietal bone between the horns, together with a cushion of air space in the sinuses, thick woolly head hair, and strong necks to absorb the shock, and the horns themselves, on the impact side, are very thick and heavy. Why nature should devote so many centuries to the natural selection of these characters that favor head-on collisions over brains is a good question, although, speaking for myself, I sometimes feel that in these searching days less brains and a good head-on collision might be just the answer.

Watching blue sheep in the sun and

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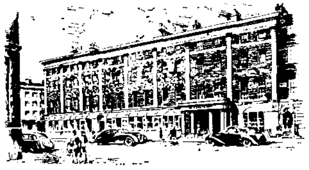

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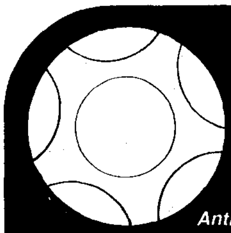

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windlessness is pleasant, and reminds us that this pleasantness must end. We discuss logistics briefly, and also the implications of our journey, and our great good fortune. Last night at supper, Schaller remarked that this was one of the best trips he had ever made—"tough enough so that we feel we have really accomplished something, but not so tough that it wiped us out entirely." Certainly the same is true for me. Schaller feels that our journey has had the quality of adventure because we depend entirely on ourselves; that this is an old-fashioned expedition in the sense that we are completely out of touch with our own world—with our own century, for that matter. No vehicles, no doctor, and no radio, not to mention airdrops or support teams or other such accoutrements of the modern "expedition." "This is the way I like it," Schaller says. "You haven't got the whole goddam society backing you up. You're on your own: you have to take responsibility for your mistakes, you can't blame the organization. And inevitably you make mistakes—you just hope they aren't too serious." I like it, too, for the same reasons, and also because the penalty for error makes me mindful as I walk among these mountains, heeding the sound of my own step on the frozen earth.

At midmorning, when the blue sheep have settled for their rest, we walk a long eastward traverse, then west again, hoping to jump the leopard from a gully. On the stony ground, the few prints are indistinct, with nothing fresh enough to indicate where the creature might be lying. If this is the Chakang cat, then it is hungry, and there is a chance that it will kill tonight. Since it will stay close enough to guard its kill from the lammergeiers and griffons, this is my last hope of seeing it.

With the herds scattered, it appears unlikely that full rut will get under way in the next fortnight; if the leopard is gone, it is not apt to return again in the next week. And so I have put aside my doubts about departing here the day after tomorrow, and have asked Thukten to obtain stores and a few utensils from Phu Tshering for the outward journey. We can take little, for the camp is running short; in Saldang, perhaps, some *tsampa* and potatoes can be obtained.

NOVEMBER 17

LAST night, the snow leopard left tracks just outside the village, on the Saldang path that I shall take tomorrow; like the scrape found yesterday over my bootprint, this is hard

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not to read as a sign. Then the cat recrossed the Black River—either that or there are two leopards in the region, as we think. Followed or preceded by a solitary wolf, this leopard or another has prowled the Chakang trail, and on my last day here, as the sun rises from the ice horizon, we climb the western slopes in hopes of locating a kill. Part of the main herd has come back across the snows to graze warily just above Chakang, and another band—many animals are still missing—steps daintily along the ledges of the cliff below the hermitage, the sunrise bright on the animals' white knees. The only other time the bharal have been seen on the steep cliff face was the morning they were chased there by the wolves, but they may have come here of their own accord, since a few are licking alkali salts in some small caves, and others are nibbling at stunted barberry in the crannies.

A young ram tries halfheartedly to mount a ewe, but it now appears that it will be the first days of December before the females come fully into estrus, and the height of the rut occurs. After all these weeks of itch and foreplay, only a few dominant males will take part in copulation, which will last but a few seconds at each encounter.

Schaller is satisfied that the bharal is neither sheep nor goat but a creature perhaps very close to the ancestral goat-like animal of about five million years ago from which *Ovis* and *Capra* evolved. ("The behavioral evidence," he wrote later, "confirms the morphological evidence that bharal are basically goats. Many of the sheep-like traits of bharal can be ascribed to convergent evolution, the result of the species having settled in a habitat which is usually occupied by sheep. . . . The species has straddled an evolutionary fence, and if it had to make a choice of whether to become an *Ovis* or a *Capra* it could become either one with only minor alterations. Like the aoudad, the bharal probably split early from the ancestral goat stock. If I had to design a hypothetical precursor from which the sheep and goat line diverged, it would in many ways resemble a bharal in appearance and behavior.")

Schaller continues up the valley to the herd under the snows while I return slowly down the ridges, wishing to spend most of this last day on the home mountain. At each stupa on the canyon points, the prayer stones are lit by fire-colored lichens; in the splendor of thorn and old carved stones, the print of leopard and thick scent of juniper, I am filled with longing. I turn to look

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back at Chakang, at the precipices and deep shadows of the Black River canyon. Above the snowfields to the west, the Crystal Mountain thrusts bare rock into the blue; to the south is the sinuous black torrent that comes down from Kang La, the Pass of Snows. And there on the low cliff above the rivers, silhouetted on the snow, is the village that its own people call Sumdo, white prayer flags flying black on the morning sun.

Slowly I pass along the field of prayer stones to the colorful low door of Crystal Monastery, with its old prayer wheels, one of copper, one of wood, built into the walls on either side. Over the door is a small Buddha of worn stone, bright-painted in the reds and blues of earth and sky. Unless Namu's husband comes this afternoon, with the key, I shall never pass through this small door into Shey Gompa. (Not long after my departure, Namu produced the key to the monastery, demanding one hundred rupees to open the door. Schaller ignored her, and on the eve of his departure she let him enter for five rupees. According to his notes and floor plan, Shey Gompa contains a number of fine bronze Buddhas, hanging drums, old swords and muzzle-loaders from the bandit days. Otherwise, the *gompa* differs mostly in large size from others in the region, excepting one bizarre and unaccountable detail: on a hanging cloth, with a wolf, Tibetan wild asses, and an owl, there is a picture of a female yeti. This drawing at the Crystal Monastery is more curious than first appears. Drawings of yeti have been reported to exist in remote lamaseries, but they are in fact extremely rare. Also, that such a drawing should exist well to the west of where yetis have been reported lends resonance to that sunny October morning in the forests of the upper Suli River, and the strange dark shape that sprang behind a boulder.)

I climb to my old lookout, happy and sad in the dim instinct that these mountains are my home. But as the Buddha taught, "only the Awakened Ones remember their many births and deaths," and I can hear no whisperings of other lives. Doubtless I have "home" confused with childhood, and Shey, with its flags and mythic beasts and snowy fastnesses, with some Dark Ages place of forgotten fairy tales. The atmosphere of myth makes life heroic. One needs this, and I shall miss it. But what tugs at me most is the half-remembered pain of loss of innocence—the loss of that seeing which has nothing to do with

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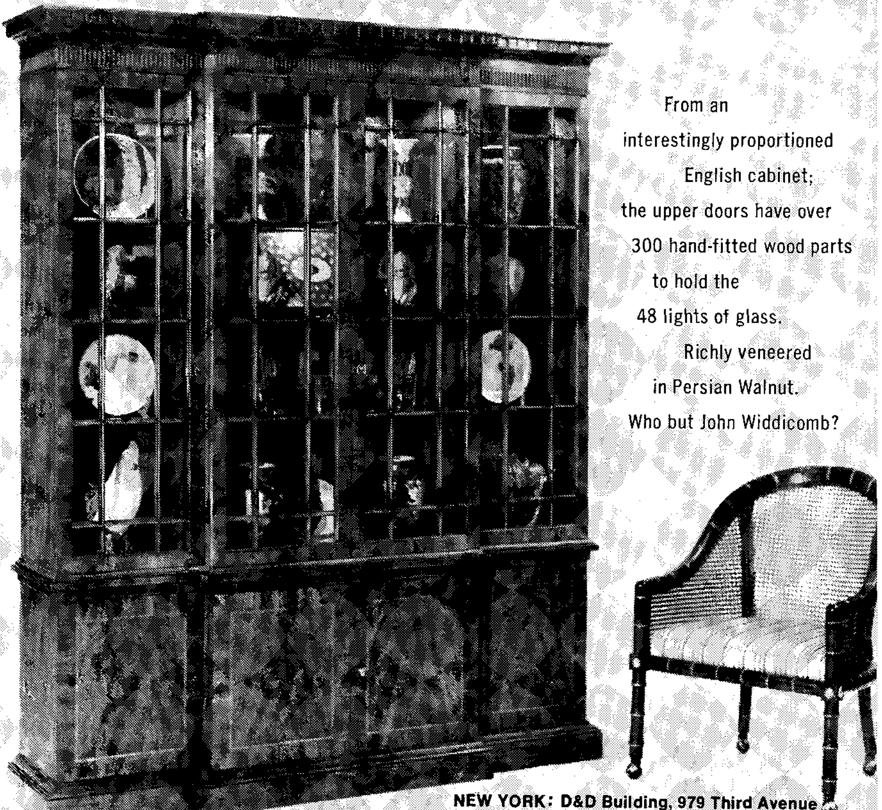

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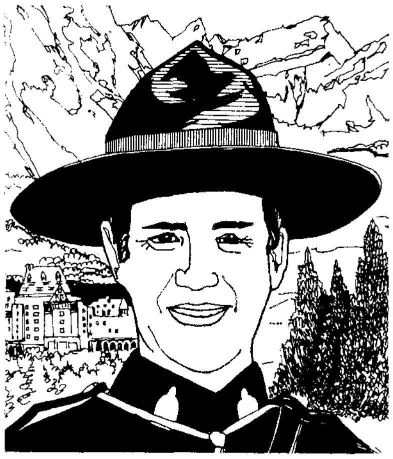

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sight, the vision that one strives to find on any of the paths upon which man sets out in hope of God.

In the longing that starts one on the path is a kind of homesickness, and some way, on this journey, I have started home. Homegoing is the purpose of my mountain meditation and my daybreak chanting of the koan that was assigned to me by Eido Roshi:

All the peaks are covered with snow—why is this one bare?

To resolve that illogical question would mean to split apart and hurl away all preconceptions and supports, and die to this life in order to be reborn. But I am not ready to let go, and so I shall not resolve my koan, or see the snow leopard, that is to say, *perceive* it. I shall not see it because I am not ready.

I am walking up the mountain. Something breaks and falls away, and all is light. Nothing has changed, yet everything is transparent and extraordinary. In dreams in the past week, I have twice seen light so brilliant, so intense, that it "woke me up," but the light did not continue into wakefulness. Which was more real, the waking or the dream?

I meditate for the last time on this mountain that is bare, though others all around are white with snow. Like the bare peak of the koan, this one is not different from myself. I know this mountain because I am this mountain. I can feel it breathing at this moment, as its grass tops stray against the snows. If the snow leopard should leap from the rock above and manifest itself before me—*SAAO!*—then, in that moment of pure fear, *out of my wits*, I might truly perceive it, and be free.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

From Paris Jack Silberstein; Jean Claude Baker of Telefrance-U.S.A., he is one of Josephine Baker's sons and would emcee her shows; from San Antonio, Jan Gauttfrom; Martin Rayni, Carol Hills, Wendy Malick, Frank and Marcia Ryan, she is preparing for a one-minute show of her paintings in California.—*Park Avenue Social Review.*

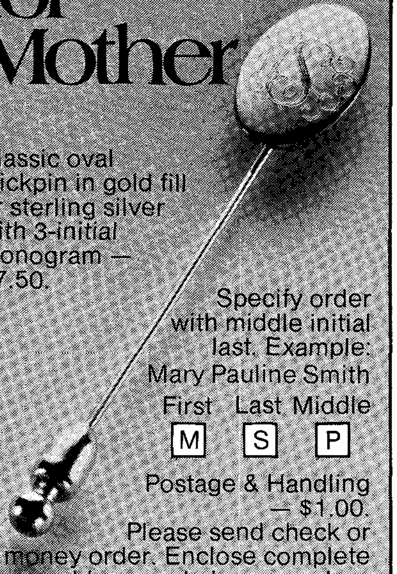
Where the attention span is short.

•

Now that the second term is upon us it is time to take a look at the state of affairs here at Lehman College. Truthfully, there isn't too many optimistic things that can be said about how things are going here.—*Meridian, student newspaper of C.U.N.Y.'s Herbert H. Lehman College.*

We can see that.

Especially for Mother



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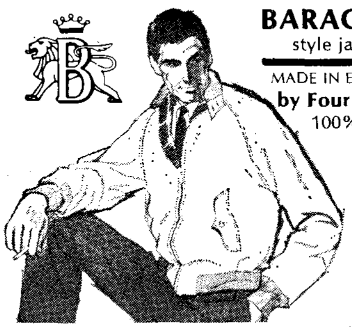

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Wish to Go Back

“STRAIGHT TIME,” directed by Ulu Grosbard, begins with the opening of the San Quentin Prison gates. Dustin Hoffman as Max, an ex-con after six years in jail and with a history of juvenile delinquency, emerges in a yellow jacket. As he gets off a bus in Los Angeles, in the unmanacled world that so frightens him, he stretches his back muscles as if he were glad to be free. But this is physically a lie, like the fibs of his contacts with people he pretends to be fond of. He has a way of not looking at anyone as he talks, unless it is to an enemy, when his eyes glitter like a glass-cutting tool. He is an emptied man, filled by whatever personality he feels it necessary to enact; his real self belongs back in prison, and Grosbard’s immensely intelligent direction of this sharp-edged, lonely character makes it clear that all Max’s efforts are bent on returning to the life of a lag. Prison is his infant home; the bars represent the rungs of a crib to an infant learning to stand. Max seizes on any opportunity to sit down and howl. He depends on others to give him a reason to satisfy his need to have tantrums, and on others to get him out of them. The astute characterization of a self-handicapped man reminds me of the predicament of a four-year-old I know, born with a terrible temper, who was once yelling his head off uncontrollably, until his mother and nanny eventually left the nursery in despair. The child stopped bawling after a few moments on his own and was heard to say through the closed door, “Why doesn’t somebody come and stop me making this horrible noise?” The character of Max, in a screenplay written by Alvin Sargent, Edward Bunker, and Jeffrey Boam, is desperately asking to be prevented from making a noise, but no one around him has enough substance to do it, or for any length to fill the void that he is. He becomes someone different in every circumstance. His accent and characteristics change according to whom he is with. Sometimes he has careful good manners, stepping around someone in a corridor. Sometimes, in a different mood, he will seem ready to knock anyone down for being in his way. He is Southern decorum itself on a public telephone as he gives a coded message to a little boy for the child’s ex-con father, but he looks ready to murder when he is at work in a California can factory. When his eyes do meet someone else’s in hatred, they sparkle like stolen diamonds, as if he already had a hood over his face for one of the wild thieveries he embarks on after his opening combat with a parole officer of unbearable complacency: a figure composed by Satan, it seems, made of boneless fat and a very red neck, apparently contrived to drive hardened criminals back to prison. The parole officer is beautifully played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is another fine performance, by Harry Dean Stanton, as an ex-con called Jerry who is going crazy in the apparent bourgeois happiness of Burbank married life, with a wife who makes the most non-gourmet-looking hamburgers under a beach umbrella beside a blue swimming pool in the shape of a very unhealthy kidney. Jerry joins Max in a big jewelry heist that Max deliberately wrecks by staying in the store longer than the agreed-upon time lapse after the burglar alarm has gone off. Like the four-year-old, he is bawling for attention; he may seem to want to grow up, but all his unconscious wishes are to get back into the safe bed of prison.

The film makes a bow to commercialism in the unlikely story of Max’s mismatched affair with a long-haired educated middle-class girl (Theresa Russell), who behaves with unbelievable dutifulness in running off with a man who any fool can see is a practicing criminal. It also makes a bow to sentimentality, in showing Max finally paying back the girl in spades for the half of a restaurant check that he—more credibly—conned out of her on their first date. But “Straight Time” is a first-rate study of a human rat using its teeth to be put back into

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W. Miller

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its cage. Ulu Grosbard has drawn a near-perfect performance of a very imperfect human being from Dustin Hoffman, an actor who memorably first enacted hatred of the unhazardous in "The Graduate," and who here, in maturity, consummates that contempt.

LOVE comedy—including Chaucer, Shakespeare, Congreve, Shaw, "The Thin Man" films—has for centuries most often depended on sparring between the equally intelligent. It is only lately, in the last couple of decades, that show business has picked the businessman's pocket by cultivating the fancy that the Western world is full of male breadwinners of superior braininess entitled humorously to slam the door on humorlessly dopey and tongue-tied wives designed to be what is still called cute because it is hapless. The rare filmmaking talent to put together a new equivalent of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, Candida and Marchbanks, Beatrice and Benedick comes up in Howard Zieff's "House Calls," starring Glenda Jackson and Walter Matthau. Glenda Jackson plays a divorcée living in Los Angeles who remains obdurately English in her accent and in her attitudes about such matters as taking alimony and having a face lift. She looks beautiful, with cropped curly hair and an enlivening alertness. Easily fit to be a lawyer or a banker or an administrator, she chooses, with typical self-irony, to make a job out of baking cheesecakes. Her first encounter with her future lover—Walter Matthau, looking lugubrious of mustache and beard after a widower's holiday in Hawaii—is over her bed. A hospital bed. Her jaw has been broken by an oven door flung open by an exploding cheesecake. She is wearing what looks like a boxer's head guard, meant, insanely, to heal the jaw. The head-guard clamper was the chief of staff at the hospital, a Dr. Willoughby, played with comically cross absent-mindedness by Art Carney. Dr. Willoughby has an instinct for wrong diagnoses of all kinds, including identities. He calls the Glenda Jackson character, whose name is Atkinson, by the name of his own hospital, which is Kensington. He calls another doctor (Richard Benjamin, wryly funny) Dr. Silverman, although he has been repeatedly told that the man's name is Dr. Solomon. Dr. Willoughby is the sort of physician who should have been put out to grass in medical school. The film makes one feel absolutely certain that if he were faced with a patient suffering from both peritonitis and an

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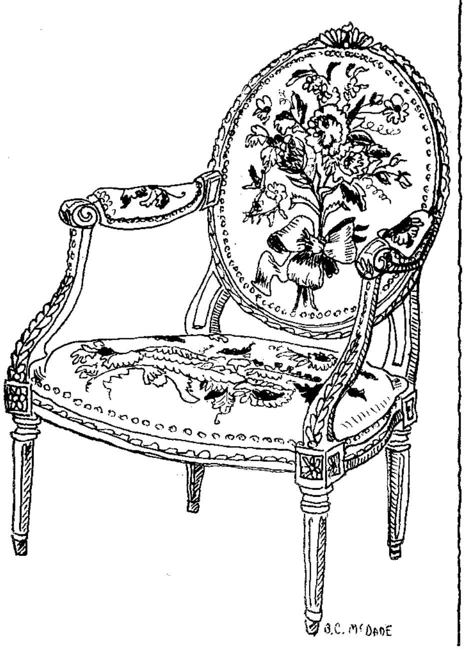
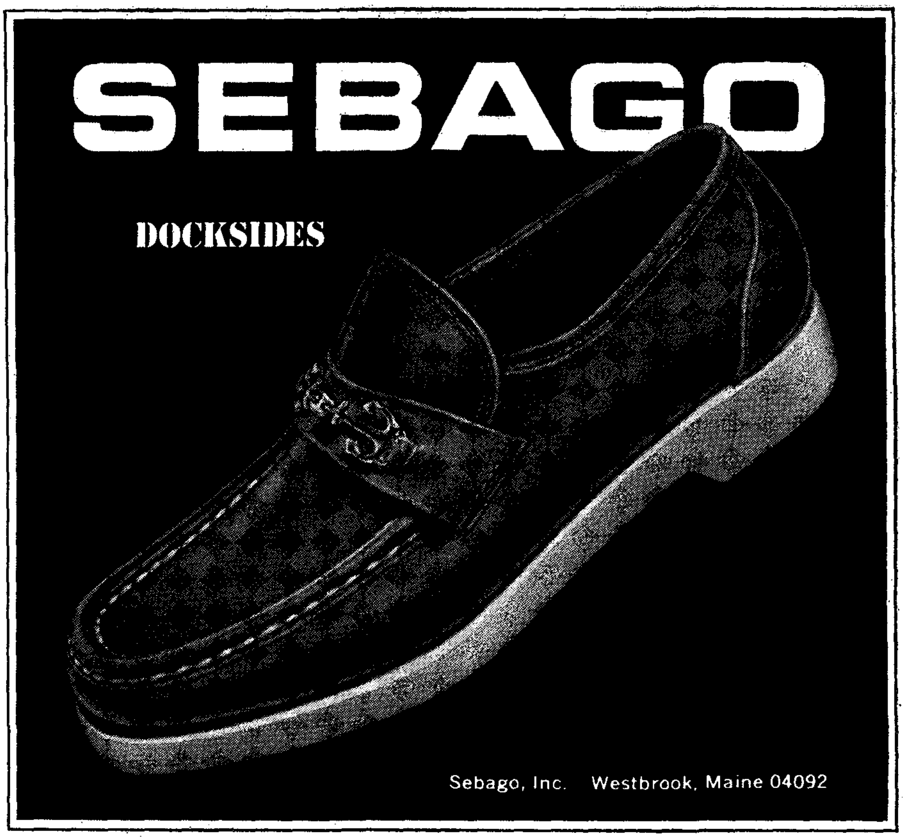
ingrown toenail he would attend first to the toenail. A fussed, forgetful man, he gives the impression that he would cluck kindly over your X-rays and assume them to be holiday snapshots.

Mrs. Atkinson, recovered from the medically useless jaw brace, which the doctor immediately junior to Dr. Willoughby, Dr. Nichols—played by Walter Matthau—has quickly removed, is called on to represent "the general public" on a TV panel discussion of the topic "How Healthy Is the Medical Profession?" She has the role of what she calls "the obligatory big mouth" in a recklessly funny set-piece attack on the money-making system of doctors who no longer make house calls. "What ever happened to the old family doctor?" says the apprehensively chatty host (Anthony Holland). The pious reason, given by the doctor on the program—Dr. Nichols himself—is that working only in the office means that he can see five patients instead of one. Mrs. Atkinson's riposte, made leaning forward and causing the host to have a bad attack of TV-hospitality nerves, is that this really means that the doctor can get five *fees* instead of one.

The healed Mrs. Atkinson is drawn into working at Kensington General Hospital. She takes a receptionist's job, helping people fill in admission forms. At one point, she happens on an old man lying on a wheeled stretcher who has been going up and down in a hospital elevator for heaven knows how long, all on his own, moaning faintly; she asks authority firmly whether there is a patient missing. Not today, says authority. Yesterday. Meanwhile, Dr. Nichols is courting her. Walter Matthau has a comic gait, finely developed from race-walking. He walks very fast





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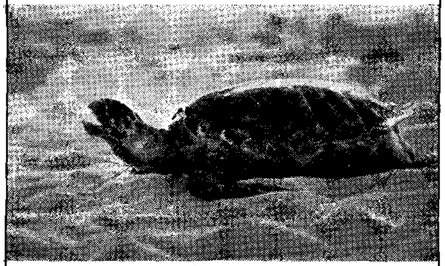

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but very painfully, arms pumping, like a jogger with bunions. He and Mrs. Atkinson are perfectly matched, for all the overexplained difference in their ages, in their passing malice to themselves about their own appearance in the mirror, and their backchat to each other about manners on Mrs. Atkinson's apartment-house intercom. The Walter Matthau character clearly needs somebody to take him in hand and to heal his overgrown-schoolboy wounds. Mrs. Atkinson travels by bus—whereas Dr. Nichols would be lost in his own town without a car—and is obviously the one to understand the local public transport. They take some time to get to bed. The process is halted by his longing to watch a replay of a basketball game of which she already knows the score, but accelerated by a stoic experiment in which they see whether it is possible to make love each with one foot on the floor, as earlier film censors insisted it wasn't. The scene is one of the best slapstick routines of the last ten or fifteen years, and it crosses the Atlantic. So do the moments of brave regret on Mrs. Atkinson's part when her lover has been childish and stalked out on eggs about to be scrambled for his breakfast. So do Dr. Nichols' endearing presents to her and his comment that it is comforting to be with "an old broad" who has no need to have explained to her who Ronald Colman is. The picture was written by an awful lot of people: Max Shulman and Julius J. Epstein and Alan Mandel and Charles Shyer. But the result seems no patchwork. The dialogue knows where it is heading, and the production discovers a rare pairing of talents. For its broadside attack on a medical epitome widely known in the picture as southern California's most inept hospital, "House Calls" is owed thanks; for its imagining of this modern and transatlantic *Katharina and Petruchio, it constitutes* an instant Concorde for the price of a movie ticket. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

It was the Carters' second social triumph in less than a week. On Sunday, they hosted Horowitz piano recital, and last night they entertained the nation's governors who were winding up their mid-winter conference here. There was an understated sophistication that combined waltzes, light opera, candlelit tables, and champagne, and crepes flambe, which may be the emergency of the long-awaited Carter social style.—*Washington Post.*

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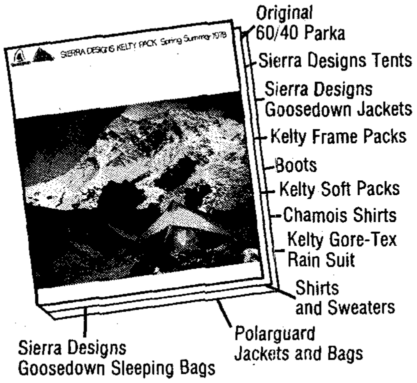
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THE RACE TRACK

Affirmed Looks Good

LAST Saturday at Aqueduct, Piece of Heaven, a runner from the stable of Sigmund Sommer, won the $54,100 Bay Shore Stakes and spoiled the afternoon for a lot of the horseplayers in the stand. (Two weeks earlier, he had won the Swift, another of the stops for this season's horde of three-year-olds on their way to the Triple Crown races.) After Slap Jack set the early pace in the recent Flamingo Stakes, at Hialeah, his owner, Jerry Frankel, had his eye on the Bay Shore purse and, accordingly, shipped the colt north for the race. He went off the favorite, but Piece of Heaven came out of the gate quickly and ran the six furlongs in 1:11, winning by half a length from Just Right Classi, with Slap Jack a neck farther back, in the show spot. It was a good prep for the Wood Memorial, on April 22nd.

LAZ BARRERA, who trains Affirmed for Harbor View Farm, will make up his mind after the running of the Santa Anita Derby on April 2nd whether to ship his charge East for the Wood. This department likes the colt's chances in the Derby, and most California horse-watchers agree that he is the best three-year-old around. This is hardly surprising, since the big, handsome chestnut by Exclusive Native out of Won't Tell You received the Eclipse Award for being the best two-year-old colt of 1977, and Tommy Trotter, the Jockey Club handicapper, assigned him top weight of 126 pounds in the Experimental Free Handicap, the year-end official rating for juveniles. Last month, Affirmed had his first race at Santa Anita, where he wintered—a six-and-a-half-furlong allowance race, in which he carried 124 pounds and, ridden by Steve Cauthen, merely toyed with the small field, winning by five lengths in 1:15⅗. His next start was in the San Felipe Handicap, on March 18th, in which he carried 126 pounds. This one was not so easy, for he veered sharply out on the clubhouse turn. Cauthen straightened him up, however, and he went on to win comfortably by a couple of lengths from Chance Danc-

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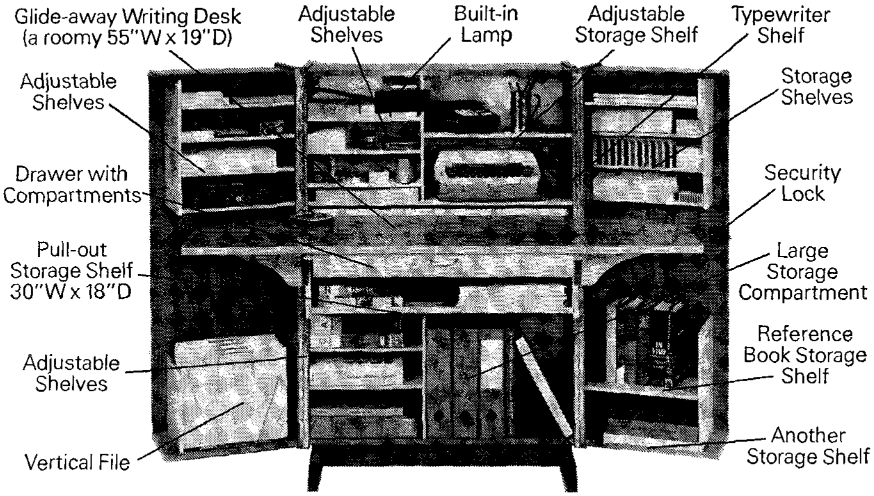

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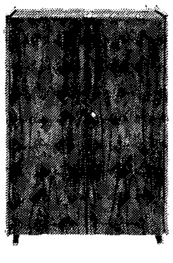

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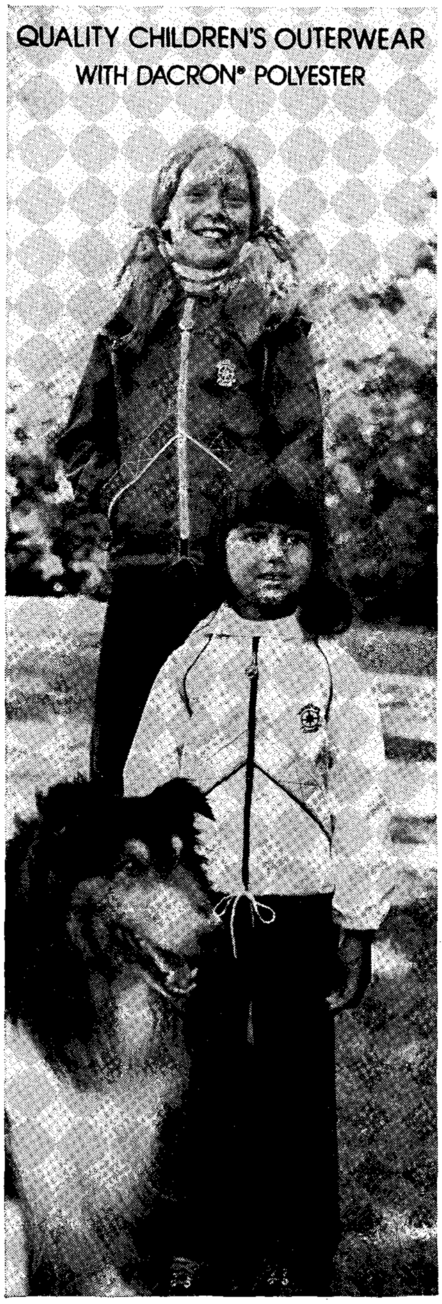

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er. Next day, Cauthen scored again—this time on Noble Dancer II, in the San Luis Rey Stakes, a $109,400 prep gallop at a mile and a half for the mile-and-three-quarter San Juan Capistrano Handicap, which closes the Santa Anita meeting on April 9th. Properantes was second and Text third. All carried 126 pounds, and Nelson Bunker Hunt's Exceller, a stakes winner abroad, ran fourth, with Mrs. Connie Ring's Crystal Water (California's darling) fifth.

IT has been some time since the Greentree Stable won a race with a purse in six figures, but last weekend Bowl Game, carrying only 112 pounds, came out of the pack of eleven runners at the head of the stretch to win the $150,000 Gulfstream Park Handicap. True Statement, under 108 pounds, was second, and Silver Series, under 126 pounds, was third.

FIVE riders fell in the ninth race at Pimlico last Wednesday. Three of them were hospitalized, but one was released the next day and the others are expected to leave soon. It happened when Indicted Man, ridden by Michael Sim, stumbled at the head of the stretch and two other horses crashed into him. Indicted Man fractured a leg and was humanely destroyed.

—AUDAX MINOR

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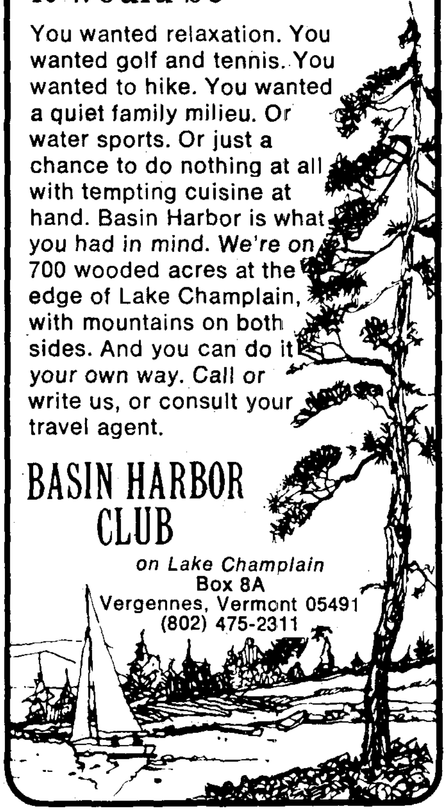
Universities, it is said, are about "excellence." The abstraction is apt, but such universal evocations of quality need interpretation that they not become shibboleth savants. Particular clarification is required as the UHP asserts its transcendent concern with one dimension of academic excellence: the educational dimension as applied to the capable and achievement oriented undergraduate student. *Specifically, we are in the business* of providing challenging educational opportunities for qualified students who seek both breadth and depth in their collegiate studies. Our concern with excellence is to make visceral a conception of quality for these students through demanding and stimulating curricular offerings, including independent study, in combination with reasonable expectations for student attainment. It seems evident that substantiating these aspirations for quality will be an evolving process as we nourish inchoate ambitions into a steady-state program. It also seems clear the Program will bear the mark of departments and individual faculty who choose to participate in establishing a program to engender honors caliber work at Pitt. May we interest you in having an affair with quality?—*Letter from the director of the University of Pittsburgh Honors Program.*

Well, not in those exact words.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Wronging a Rite

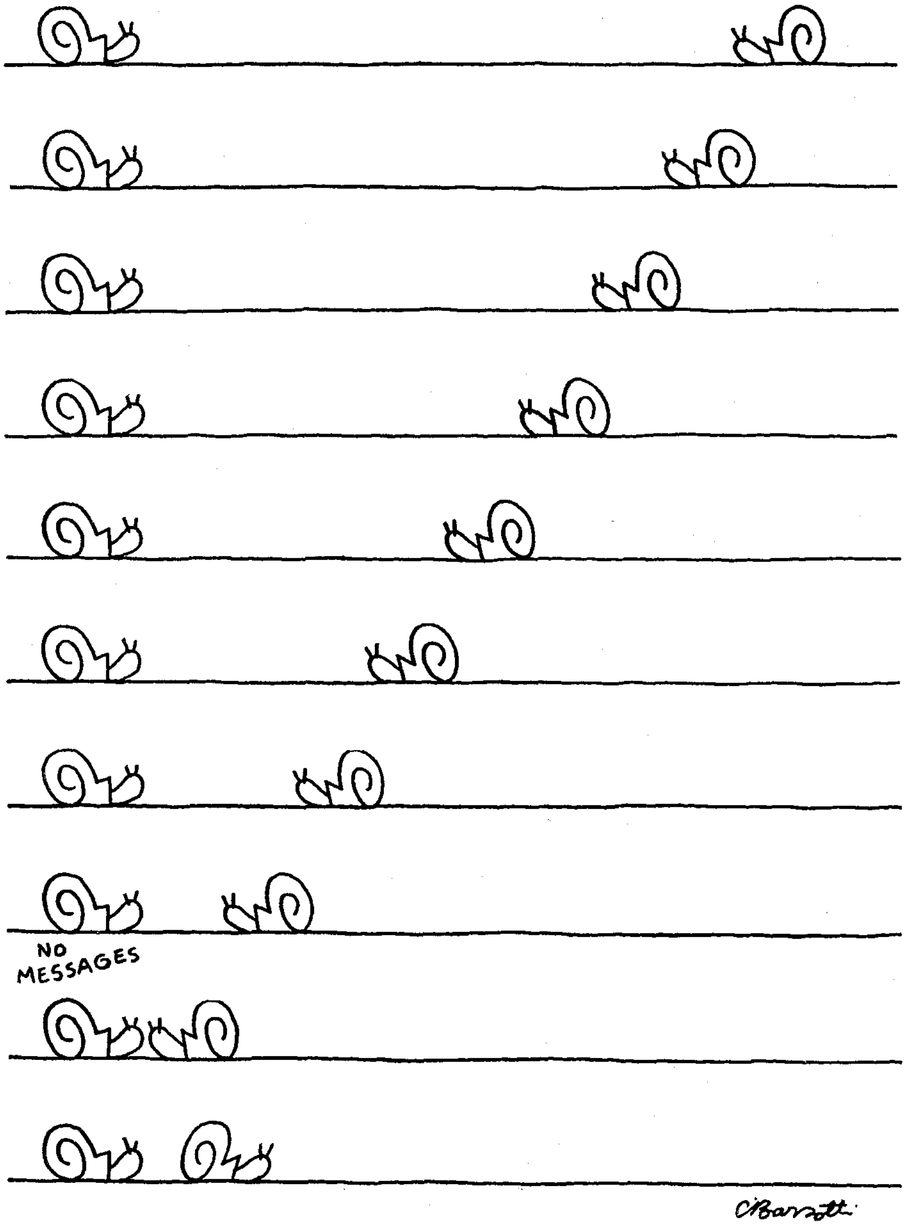
IN an unusually interesting number of that interesting magazine *Opera News*, Winthrop Sargeant sets out some truths about Mozart's "Don Giovanni" which seem to have been forgotten by those responsible for the current Metropolitan revival: Don Giovanni himself is "not a character but an archetype," and "it is as an archetype that he comes into focus;" the opera "is a story of crime and punishment" and "a profound essay on the subject of morality." In the last sentence of his own essay, Mr. Sargeant says, "The celebration of a myth is a rite, not a performance, and when I go to hear 'Don Giovanni' I feel I am in the presence of a rite." At the Met, it is at best a rite heedlessly celebrated. In the very first bars of the overture, Richard Bonynge set the tone for a "performance" that is light where it should be grave, easygoing where it should be intense, and large only in the wrong sorts of way. In Gounod's words (quoted by Sargeant), "The first chords, so powerful and solemn with their syncopated rhythm, establish at once the majestic and formidable authority of Divine Justice, the avenger of crime. After the first four bars (rendered yet more terrible by the silence that completes the second and fourth) there commences a harmonic progression of which the sinister character freezes one with terror." But in Bonynge's reading the opening chords lacked force and majesty, and the chromatic progression slipped by without emphasis, as if it were an everyday thing. During the evening, I was seized with terror only twice: in the cemetery scene, when the music dropped into C major, and Giovanni himself was shaken (for no performance, not even a weak one, and no amount of familiarity can make that moment less than hair-raising); and in the penultimate scene, after Giovanni had given his hand to the Statue (for there James Morris, the protagonist, found in his fine voice the accents of both physical pain and spiritual dread).

Elsewhere in that issue of *Opera News*, George Marek reminds us how explicitly Molière's Don Juan, one of the models for Da Ponte's and Mozart's, is a freethinker and blasphemer who goes through life fearing nor God nor the Devil, since he believes in neither. In contrast, Theodore Fenner, in an article on Leigh Hunt as a music critic, cites Hunt's view of the piece, uncolored, in 1817, by the romantic awe in which the nineteenth century was soon to hold it:

> One has nothing to do but to reckon the songs in succession, and panegyrize them as they go by.... What [can be] more genteel on the one side, and hesitating and tremulous on the other, than the duet "Là ci darem la mano," with its ardent close and delicious symphonies?... What a prettier little irresistible piece of penitence than "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto"?

Hunt objects only to the penultimate scene: "The whole is too loud and crashing, and of too vulgar a description of the terrible. We know not that an apparition of stone has any particular claims to be noisy and bullying." There speaks Harold Skimpole.

The nineteenth century's romantic awe may have been overdone. Edward Dent consciously provided a corrective when, in his "Mozart's Operas," he stressed the *dramma giocoso* aspects of the score. And Bonynge may have had a similar intention. But awe is—or should be—inescapable. I see what Dent means when he says that in the first scene, the killing of the Commendatore, "there is no note of tragedy; it is all planned from the standpoint of *opera buffa;*" that in the second scene "we know at once that we are not going to be allowed to take Elvira seriously for a moment;" that "the atmosphere of frivolity is kept up for several scenes;" that "the dramatic situation [in the serenading of Elvira] is the most repulsive . . . endurable only if one takes a completely frivolous view of the whole play," since "taken seriously, Elvira's degradation is horrible." History—all that we have learned about eighteenth-century opera in general—tells us to laugh at Donna Elvira. So do many directors of "Don Giovanni." Nevertheless, I do take her seriously and I weep for her: weep as she



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begins to sing *"Ah taci, ingiusto core"* (wept at her very first notes when she was Suzanne Danco, Sena Jurinac, or Elisabeth Schwarzkopf), and weep through the ensuing cruel, "horrible" joke that is played on her—while around me some of the audience is laughing, and even I am smiling, at the antics of Leporello as he imitates his master's amorous techniques. Elvira's degradation *is* horrible. And she *is* absurd—absurd and distressing at once, in a way that only cast-off mistresses still hoping and still importunate can be. I believe that Dent took her seriously, too, for he describes the spoof serenade as "perhaps the most beautiful number of the whole opera." And I am sure that Mozart did.

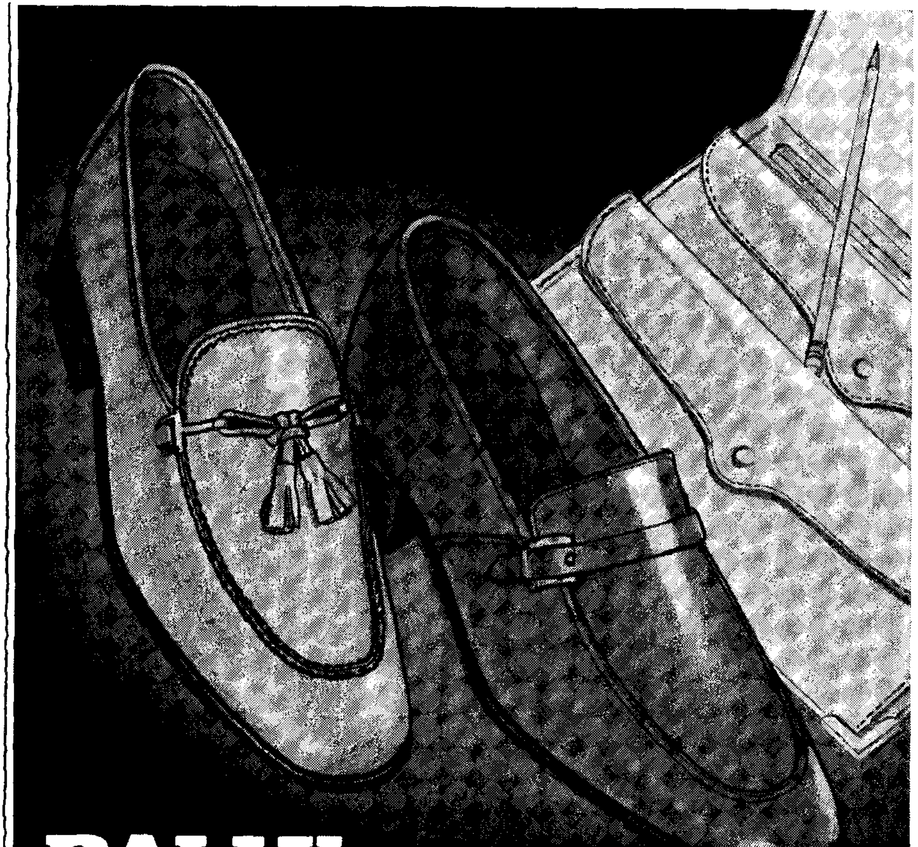
THE "Don Giovanni" literature is immense. Mr. Sargeant cites Gounod's "Le Don Juan de Mozart" and Kierkegaard's "Either/Or," whose first volume has considerable pages about the opera. His own essay (which contains observations like "Don Giovanni . . . is beautiful in precisely the way a flash of lightning is beautiful. He represents the *élan vital*, the life force that propels to growth, dominance, and mastery. And as such he is profoundly dangerous") joins my personal anthology. Required reading begins with E. T. A. Hoffmann's influential story "Don Juan, eine fabelhaftige Begebenheit," Pierre-Jean Jouve's "Le Don Juan de Mozart," and—recently made available in English for the first time, published by Eulenburg as a separate book, "Mozart's Don Giovanni"—the long study of the opera that Hermann Abert wrote for his revision of Otto Jahn's Mozart biography. It should hardly need pointing out that a work that has so prominently occupied the imagination of philosophers, poets, novelists, playwrights (Shaw, in "Man and Superman"), and composers must be more than "the story of a gay blade who seduces an incredible number of women and is finally, and rather quaintly, thrown into hell by a stone statue because of his sins" (Sargeant's summary of the trivial way of considering and presenting the piece). But in the Met presentation—the production was created twenty-one years ago by Herbert Graf and is now directed by Patrick Tavernia—it is even *less* than that, not a story at all, not a drama, but a concert of individual numbers, almost unrelated, that happen to be sung, one after the other, in costume and amid Eugene Berman's heavy scenery. I must have seen about thirty different productions of the opera (and have reviewed perhaps a hundred performances). As I compiled the catalogue—*in Italia soltanto una, in Almagna cinque, tre in Francia*, and so on—I was surprised to find that from almost every one of them some vivid memory remained. The list starts in student days with the sane, beautiful Vienna production by Oscar Fritz Schuh, in neoclassical scenery, and runs to Peter Hall's powerful version for Glyndebourne last summer. Particularly keen impressions were left by Virginio Puecher's extraordinarily fierce staging for the Holland Festival (Giovanni's life was in danger from Elvira, from Ottavio, from Masetto; and, in the sextet, at the final cry of "Morrà!" Leporello escaped death by the skin of his teeth, for the stage direction *"Don Ottavio fa l'atto di ucciderlo"* was properly observed), and by Walter Felsenstein's extraordinarily realistic and sensual production for the Berlin Comic Opera. Such oddities as Franco Zeffirelli's huge, opulent production for Covent Garden (which worked only when the cast was also on the grandest possible scale) and Gian-Carlo Menotti's curious Spoleto staging, amid reproductions of Henry Moore statues, made their mark. But from the current Met version I suspect no images will remain in a year or two but the grotesque one of Joan Sutherland's Anna sailing on like a galleon, dressed as if for an arts ball in an enormous black creation with a bejewelled front panel, and with tall plumes rising from her head. She seemed to belong to a different show. Perhaps one will also remember mistakes: in the first-act finale, Tavernia does not get the moments of unmasking right.

In a Mozartian's mind, poets and commentators conspire with successive performers heard and seen to add richness, depth, and color to his feeling for the great opera—although, of course, he accepts only those details that strike him as true. When I read Donna Anna's music on the page, it "sounds" for me with Lilli Lehmann's heroic grandeur (and, incidentally, with the appoggiaturas to be heard on her records of the two arias), with Frida Leider's breadth, and—here a visual memory comes into play as well—with Ljuba Welitch's bright flame. My Elvira is, above all, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. My Leporello combines Erich Kunz's quick, sly cunning, a whiff of the garlic breath that

Marcello Cortis seemed to breathe into the phrases, and something of the psychological complexity Lilli Lehmann writes about in her memoirs. And Giovanni? Mr. Sargeant's first point is proved, it seems to me, when I realize that, although one may recall individuals' touches of grace and courtesy (Emilio de Gorgorza's serenade), of charm mingled with dangerous force, Giovanni is really brought to life by conductors'—Furtwängler's, Kempe's, Haitink's—handling of the overture, of the first scene, of the cemetery scene, and, above all, of the complementary first-act and second-act finales. (In the first, human intervention is powerless against the offender; in the second, divine intervention is decisive.) That may read as if one attended a performance of "Don Giovanni" expecting the impossible—the combined excellences of performers since recorded history began—and *difficilis*, *querulus*, *laudator temporis acti se puero*, *castigator censorque minorum*. *Difficilis*, yes, when it is a Met performance of one of the most important operas in its repertory, but, for the rest, not so. "Don Giovanni" is a self-renewing miracle, and renews its spectators. Lehmann has described how she approached the production that she directed for Salzburg in 1906 (when she was Anna, Gadski was Elvira, and Farrar was Zerlina):

> An immense amount of material for each role lay garnered up in my memory. Had I not seen for almost fifty years all the "Don Giovanni" performances everywhere, with the most eminent Italian and German impersonators? Everything that was pregnant and subtle had stayed by me. My own individuality created, from the many admirable representations I had seen, ideal figures.

But four years later she had a new Leporello, the young Andrés de Segurola, who gave a different reading of the role from any she had known before and was "an illumination." (She regrets she did not have "cinematographic reproductions of each single gesture, so as to preserve what was there portrayed in fine observation of human character.") And in my own experience I have *always* been glad to set out for a "Don Giovanni" production and, once there, have almost always eagerly enjoyed—with what has been sometimes deemed too promiscuous an appetite—performances on the most diverse levels. The opera was written for young singers—the first Giovanni, Luigi Bassi, had just turned twenty-one; the first Anna, Teresa Saporiti, was twenty-four—and student performances of it can be very fresh and powerful. Sometimes I have felt



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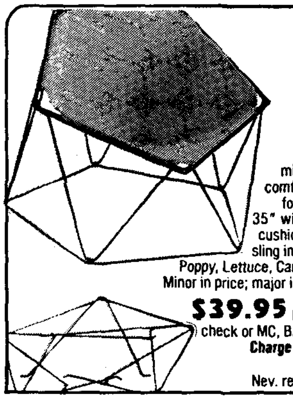

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rage at, and felt that Mozart was outraged by, directors who did not share Lehmann's sane approach ("It was not my intention to create anything extravagant in equipment or scenery, nor to disfigure the opera by novel ideas"), but I have very seldom been bored, as I was by this Met "Don Giovanni." It cannot be discussed as a rite, or as a drama, but only in terms of individual singers.

IN nineteenth-century Paris, the star role was Don Ottavio when Rubini sang; audiences waited for the spectacular high F he would insert into "Il mio tesoro." The progression for nineteenth-century prima donnas was usually from Elvira to Zerlina to Anna; Lehmann advanced in that order, and so, it seems, did Eugenia Tadolini, the soprano whom Verdi did not want as Lady Macbeth. Elvira was the cadet role. Sophia Löwe, whom Verdi first wanted for Lady Macbeth, was deemed by the critic Henry Chorley to be a natural *seconda donna* and "the best Donna Elvira that I have ever seen." In Giulia Grisi's farewell season at Covent Garden, she sang Anna with a newcomer, Adelina Patti, as Zerlina, and thereafter during Patti's long reign there was no doubt which of the three "Don Giovanni" sopranos received top billing. For a while, when Christine Nilsson undertook Elvira (across the road at Drury Lane, not at Covent Garden), the balance of interest shifted somewhat. In the words of a contemporary:

> The lamentations of the ill-used lady are not, as a rule, thought to form the most interesting part of Mozart's opera. But with Mlle. Nilsson in the character, Elvira, instead of being wearisome with her perpetual plaints, became highly interesting. The audience heard with sympathy her tales of woe, and felt that to deceive and, worse still, abandon so charming a woman was to combine crime with folly. Never did the public entertain so bad an opinion of Don Juan.

During the nineteen-fifties, a series of lustrous sopranos—their names have been mentioned above—have similarly made Elvira the center of dramatic interest. After Welitch stopped singing Anna, Elisabeth Grümmer commanded the part (until challenges arrived from Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland), but she was not a magnificent Anna, merely the best one around. Sutherland sang Anna at Glyndebourne in 1960, in a well-balanced production by Günther Rennert. She was very striking, particularly in "Non mi dir," where she seemed to be cradling her grief with a kind of fierce tenderness. There was more than spitfire heroics to her interpretation. A touch of this inner quality remained in her Met performance, but little of the quick, realistic intensity with which she used to observe and, in gesture, inflection, and accent, react to the murderous drama around her. Her voice sounded large but "shrouded" in timbre—which suits some of the music, not those passages where it should flash out like a sword. Elvira was Julia Varady, making her Met début. The sound was uneven; her registers were ill knit. She seemed to be doing her best, trying, not always successfully, not to go astray in the tricky passages. The Zerlina was Huguette Tourangeau, who appears in so many Sutherland-Bonynge shows. She had some curious, almost bizarre vocal moments, which might perhaps be considered piquant; but on the whole I thought her performance inept.

The best of the men was Allan Monk, the Masetto. It is not a negligible role. Giorgio Ronconi—Donizetti's Furioso and Torquato Tasso, Verdi's Nabucco—used to sing it, and Chorley, who devoted a chapter of his recollections to the great baritone, described it as almost the best of his creations. (Ronconi was a *baritono nobile* also admired as Dulcamara and Papageno.) In Monk's Masetto, honest love, truculence, and menace were justly blended. He sang well, and one felt the man's distress—one of the few emotions communicated from the stage during the evening. Gabriel Bacquier was a veteran, efficient, but unremarkable Leporello. James Morris's Giovanni is promising; a strong conductor and a strong, sensitive director might make much of it. The Ottavio of John Brecknock, another débutant, was limned in a decisive way but in tones more reedy than pleasing. Brecknock comes from the English National Opera, where Charles Mackerras has instilled an elegant, authentic *Aufführungspraxis;* this Ottavio graced his music, adorned his repeats, and alone of the cast sang all the necessary appoggiaturas.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Romantics

AMONG the most interesting single recordings recently issued are two from the International Piano Archives, by two pianists who died some time ago. One (IPA 508; mono) is the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor, Opus 16, as played by Percy Grainger (1882-1961). The first side—not very satisfactory—is a reproduction of a record made in 1908 by Grainger with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski. The second side has another performance of the same work, by Grainger with the Southeast Iowa Symphony Orchestra, under Richard Morse, and it is a beauty, revealing Grainger as one of the most powerful of Romantic pianists. Grainger was a close friend of Grieg, and Grieg considered him to be the finest of all interpreters of his works.

The second I.P.A. disc presents Sigismond Stojowski (1869-1946), playing short works by himself, Paderewski, and Chopin (IPA 115; mono). The record also includes several of Stojowski's works as recorded later by his wife, Luisa Stojowska, and these are done in stereo. Stojowski spent most of his life in America, but he was a Pole by birth, and, not surprisingly, he wrote in an idiom influenced by Chopin. He was an extraordinarily brilliant pianist, with a stunning technique. In fact, the main interest of both of these discs lies in their revelation of the keyboard style of pre-Schnabel pianists, with a marked freedom of rubato and heroic dramatic force. (A donation to the International Piano Archives—P.O. Box 303, Ivor, Virginia 23866—entitles the donor to gift records, some of which, like the two discussed here, are not available in stores.)

Romantic pianism seems to be the subject of a general revival in recorded music these days. Incidentally, what I mean by "Romantic" with a capital "R" is something quite precise: freedom in the use of changes of tempo—the sort of freedom Romantic (that is, nineteenth-century) composers expected in the interpretation of their works. Another fine example of Romantic piano playing is Tamás Vásáry's performance of Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra, under Yuri Ahronovitch (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 859). A new and, I must say, remarkable young pianist named Janina Fialkowska has just made her début on records playing Liszt's Sonata in B Minor, the Transcendental Études "Chasse Neige" and "Feux Follets," and "Mephisto Waltz" (RCA FRL 1-0142). Miss Fialkowska is a native of Montreal—the daughter of a Polish father and an English mother—and has studied in Paris and at the Juilliard School, in New York. Her approach to the piano is powerful, and her technique scintillating.

The list of recent single-disc piano

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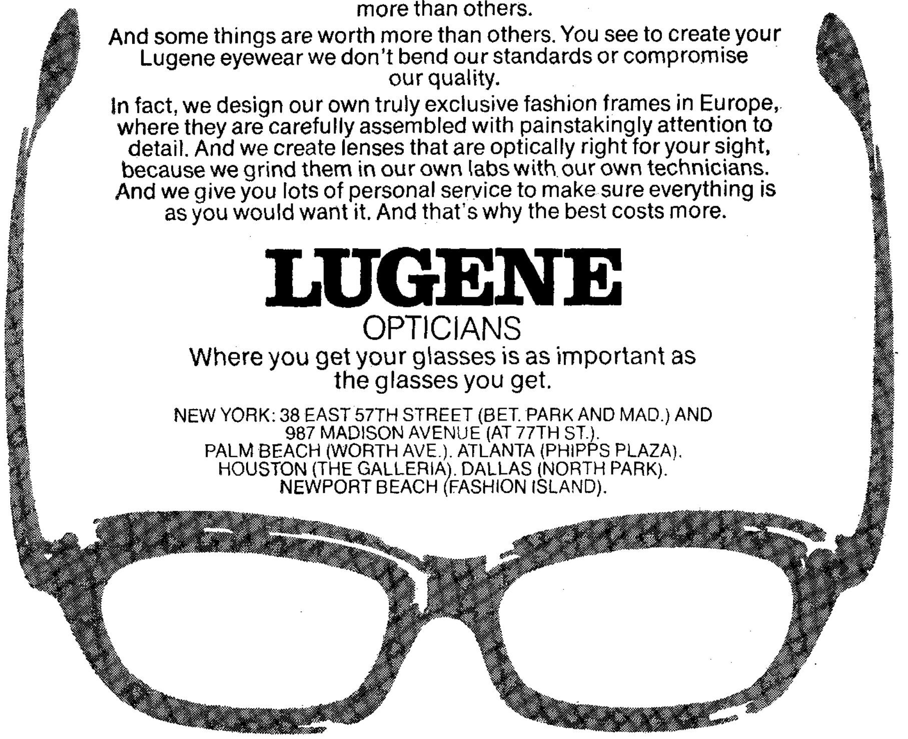

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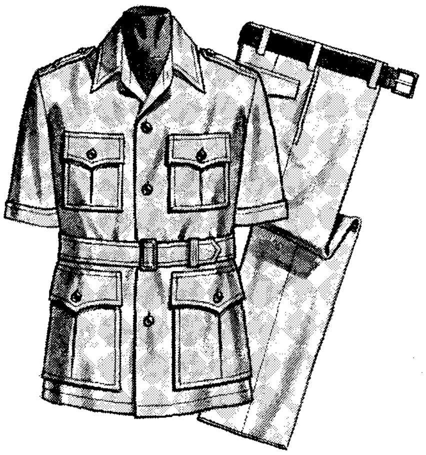

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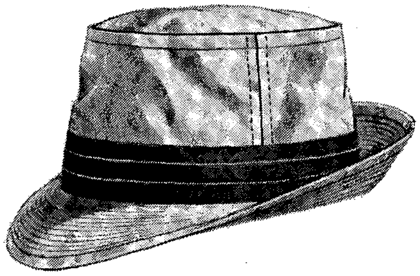

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records—of Romantic music and other sorts—is a long one. Among them—first and foremost, of course—is a recording by Vladimir Horowitz called "The Horowitz Concerts 1977/1978" (RCA ARL 1-2548). This disc contains all the works played by Horowitz at the Carnegie Hall recitals that marked his fiftieth anniversary as a performer there. The recording is, as might be expected, formidable in every respect—brilliant in execution and heroic in conception in Liszt's Sonata in B Minor, and exquisitely subtle in Fauré's Impromptu No. 5, Opus 102, and the Nocturne No. 13, Opus 119.

Earl Wild, a pianist who sometimes approaches Horowitz's brilliance, has recorded the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor and the Liszt E-Flat Piano Concerto (No. 1) with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir Malcolm Sargent and René Leibowitz, for Quintessence Records (PMC 7031). This disc is remarkable for fidelity of sound. A thoroughgoingly Romantic interpretation of the Dvořák Piano Concerto in G Minor, Opus 33, is provided by the Russian spellbinder Sviatoslav Richter, with the Bavarian State Orchestra, Carlos Kleiber conducting (Angel S-37239). Schumann's "Papillons," Opus 2; Three Romances, Opus 28; "Kinderscenen," Opus 15; and "Blumenstück," Opus 19, have been recorded in a masterly manner by Claudio Arrau (Philips 6500.395). Beethoven's Sonata in E Flat Major, Opus 31, No. 3, along with Schumann's Fantasiestücke, Opus 12, have been very eloquently recorded by the veteran Artur Rubinstein for RCA (ARL 1-2397).

PROBABLY no contemporary violinist can capture the particular charm of the late Fritz Kreisler's violin playing. Two young violinists have recently had a try at duplicating Kreisler's approach, however, and we must be thankful to them for at least preserving the Kreisler repertoire on discs. One of these young violinists is Eugene Fodor, who appears on a record entitled "The Romantic Violin: Eugene Fodor plays Fritz Kreisler" (RCA ARL 1-2365; single). The other is Itzhak Perlman, who has done two recordings of Kreisleriana (Angel S-37171 and S-37254; singles). Virtually the whole list of Kreisler's compositions and transcriptions are included in Perlman's two records, and most of the favorites are on Fodor's. Both men are accomplished violinists, with technical abilities that actually outdo Kreisler's,

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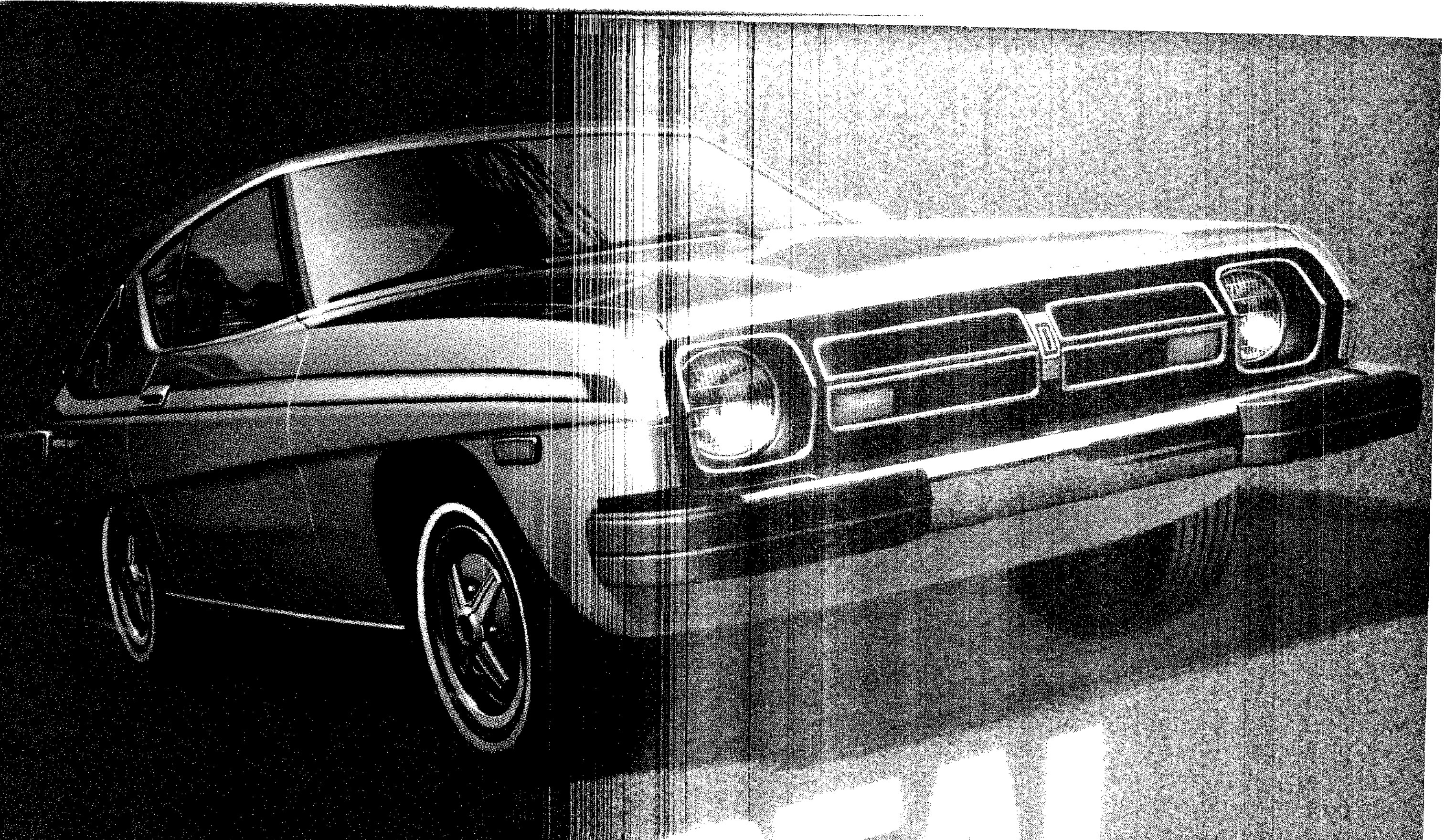

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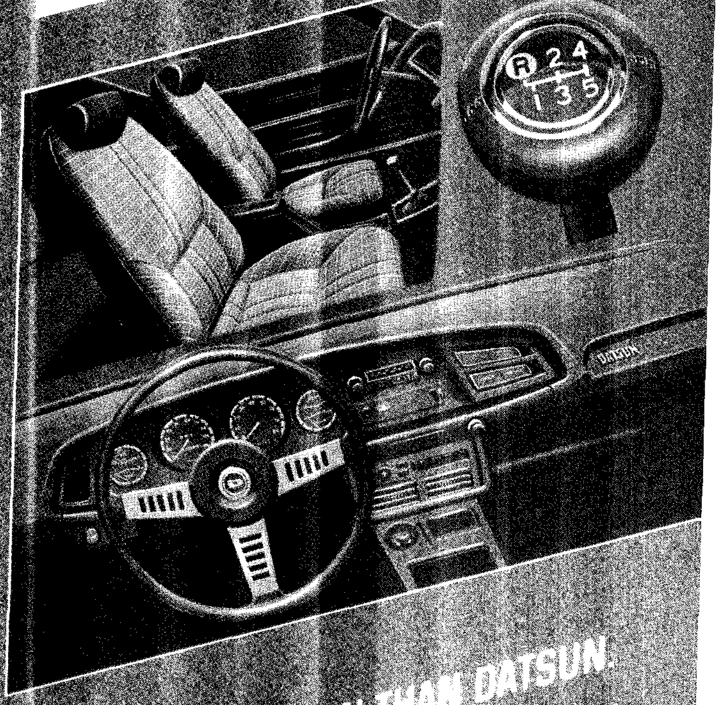

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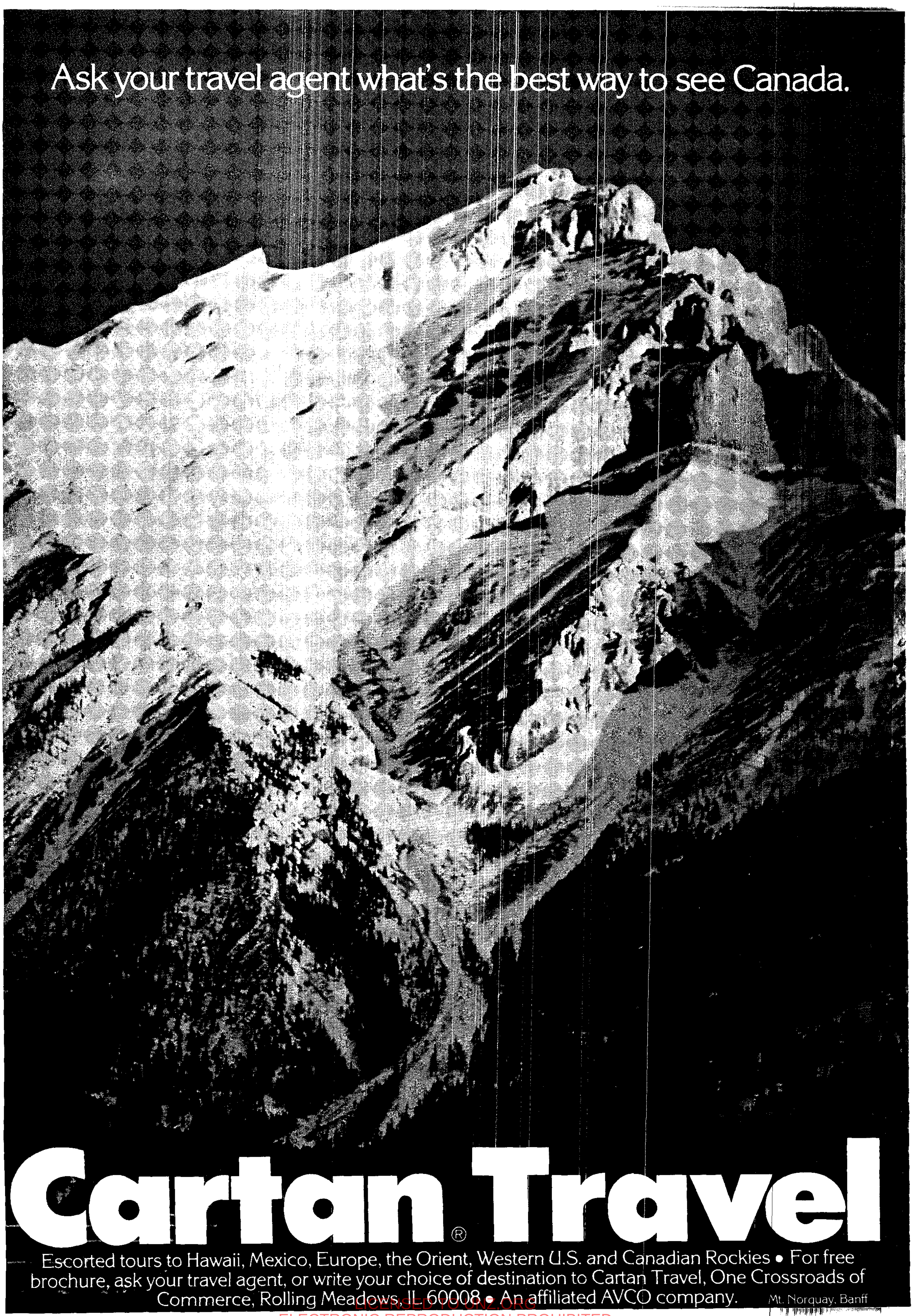
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and it's a pleasure to listen to them, but they are not quite like Kreisler himself.

UNDER the heading of miscellany, there are two new single-disc recordings by the Empire Brass Quintet—three of whose members also play for the Boston Symphony Orchestra—for Sine Qua Non Records. The first of these is called "Baroque Brass," and consists of short works by Albinoni, Bach, des Prés, Gabrieli, Handel, Purcell, Scheidt, and others (SA-2014). The performers play with astounding virtuosity—immaculate attacks, prodigies of breath control, amazing agility, and wonderful purity of tone. I have never listened to baroque music with greater enjoyment. The other record contains three works for brass quintet by the obscure Russian composer Victor Vladimirovitch Ewald (1860-1935)—the Symphony for Brass Quintet in B Flat and the Quintets Nos. 2 and 3 for Brass (SA-2012). Ewald was conservative for his time; the works are classical in style and somewhat bland in content, but they are melodious, and the performances here are exquisite.

Finally, an anthology of operatic arias and Spanish songs sung by the late Spanish mezzo-soprano Conchita Supervia has been released in a single record by Seraphim, and it is a magnificent tribute to a truly unique artist (60291; mono). Arias from "Carmen," "Mignon," "La Bohème," and Rossini's "La Cenerentola" are included. Those who never heard Miss Supervia in a live performance (and I am among them) will be absolutely dazzled by her voice and musicianship. She had a huge range in extent and in variety of color, absolute control of dynamics at all points, and a peculiar sort of personal magnetism that comes through in every phrase. She is one of the most exciting singers I have ever heard.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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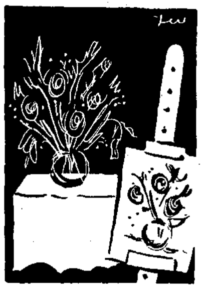
THE ART WORLD

The Last Exiles

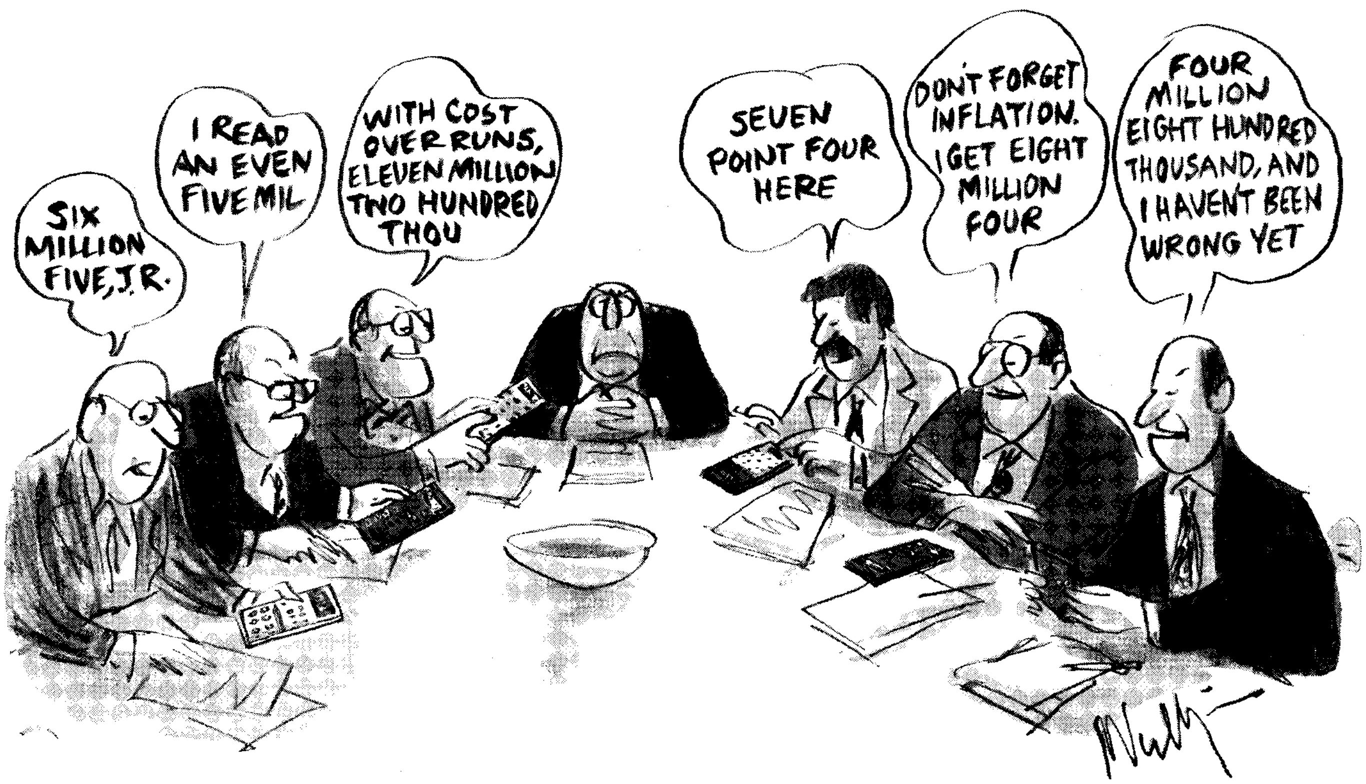
Stuart Davis was the most advanced painter in the United States before United States painting became genuinely advanced. In the nineteen-twenties, he developed a style based on Cubism, which he Americanized enough for it to be unlike that of any other Cubist. "Bull Durham" (1921) asserted that the art of Braque, Picasso, Gris, and Léger was now at home on the prairies. Yet Paris continued to show up in Davis's work, as if it were the numen of art itself. Davis put swing into Cubism, but it was the syncopation of the Place Pigalle, not that of Memphis or Harlem. His "American Waterfront Analogical Emblem" is about as native as a pack of Gauloises; and in his "Report from Rockport" it is amusing to see the word "SEINE" carefully lettered behind a jazzed-up gas pump. Davis spent a year in Paris. A quarter of a century later, he could declare, "I am strictly a European (French, that is) man myself, altho forced by birth and circumstance to live in the American Art Desert as exile. And then of course the 'Europe' I mentally dwell in no longer exists in actuality." Earlier Americans who felt as he did frequently exiled themselves to Europe; Davis stayed home, an exile from Europe. For him, the eternal home of art was prewar Paris. He believed that the possibilities of the American artist were fixed by his relation to the last word from that city: the artist achieves his peak insofar as he "accepts the blatant tone of American life, and tunes it to the historical elegances of Art."



The notion of being cast away in the American cultural desert while residing mentally in a European aesthetic paradise was, of course, common among American artists and writers of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. Davis's kowtowing before his imported alter ego is the last expression in art of American provincialism, with its vacillation between the imitation of foreign masterpieces and an antagonism toward form itself, as artificial and effete. In the late forties, a tremendous historical gap suddenly opened between Davis's goal of Parisian "elegances" and the rough-and-ready here/now of de Kooning, Pollock, Newman, Gottlieb, David Smith, and other Abstract Expressionists. Unable to grasp the meaning of their self-liberation, Davis denounced the art of the new generation as a subjective mimicking of chaos—"a Belch from the Unconscious." Though he had earlier repudiated Mondrian for believing that he could make art out of nothing, Davis resorted to the argument that painting is "a geometrical construction."

In the recent Davis retrospective at the Brooklyn Museum, the catalogue, by John R. Lane, laid stress on the artist's ideas and how they changed—and his paintings with them—under pressure of new developments in art and society. This intellectual emphasis is an innovation in catalogue writing, and could contribute a great deal to survey exhibitions of most major modern artists. In our time, theories are responsible for much that takes place in the studios—they even account for programs of suppressing theories in favor of recording optical phenomena or practicing automatism, or "self-expression." Modern styles evolve out of concepts, and no modern mode has a monopoly on the exploitation of theory in the practice of painting. As a student in Robert Henri's school of city-street realism in the early nineteen-hundreds, Davis struggled as earnestly with color systems and principles of composition as he later did with the space concepts and "pure" painting ideals of abstract art. His reactions to the various artistic tides that flooded the New York art world from the Armory Show, in which he exhibited as a youth, through the agitational art of the thirties, to the innovations of Action painting after the war show Davis to have been endowed with a natural leaning toward disputation and the use of theory as a weapon. A Cubist after Cubism had ceased to be an art movement, and a transatlantic devotee rather than an indigenous participant, he responded to each new direction in American art by redesigning his formulas of creation within the general assumptions of Cubism. We are told that he left ten thousand pages of notes and journal entries. I confess that when, in the nineteen-thirties, I worked with Davis on the editorial board of *Art Front*, the organ of the Artists' Union, his laconic, imitation-hard-guy style of talk thoroughly disguised the fact that he was so much an intellectual. Nor did the paintings in the Brooklyn retrospective reflect a stylistic volatility comparable to Davis's continual mental reassessments. Maybe he talked to himself to pep up his confidence. From the arrangement of squares, rectangles, and triangles of "Bull Durham" to the unfinished "Last Painting" (1964), with its geometrical grid that makes a window of the picture plane, his paintings maintain a formal continuity that absorbs all alterations. An iron hardness of line and edge—his drawings in paint on canvas are often constructions that could be reproduced in metal rods of even width—reminds me of Léger's bar-and-cylinder figure compositions. Davis complements his structures with eccentrically shaped planes of color (with or without scattered lettering) superimposed on one another, as in Matisse's late paper cutouts. From "Garage Lights" (1931-32), the first of Davis's fully realized Cubist American cityscapes, to his last compositions, of the sixties, variation consists in the degree to which he crowds the picture space—he seems to be driven toward decorative overloads, then into a reverse movement toward simplicity—and, above all, in the use of non-representational abstraction and lettering as motifs.

In his continual ideological self-scrutiny, Davis reveals an ambition to stand at the forefront of modernity in American art without falling over into extremism—that is, into separation from American reality and European art. As quoted in the catalogue of the Brooklyn exhibition, Davis's notes contain frequent appraisals of what he has accomplished. He seems pleased with himself as an American standing on the Mt. Everest of aesthetic modernity. His analysis of issues suggests a persistent effort to draw from theory authority for his art which his cultural surroundings fail to supply. Though being an "advanced" artist presupposes historical processes of change, he could not forgo claiming permanent status for his achievement: "A genuine work of art has eternal value because its basic subject matter, constructive order, has eternal value." Compared with ultimate statements of this kind, Davis's polemical forays against rival art movements had the advantage of a witty, personal jive talk. Defending himself against Mondrian, whose art had beckoned Davis to move farther along toward abstraction, he wrote, "Early in the modern art Script, through some syntactical quirk of his genetic code, Mondrian arrived at the preposterous notion that you could get rid of all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the paraphernalia of pictorial usage and still have a satisfactory painting left . . . Under the impact of its shock waves the rigorous and splendid images of Cubism seemed to take on the appearance of an uncured yak-hide rug for the time being. A hard-sell campaign developed in which the key words 'Pure' and 'Plastic' were stressed. The Scotch Tape division of the Minnesota Mining Co. called in experts to trace an enormous but unexplainable increase in sales. I passed through these events without becoming too deeply involved due to a slight touch of Rococo in the code of my alphabet."

Davis's theoretical agility was tested in the thirties when, going along with the turn of the New York art world toward the left, he became heavily involved in front organizations of the Communist Party—he was editor-in-chief of *Art Front*, and was national secretary, and then national chairman, of the American Artists' Congress. Yet, though he broke personally with Arshile Gorky, in 1934, because Gorky continued to be concerned primarily with painting—"still wanted to play," in Davis's phrase—he refused to accommodate his own painting to the social-propaganda art that had come into vogue. Resorting to the analogy with pure science invoked by other fellow-travelling formalists, Davis claimed that abstract art served the cause of human progress by furthering the formal evolution of painting. His resistance to social-realist aesthetics did not, however, prevent him from using Marxist arguments against his American Scene contemporaries for their lack of social consciousness and their rightist political views or against the geometric abstractionists, such as Gabo and Mondrian, for their idealistic denial of the material world, and hence of the struggle against oppressive social conditions. After the Stalin-Hitler Pact and the Russian invasion of Finland, Davis abandoned his advocacy of a socially useful art and fell back on the "good solid ivory tower."

In harmony with his matter-of-fact temperament, Davis's rationalized aesthetic helped him maintain a strong, lucid style in each phase of his work—his French connection provided not only the manner of his art but the fulfillment for essential tendencies of his mind. Formulas carried out with rulers, trisquares, and tape satisfied Davis's passion for order as the ultimate goal of art. The absence of sensuality in his paintings is proclaimed by his avoidance of the human figure. Asked about nudes in a television interview, he replied, "Oh, nekkid women? I don't go for them." Instead of the appeal of bodies, there is in his paintings the suggested romance of place: waterfronts, back streets, cafés (cognac and seltzer bottles). His brightly colored compositions of objects reduced to outlines and abstracted shapes augment their decorative impact by being enclosed within borders of even widths, as if the agitated assembly of signs were a pattern pasted on a quiet, flat ground, a postcard from abroad. The paintings of decade after decade are unified by the School of Paris look that overlies the artist's changing ideas about color, design, and subject matter. At the same time, the dry rationality of his sharply designed shapes often makes them akin to New England architecture and interior decoration, to the stiff and elegant plainness of Shaker furniture. Having listed categories of American visual phenomena—"negro-boy hitching posts, white iron vases on green lawns, trotting horses, oyster houses, carriage wood carving and fitting, New England blue skies and waters, super-highways"—that enter into the fabric of his art, Davis summed up his purpose as "constructing formal souvenirs" of the "beauties" to be found by the eye in the United States. This aim, together with his two-dimensional designs of colored bands and cutout-like planes, his juxtapositions of flat, painted shapes, his rejection of local color in favor of hues that appealed to his taste, pushes his art toward poster design, mural painting, and other forms of utilitarian decoration. His drawing for the cover of *Art Front*, with its abstracted paint tube, brush, palette knife, and slogans, is at one with his best work. Yet Davis never adopted Matisse's modest conception of his late work as joy-giving ornament; the ambition to occupy the foremost place in the art of his time kept him removed from the casual lyricism of the French master's

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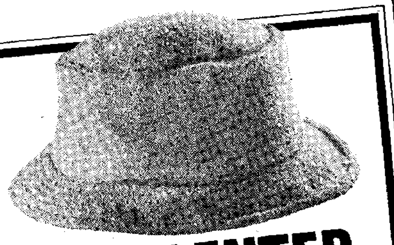

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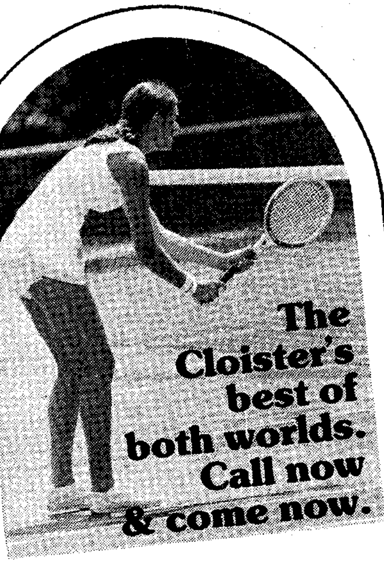
creations in paper and paste. Davis brought American art to the level of contemporary European art just short of the greatest. He was unable to introduce a new interest and an original mode of creation. When his younger New York colleagues succeeded in making this leap, he found reasons for repudiating them.

THE exhibition entitled "Milton Avery and His Friends," which was at the Borgenicht Gallery in February, included an early Davis. Davis and Avery were almost exact contemporaries—they were born and died within a year of each other. Other friends of Avery were such advanced artists of the postwar period as Rothko, Gottlieb, Newman, and Baziotes. The objective of the show, made embarrassingly explicit in a catalogue note by David Shirey, was to associate Avery with the leading postwar vanguardists whom he influenced. In the attractiveness of his paintings, Avery is a match for them, but, like Davis's, his work belongs to a period sharply divided from theirs in both aim and feeling. Besides being contemporaries, Davis and Avery were parallel in the advanced nature of their art vis-à-vis developments in New York and Paris. Avery took his point of departure from Fauvism rather than from Cubism, and he seemed less concerned than Davis about standing at the head of the line. At the heart of the innovations of both these Americans was a drive toward an extreme simplification of natural forms. Starting from what might be called opposite approaches, both arrive at motifs that approximate but refrain from realizing abstract patterns. It is in their modes of simplification that the two Americans are pictorially affiliated with the masters of Paris modernism—in Avery's case, with the Matisse of "Joie de Vivre" and "Blue Nude."

Avery's derivations were less doctrinally based than Davis's. (Given his taciturnity, ten thousand pages from him is inconceivable. Though one can never be sure—Rothko claimed to have written five thousand pages in a single period of stress.) Davis got his lifetime of painting culture from spending a year in Paris; Avery siphoned his artistic Paris out of exhibitions in New York art galleries. His simplifications of nature are more realistic than Davis's, in that they derive from an effect of distance—as in views seen from a height—rather than from principles of formal reduction. Toy boats appear in his seascapes, toy people on his beaches, all alight with the immediacy of sum-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mer and fresh air. Presenting themselves as actual visual phenomena, his forms are often startling—for example, the foreground dune in "Sea and Sand Dunes" (shown at the Borgenicht), which partly blocks out the picture—whereas Cubist methodology does away with surprise by causing exaggerations owing to perspective to be anticipated. Both Davis and Avery are superb colorists, though Avery's large soft-toned shapes are at the opposite pole from Davis's knife-edged planes and bands of bright pigment.

Avery's art, because it is less encumbered by doctrine than Davis's, conveys more subtly its whiff of Paris. Thus Avery's canvases could appeal to Gottlieb and Rothko despite the determination of both to liberate American art from its dependence on Europe. Yet Avery continued to be as deeply indebted as Davis to European models and assumptions. The knot that bound them both was the need they saw for art to remain attached to visual phenomena—hence their need to follow ways of dealing with nature developed by the European schools. In contrast, the new American abstract art of the postwar period was characterized by its break with external sensory data in favor of abstract images keyed to myth or to unique individual crystallizations. As against borrowed aesthetic goals, the new art sought an absolute reality of feeling. To Barnett Newman, for example, the independence of American painting could come about only through banishing appearances derived from nature. In opposition to the naturalism inherent in the European sensibility—which in Newman's opinion extended even to "purists," such as Kandinsky and Mondrian—the new group of American painters was engaged in creating a "truly abstract world." For Davis and Avery, an art so thoroughly detached from sensory experience could only constitute an aberration. Their conservatism in this regard may turn out to be to their advantage in the present drift backward toward traditional painting.

—Harold Rosenberg

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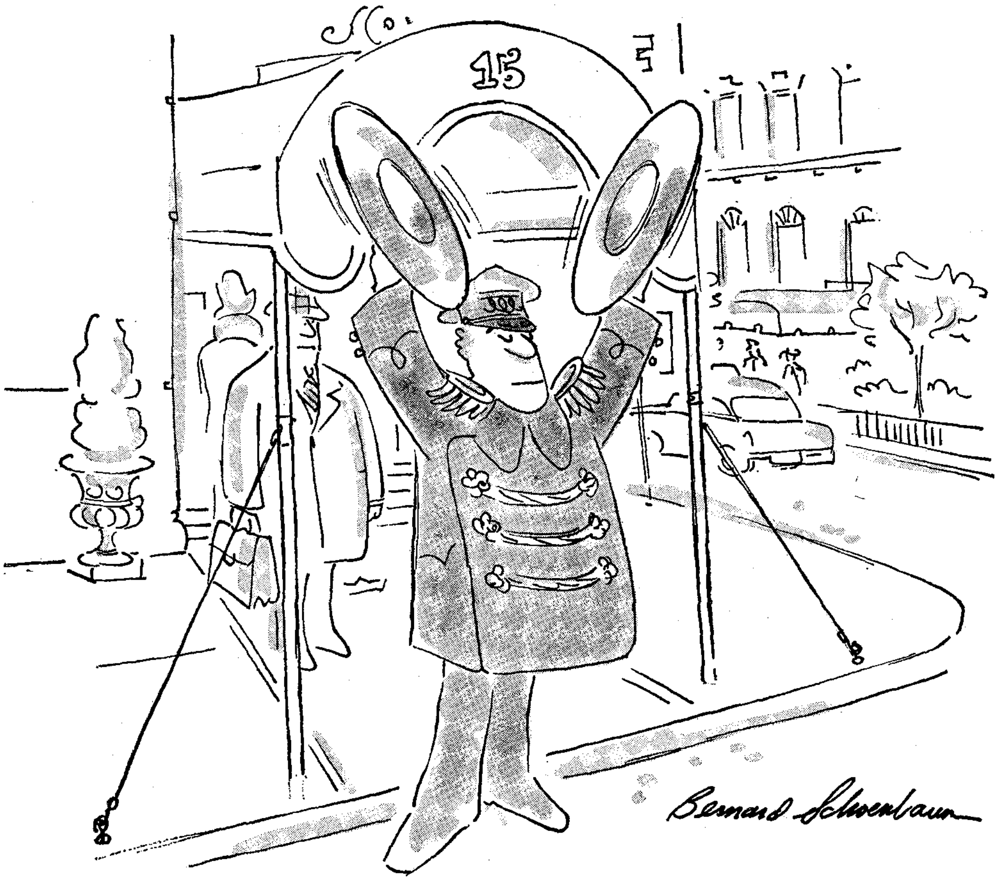
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

FOR a few recent years, the baggage car of the Rapido, a Canadian National Railways train running between Toronto and Montreal, was converted into a cabaret with bar, where the passengers could seek entertainment along with refreshment. "A Bistro Car on the CNR," a revue that opened last week at the Playhouse, is a stylish and agreeable little import from Canada, with a melodic and varied score by Patrick Rose, lyrics (some very good and some so-so) by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and dialogue (minimal and apt) by D. R. Andersen. The performance is supposed to be taking place on the final run of the train, and the high point of the show comes after a recorded announcement that we have crossed the border from Ontario into Quebec, when the company of four sings a spirited and charming serenade to "La Belle Province," which brought down the house on opening night. Of the four, Mr. Rose himself is by all odds the star, although he is assigned no more songs than the others; it is his artful ease, as singer, actor, guitarist, and banjo player, that sets the informal tone of the proceedings—informal but always professional. The others in the company are Marcia McClain, Henrietta Valor, and Tom Wopat, all of whom do well, and all of whom manage to bring quite a lot of Canada onto West Forty-eighth Street. The mood of the show is different from that of "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?," which it resembles and yet doesn't resemble. Certainly there is an abundance of originality. Among the most original of the numbers are "Four Part Invention," a round about assignations, with each of the singers on a telephone; "Ready or Not," a duet between Miss McClain as a child and Miss Valor as her grandmother, in which the singers quietly exchange lyrics to subtle and dramatic effect; and the poetic "Nocturne," for the whole company, which ends the first act. I also enjoyed a torchy ballad called "Other People's Houses" (Miss McClain), an amusing impersonation of Edith Piaf called "Madame la Chanson" (Miss Valor, in black from stem to stern), and every song that Mr. Rose sang. At one point, Mr. Wopat, backed by the company, tells us (in song, of course) that the one way to become a "Genuine Grade-A Canadian Superstar" is to head for the United States. That is what the "Bistro Car" personnel have done, and I hope that their stay is long and pleasant. Scenery and costumes by John Falabella, musical direction by John Clifton, choreography by Lynne Gannaway—all satisfactory. Richard Ouzounian directed. Since the show is in a small theatre, there is no need for the wretched microphones, which dispel the intimacy that is so important for this kind of project.

JAMES KIRKWOOD'S "P.S. Your Cat Is Dead," which had a brief run here in 1975, is now on display in revised form at the Promenade, and although I missed it the first time around, I can report that it still is not good enough—the wisecracks and the in-jokes that make up its dialogue are not funny enough, and the underlying plaintiveness is very trying. An actor, having lost two jobs, his girl, his cat, and the manuscript of his novel, discovers in his apartment a burglar who has ripped him off twice before, and who turns out to be bisexual. The actor, in a rage, knocks the burglar out, ties him up on the kitchen counter, and then, on the silliest of pretexts, cuts off his trousers and underpants when he comes to. The entire second act is given over to the attempted seduction of captor by captive. What *is* funny, come to think of it, is the magical dissipation of the hero's anger after two long drags on a marijuana cigarette—but sentimentality swamps all. Vasili Bogazianos is the burglar, Peter Simon is the actor, Claire Malis is his deserting girl, and John Shearin is her date for the evening. I hope to see them again, under better circumstances.—EDITH OLIVER



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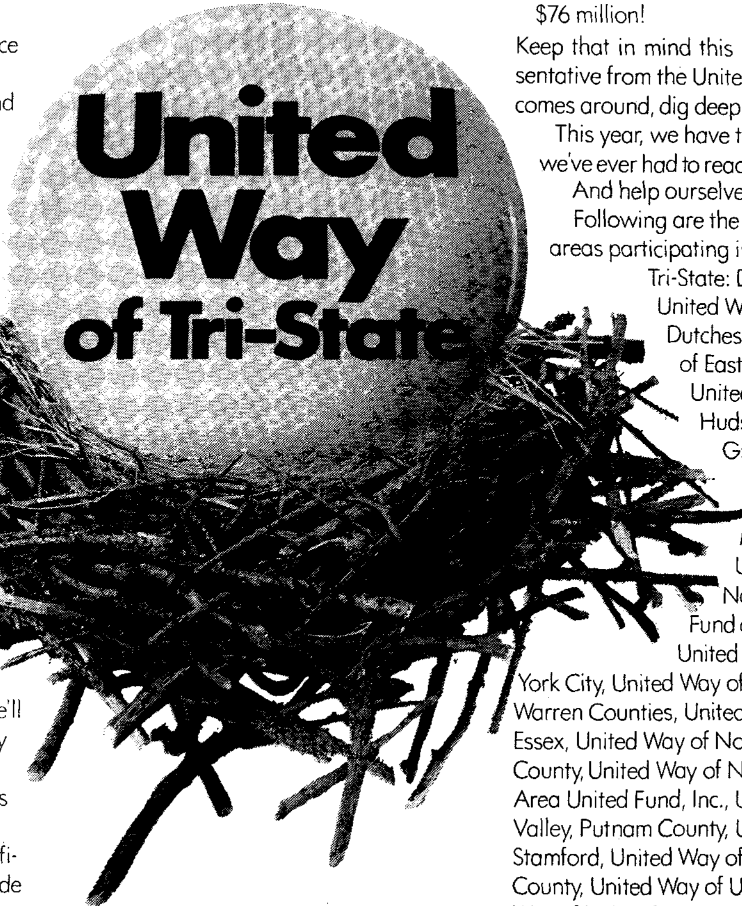

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DANCING

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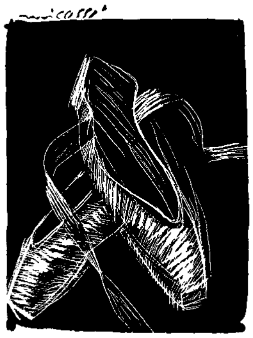

SPRING thaw in New York always brings us the modern dance. Would that it brought us another name for that species of theatrical performance which developed largely outside the spectacular opera-house ballet tradition. Modern Dance is, like Romantic Ballet, a historical phenomenon. Labels are prejudicial and confining, but we need some other way to refer to dancing that is more than one generation removed from Martha Graham, who is going on eighty-four years old. I have heard "post-modern," and its very weakness and temporariness recommend it. For the recycling age we live in, post-anything sounds right. Actually, in dance there's a fairly explicit tradition that for years has cried out to be called—after its preceptor—mercism. If Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn could become a noun (Denishawn), why not Merce Cunningham? We have had mercist companies for quite a while now. Even as Cunningham himself goes on dancing and choreographing, companies headed by his descendants and disciples pop up everywhere. They've been especially ubiquitous in the past few weeks, appearing at Dance Umbrella, at the American Theatre Laboratory, and at Cunningham's studio in Westbeth. The climax of the series was a two-week stand by the Cunningham company itself at the Roundabout Theatre.

Mercism isn't the only kind of downtown dance activity, and its manifestations are diverse. But generally one identifies it by a commitment to dancing exclusive of music or décor. This commitment to the dancer moving in silence and creating his own space reflects one of Cunningham's paramount concerns—the one that he has held on to longest. Passing concerns of his (happenings, improvisation, non-dance experimentation) recur ghostily in the work of a permanent radical fringe that borders both dance and the spoken theatre. At the moment, we can see one of those periodic inflations of a Cunningham idea taking hold in this sector. Just as the younger generation in the sixties inflated Cunningham's proposition that any movement can become *part of* a dance into "Any movement can be a dance," there are those who are now expanding his insight about the ambiguity of movement into a fascination with ambiguity in all things. Often surface appearances aren't merely allowed to contradict each other, they're directed to. Applied ambiguity blankets many post-modern evenings. One is apt to find more décor than dancing; sound runs to verbal texts. Dance reviews, with their endless speculative remarks about roses that could be noses or whatever the mind supposes, are beginning to mirror the lifeless quandaries posed by these students of the mystique of ambiguity. When faced with one of their impenetrable puzzles, I think of John Cage's advice to Richard Kostelanetz: "Use your experience no matter where you are." It is good advice. Taking the responsibility for the effect of a piece—following what Cage called (in Kostelanetz's book about him) the "non-intentional" aspect—can sometimes be the only way to watch it. And there's always the possibility that what is not intended may be more effective, and even more productive of "meaning," than what is. In Mel Wong's "Harbor," at A.T.L., the dancing became involved with a display of conceptual art. After about twenty minutes of total inscrutability, I knew I was going to have to get "Harbor" unjammed from an unworkable intention. Wong happens to be a skilled choreographer in the mercist vein, and I found I could enjoy the dancing even though I couldn't tell what it was meant to be about. "Harbor," though, is far too long to experience just on this level. I couldn't play with pure dance and accidental ambience for the nearly two hours that Wong had chosen to press his intention. As he became more abstruse, with the dancers declaiming numbers or speaking fragmentary sentences or pouring colored water from various plastic containers, I had to become less so—less privately and more professionally interested in what I was seeing. It's not my favorite way of watching, but one can't make mystery out of ready-made *misterioso*. One can't and still hold on to one's respect for the dance craftsman that Wong so truly is.

At mercist lecture-demonstrations, audiences will sometimes ask how much they should know of the creative methods used in a dance in order to appreciate it. The question, not at all a dismissable one, means that they've detected the presence of a process that doesn't disappear into a result. It may also mean that the process looks as if it would be more interesting to watch or to know about than the actual dance it has produced. Process is often deliberately on view in mercist pieces; it's right up there in Viola Farber works, inseparable from production. My difficulty with Farber is that the process is too obvious: the sectional construction, for instance, that tells me where one day's composing ends and the next day's begins. And one day is as good as another—the process isn't selective. Farber may be the purest mercist around, although I'm told she has no intention of imitating Cunningham's approach to composition. Her work is like Abstract Expressionist painting. You follow it (as you follow all dancing) for the *act* of creation, not for the sake of some disembodied product that creation leaves behind; but you also get the record of what creation involves—you get interruptions and distractions and second thoughts and wipeouts. If Farber were capable of virtuoso brushwork, a long, chuntering piece like "Dinosaur Parts," seen at Dance Umbrella, might be wonderful. In a new work, "Turf," she seems to have narrowed and concentrated her means. I watched it with absorption and wondered how much the use of Poulenc's organ concerto alongside the dancing had to do with the relatively flexible and tidy effect. (The David Tudor score used for "Dinosaur Parts" affected me like a dentist's drill.)

CUNNINGHAM has initiated more new ideas for theatrical performance than any other choreographer. It's no wonder he has so many followers. Because the material he has brought into being is so richly suggestive, any number can play. When a Cunningham-inspired idea fails, one is still glad it has been tried. Yet ideas by themselves don't make art; they do tend to disappear the moment they're realized. In Cunningham's own best work, as in all works of art, a negotiable idea becomes transparent expression; nothing is left of it but the talent that produced it in the first place. No one who has been influenced by him is working anywhere near Cunningham's level, and one sees—and hears—lots of ideas. Many choreographers, mercist and non-mercist, have tried to get spoken words to work as an accompaniment to dance. The mercist method is to have no direct correspondence between the words and the movement. However, not even Cunningham himself has managed to make them equal partners. Words always dominate; arranged in nonsensical patterns, they still steal the attention away from dance. (The relationship is like that of words to music. Most people identify a song's meaning through its lyric, not through its music. Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies," for example, is a "happy" song, even though its music is a dirge.) Margaret Jenkins, a San Francisco-based choreographer who taught for many years at Cunningham's New York school, collaborates frequently with a poet, Michael Palmer. A voice-over, speaking words in several of the Jenkins pieces that were done recently at Westbeth, forced me to consider meanings that didn't seem to belong to the dances. "About the Space in Between" had a text dealing with Ludwig Wittgenstein, but for me it was really "about" what the title declared it to be about. Jenkins has a keenly sculptural sense of negative space, which she often exploits choreographically both in her own dancing and in that of the group. A void may appear, speaking volumes, only to be retracted, altered, or recharged by a solid shape. Jenkins dancers are firmly centered (centering to dancers and potters means the same thing), and though not especially wide in turnout, they have a powerful thrust from the inside of the thigh. The strong legs and strong, flexible feet are legacies from Cunningham, emphasized by Jenkins. Such emphases give these dancers a uniform non-eclectic technique. The foremost mercist company on the West Coast, they appear to be specialists in a very special, insular sense. Not that they're provincial; at least one piece, the epigrammatic "Videosongs," would have made the reputation of any New York company. But both in the excessively brainy pieces and in the straitened technique there's a little too much hothouse conditioning. More New York appearances would be good for them and us.

A very impressive sound accompaniment to a couple of Cunningham's Events in his Roundabout series was devised by John Cage from his "Mesostics re Merce Cunningham." The "Mesostics" (a variation on acrostics) are made of words, but they impinge on the ear as pure sound consisting of discrete syllables. Cage published his puzzle poems a few years ago, using within each one many different Letraset typefaces and sizes. He then used the typefaces and sizes as musical nota-

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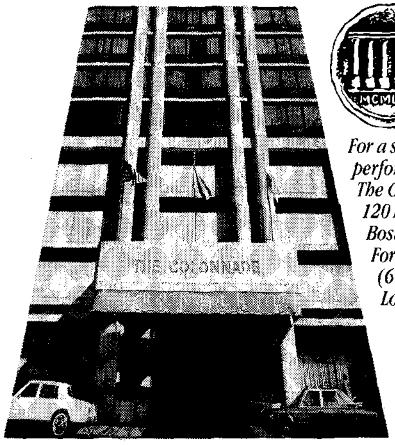

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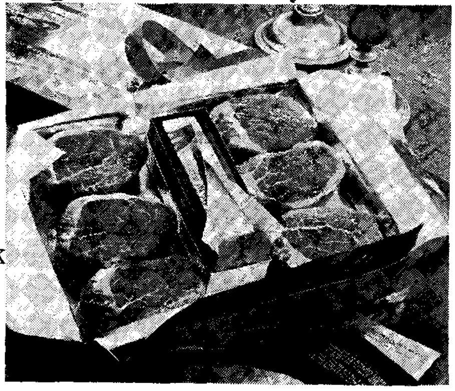

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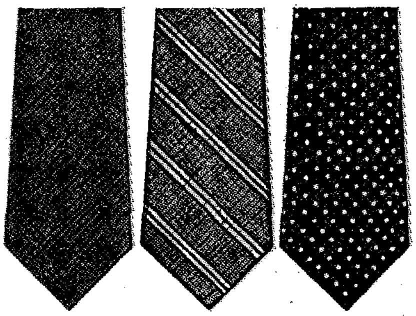

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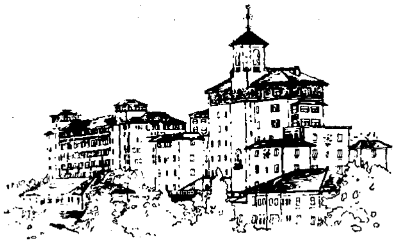

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tion, letting them dictate pitch, timbre, loudness, and duration. At the Events, the "Mesostic" songs didn't reverse the usual effect of verbal texts on dance, and this was because their performance by the Greek tenor Demetrio Stratos was overwhelming in its virtuosity. Stratos has a voice like no other I've heard; he can switch registers so that they seem to overlap, he can produce drones and ululations with uncanny bell-like overtones, and from a lesser artist than Merce Cunningham he would have stolen the show. I saw the second of two performances with Stratos. Cunningham performed more than he had the week before, when the sound was electronically produced by David Tudor. He was obviously responding to a challenge, and he drew from himself an extraordinary variety of movement, some of it unmistakably and unerringly timed to coincide with Stratos's singing. He is just now in excellent diabolical form, and the occasion brought out his wierdest strokes of wit and drama. He twice held a difficult pose on a bench a very long time while the company danced. He *did* a slow, foppish solo, full of sly, curlicuing wrists and implied flashes of lace handkerchief. After an appalling minute of complete silence on an empty stage, he entered wearing white coveralls and lay face down, without moving, for another minute. Perhaps his best dance moment was a kind of fractured conga in those same coveralls. Cunningham, now in his late fifties, avoids extremes of movement; he holds to his middle range and makes it seem like a full diapason. All his effects are concentrated, delicate, precise, yet never small. As for the company, the constant addition of new members keeps it looking on the green side, although much individual progress is being made. At the two Events I saw, the choreography was drawn in full or in part from "Torse," "Winterbranch," "Changing Steps," "Canfield," the wonderful and seldom performed trio called "Crosscurrents," and "Westbeth," a made-for-TV work. Cunningham's personal repertory consisted of an apparently endless supply of solos that he keeps in his sleeve.

NO one who saw Gus Solomons, Jr., performing with the Cunningham company in the sixties can forget the impact of his tall body and fantastically long legs—as long and thin above the knee as they are below. Solomons could easily have been a male Judith Jamison; instead, he has become a serious choreographer. The company he brought to the Dance Umbrella was

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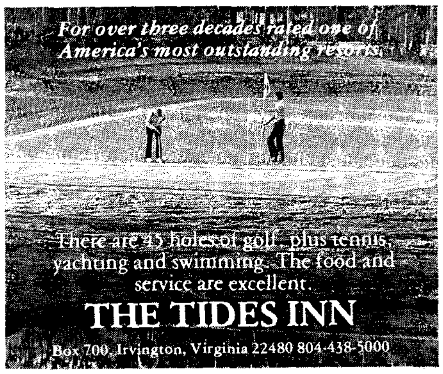

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the second one of his I've seen; it's young and sunny. Solomons still looks all line, with relatively little muscle—a man who has grown stilts. He did a solo called "Signals" while his music director, Mio Morales, attempted a bit of Demetrio Stratos. "PsychoMotor-Works," an ongoing company project, had a lot of classical ballet in it, in the form of syllabus positions. Two excerpts were performed; both ended with lively sets of allegro in which Solomons tried for speedy, dexterous footwork—the only one of Cunningham's adherents, as far as I know, to do so. But outside ballet no one except Cunningham has the secret of allegro. "Bone Jam" was about life experience. It bounced along in episodes broken by blackouts. The dancers, wearing half-masks, appeared in everything from underwear to overcoats, and the movement, which included a good many jokes, ranged from rag-doll limpness to long, clear sweeps and hard, directional changes on a big scale. It was one of what might be called Solomons' junk dances, but there weren't so many bottle caps this time. A good, entertaining piece.

SPEAKING of life experience, the remarkable thing about the mercists is their aesthetic unity. Their backgrounds are widely dissimilar (Mel Wong is of Chinese descent; Gus Solomons, Jr., is black), and their dancing has been a melting pot. Mercism is really about dancing as experience; it has a built-in dryness and objectivity, and from both dancer and spectator it demands a certain taste for the leaner virtues, for moral disinterestedness. Many people, especially Europeans, find that anti-theatrical. Privileged deprivation may be an exclusively American trait—Wasp American, at that. Théâtre du Silence, a French company with a modern repertory, opened its New York season (at the Beacon) with a highly unreticent version of Cunningham's greatest lyrical piece, "Summerspace." The Rauschenberg stippled backcloth was bathed in an orange glow, the sparse piano score, by Morton Feldman, was overamplified, and the dancing was heavy and coarse. It's a company of lusty athletes; one gets the impression that for the French avant-garde dance is a form of *le sport* or *le sexe*. Whether they know it or not, the French are temperamentally non-mercist (*non, merci*).

I heard people say that, before they knew better, they took the Théâtre du Silence to be a deaf-and-dumb thea-

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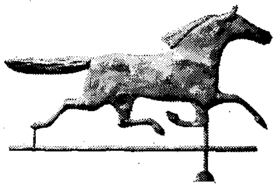

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tre. That made me think of Remy Charlip and how much I wish I'd seen his work for the National Theatre of the Deaf and the dances that were derived from it. Charlip was once a member of the Cunningham company, creating roles in "Summerspace," "Rune," and "Antic Meet," among other pieces. He's a noted designer, an illustrator and author of children's books, as well as a dancer and choreographer, and his gift for visualization and animation stops, apparently, at nothing. There never has been anything like his collaborations, a decade ago, with Al Carmines, the most amazing of which actually wrung a dance oratorio from "The Sayings of Mao Tse-tung." These days, he is working in theatre mostly as a soloist, but in any one of his appearances all his talents manage to be on view. At his Dance Umbrella concert, he began by having his silhouette traced head to toe on brown paper with the arms showing different positions. Then he painted the silhouette blue and flew it as an ensign for the rest of the program. Everything about Charlip suggests consistency, smoothness, and wholeness. His cookie-cutter silhouette, his drawings, and his dances all resemble each other. His art is mime-based, but he is able to draw more abstract inferences from mime than many choreographers can from dance. In "Glow Worm," he moved about the stage telling stories of his boyhood aloud and using the sign language of the deaf as a counterpoint to both movement and speech. The words, the mime language, and the mime movement supported each other gracefully, but the clear separation between them suggested melancholy dissociation. It's an effect Charlip gets by means of pure mimicry in "Meditation." As Massenet's insulting, silky music plays on, he slowly contorts his face in a series of agonized or inane expressions divorced from emotional contexts. Charlip works on a very small scale with exquisite balance and discretion. He is someone who might look at home in Japanese ceremonial dress. A lightweight, yes, but also a master.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

ERRATUM

Due to a printer's error in the article on shiatsu finger-pressure massage, page 135 of the December issue of *Mademoiselle*, the amount of pressure to apply was grossly overstated. The suggested pressure is not 120 pounds, but 20 pounds.—*Mademoiselle.*

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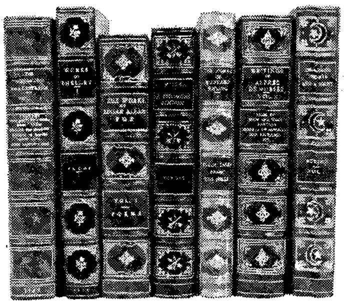

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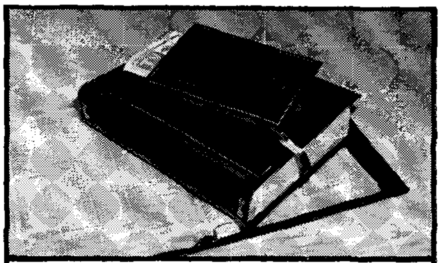

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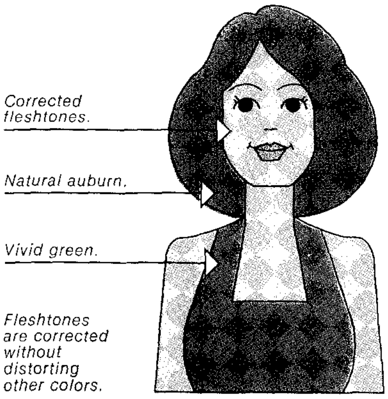
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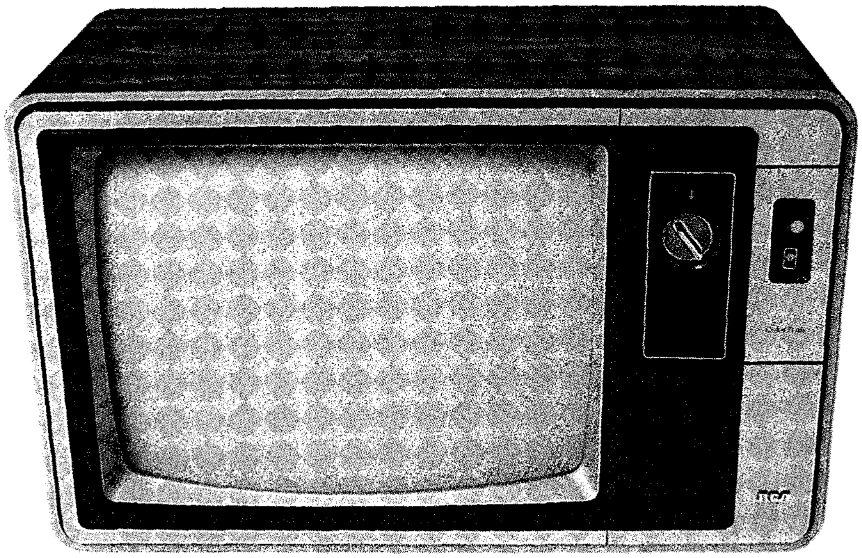

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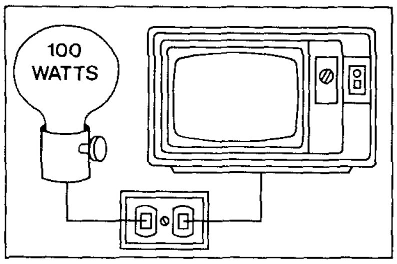

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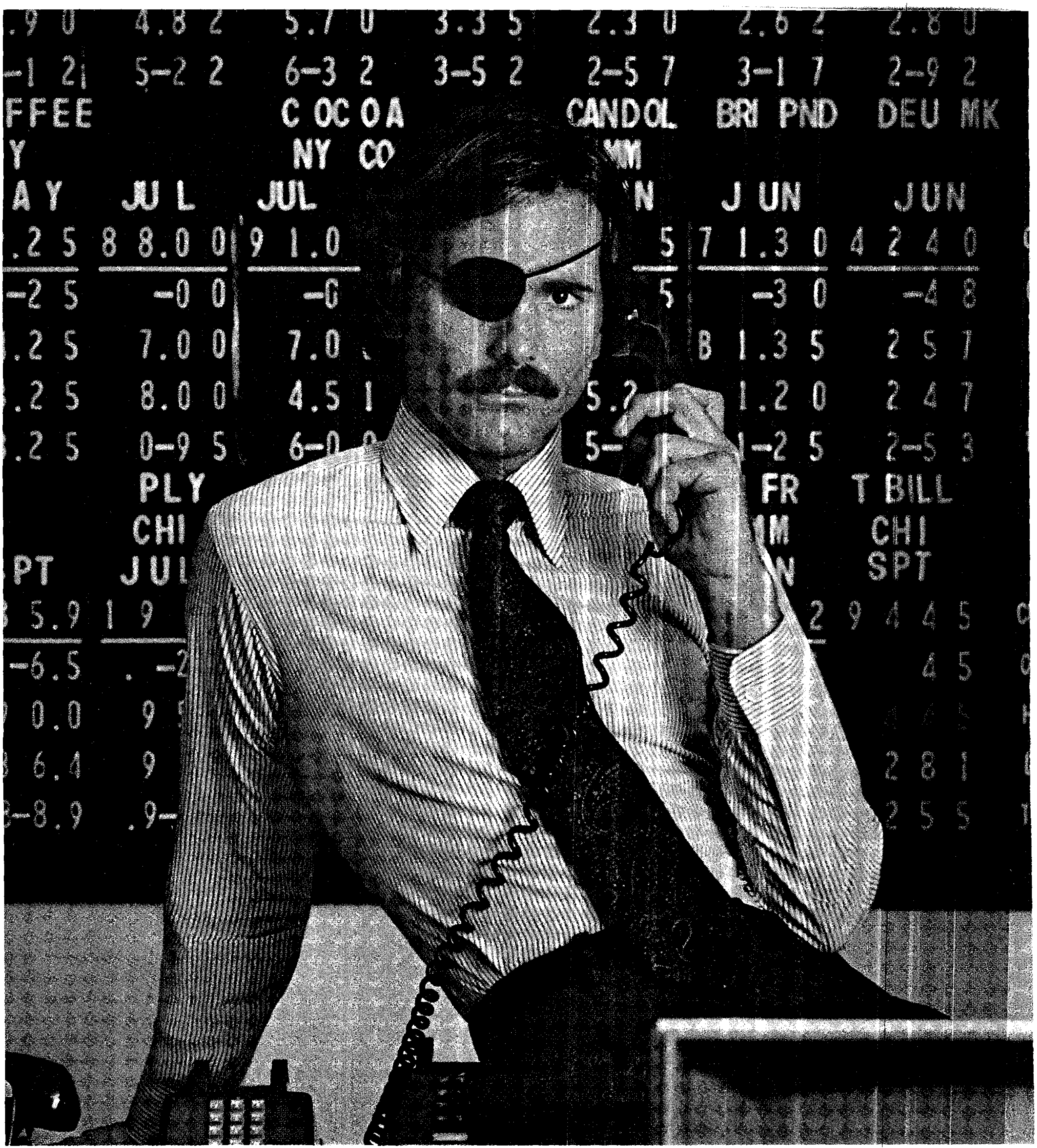

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BOOKS

Kipling

MY generation of English grew up against a background of the Empire and Kipling. Every little boy and girl born into that world alive unconsciously absorbed the knowledge that enormous sections of it were colored pink on the map because of the stoical devotion to duty of the exiles under palm and pine. Everyday life offered tangible proof of it. Benares brass trays, processions of ebony elephants marching trunks to tails along the piano lid, stools inlaid with mother-of-pearl, Buddhas gazing impassively into the cold northern light—thousands upon thousands of ordinary homes displayed such romantic souvenirs of service. Long before we progressed from the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo river to Mowgli's Cold Lairs and Kim's bazaar rooftops, India had come alive for us in faded photographs of parade grounds and jungle-camp mornings hanging in the bathroom and a mildewed foreign smell still strong in the tin trunks in the attic. Kipling was implanted early in our bloodstream, often forever.

A later generation read the children's books and the poetry, but the Imperial dream had faded, the guilt began, and his artistic reputation went into eclipse also—at home, that is, though not abroad, where it gained fresh lustre. The big Kipling revival began after his death, in 1936. Postwar scholars and critics suddenly paid admiring attention to the remarkable psychological depths in the best of the often tortuous, too elaborate late stories, which they had neglected while the old man was still alive. The serious-minded young found it once more respectable to read him.

In his admirable, affectionate retracing of "The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works" (Viking; $17.50), Angus Wilson dates the renaissance of interest from Edmund Wilson's celebrated Freudian essay on the traumatic effect on the man and his art (he does not agree that it was lasting) of the six wretched early childhood years that Rudyard and his sister passed in the "House of Desolation" at Southsea. "Baa Baa, Black Sheep," written when he was twenty-two and happily back in the lost paradise of India where he had been born, is the only story that was wrenched agonizingly out of himself, breaking the lifelong rule of never exploring inward, which was perhaps the discipline he had learned for survival in the purgatory of Southsea. When it appeared in the weekly edition of the Allahabad paper the *Pioneer*, Lockwood and Alice Kipling had the pain of knowing, as his other readers throughout India did not, that it was autobiographical. Mr. Wilson is more sympathetic than most Kipling devotees to the parents' reasons for abandoning their adored children to the unknown mercies of Captain and Mrs. Holloway, a couple met through an advertisement, and returning to India without telling them. Alice, an ambitious woman of dazzling social talents (she was thought to be one of her son's models for Mrs. Hauksbee), had judged it best for all their futures if she stayed with her less dynamic husband and concentrated on pushing his career. It has the stamp of one of Lucy Hauksbee's schemes for helping a good man to promotion or success in love by charming the big pots. Contrary to previous accounts, Lockwood was not the principal of a Bombay art school but a poorly paid junior master. There is no doubt that Alice's wits and graces helped to get him his later posts as head of the school of art and curator of the museum at Lahore, in which gentle character he meets the Lama in "Kim." But even then money was tight, and they must have had to scrimp to pay the Holloways. The puzzle of why the children were not left in the care of Alice's comfortable Burne-Jones or Baldwin or Poynter relations is cleared up here. None of the aunts and uncles felt able to take on the "formidable element in the home" described ruefully by one uncle after Rudyard had visited him on an earlier home leave, a spoiled little three-year-old sahib who strutted along the street shouting, "Out of the way, out of the way, there's an angry Ruddy coming."

Mr. Wilson, with his sharp novelist's eye for Anglo-Saxon attitudes, supplies some fascinating new social footnotes to the Dickensian Holloways. The Captain, a kindly man who took Rudyard for walks and introduced him to Surtees, came of a good Oxfordshire family, but he and his wife were poor relations going seedily downhill on his pension and what they received for boarding the Kipling children. Mr. Wilson points shrewdly to the intoler-

Joe Mirachi

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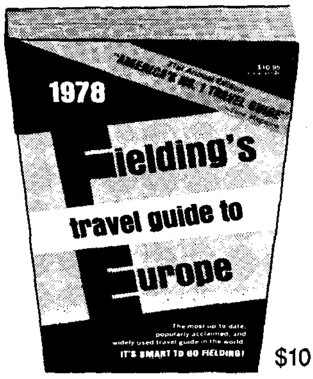

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able bitterness it must have been for Mrs. Holloway, the appalling "Auntie Rosa," to feel that she, "a sister-in-law of generals and lieutenant-colonels, an acquaintance of a Provost of Oriel College, Oxford," had no hope of seeing her own son climb to anything but a clerk's stool, while this doubtless arrogant Anglo-Indian child would finally belong to the bright expanding world into which he departed every year for a blissful visit to his famous uncle Burne-Jones's house in Fulham. In his old age, retelling the horrors of Southsea without pretending that they had happened to young Punch, Kipling explained why he had never breathed a word to the greatly loved relatives of the resentfully harsh punishments, spiced by Calvinist talk of hellfire to come for youthful sinners, that turned angry Ruddy into the half-blind little boy already buttoned into the wary reticence we can see in the adult photographs of the swarthy little man: "Children tell little more than animals . . . What comes to them they accept as eternally established."

He never gave away much of his extremely complex self at any time in his work or his life. Personal privacy became increasingly an obsession, to be preserved with English hedges round his house in Vermont, so oddly hedgeless; with high walls in the Sussex village of Rottingdean, where he settled his young family for a few years after the disastrous American experiment; and finally, when reporters and curious holiday trippers had shown that all such barriers are there to be breached, by finding a dauntingly isolated country house, Bateman's, tucked away in a fold of the pastoral Weald. Again in his autobiography, he remembered very exactly how, as a child making believe in his solitary games, he was always careful to arrange his few props in a certain reassuring pattern. If it was broken, the spell failed and the whole thing had to be started over again. "The magic, you see, lies in a ring or fence that you take refuge in." He never lost the intense child's vision that in his best stories can make unforgettable potent magic out of a few laconic pages, or the feeling for protective cabalistic inner rings of members who have their own rules and secret language that set them apart from outsiders on the other side of the fence: the family (in Lahore he and his sister, Trix, and their parents formed a gifted, self-sufficient unit that Alice, who would have liked to hang on to her brilliant son, christened the "Four Square"); the craft brotherhoods; Freemasonry; the ships of Her Majesty's Navy in which he was a happy, honored guest on summer cruises of the Channel Fleet at the turn of the century; even the rather second-rate Simla society on which he cast a cold but charmingly man-of-the-world eye as a young reporter covering the season and noting the cast list for "Plain Tales from the Hills."

The knowing early Indian stories, with their occasional whimsical imitations of biblical or Scheherazade language, are the "minor flaws," Angus Wilson observes, "in a great East Window that shines and glints and darkens and dazzles as nothing else in any literature." India was the glad confident morning, with its glorious light and haunting sights and sounds, that was never to dawn again in his life. Strangely enough, it was only when he had left the subcontinent forever and was sitting on his hilltop in Vermont, a married man and increasingly a famous one, that he was able to dream his final and most wonderful dreams of it: the "Jungle Book" tales—at their finest a Blakean vision of an innocent Eden without an Eve, where the great serpent and the wolf-cub human can play in lazy amity together—and his masterpiece, "Kim." Round the corner from Main Street in Brattleboro, the traffic on the Grand Trunk Road began to flow. Mr. Wilson amusingly compares Kim's joyous feelings as he plunges into the thick of it, thinking "this adventure, though he did not know the English word, was a stupendous lark," with the thoughts of a very different connoisseur of life, Mrs. Dalloway, who muses "What a lark! What a plunge!" as she launches herself elegantly upon the London morning. The "Puck of Pook's Hill" stories—in Mr. Wilson's view his second and last great burst of inspiration after India—were begun when Kipling was living in South Africa. Geographic distance from his subjects somehow seemed to make him dream more vividly.

The title of the book is borrowed, of course, from "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" (Kipling's names are as marvellous as Dickens'), the horror story about the English engineer who tumbles with his horse into a great crater in the sandbanks of the Sutlej river. He finds himself in a ghastly settlement of living scarecrows—men and women who had been taken as apparent corpses to the burning ghats but, showing signs of returning life, have been brought forcibly to this place and left to rot. The sahib is now one with the ghosts, reduced to eating trapped crows, sleeping in filth, and enduring horrible laughter at his fruitless attempts to scramble up the shifting sand walls. It is an allegory of the underlying precariousness of British rule, especially terrifying at a time when the Mutiny still haunted: at any moment, the sahibs could find themselves pitched into nightmare. Kipling wrote it, astonishingly, when he was nineteen, working the "long, heavy . . . print-swimming days," so well described by Mr. Wilson, of his first job with the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, and spending his chronically sleepless nights prowling, looking, and listening in the native city. We can equally well read it as Kipling's own despairing view of the lonely human dilemma, which did not admit the escape he provided for Jukes in the story, thus artistically weakening it.

His superb comic inventions and lifelong love of the rumbustious practical jokes which began in the "Stalky" schooldays at Westward Ho! went with a deep vein of melancholy, stoically repressed, that may have been inherited from his maternal Macdonald grandmother. His lively sister suffered a serious mental breakdown, and in his black moments it is likely that he feared instability himself. He was certainly frightened of inherited cancer, but the mysterious attacks of agonizing pain that long plagued him were finally diagnosed in Paris in the thirties as duodenal ulcer. The preoccupation with death, so often present in his stories, was constant from his earliest days in Lahore, when he saw it lying around, cheap and disregarded, in the streets. Part of his lordly contempt for London society when he arrived there in 1889 was for such sheltered provincialism as the shocked dinner-party talk about some elderly man who had just died in dignity and his bed, after a life ripe with honors and achievement. "Run about and see what death really means!" he wrote. Perhaps angry Ruddy was still not entirely expelled from his being. In spite of the supernatural stories like "They," he appeared to have no strong conviction of survival to sustain him after the shattering deaths of his first little daughter, Josephine, his best beloved, and of his son, John, at the Battle of Loos. He wished for Christian certainty, but his daemon withheld it.

Mr. Wilson is surprisingly gentle to

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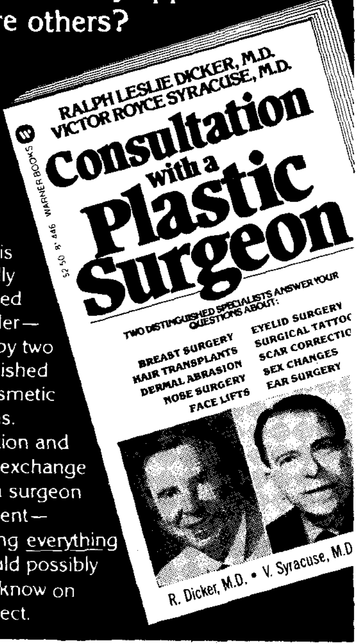
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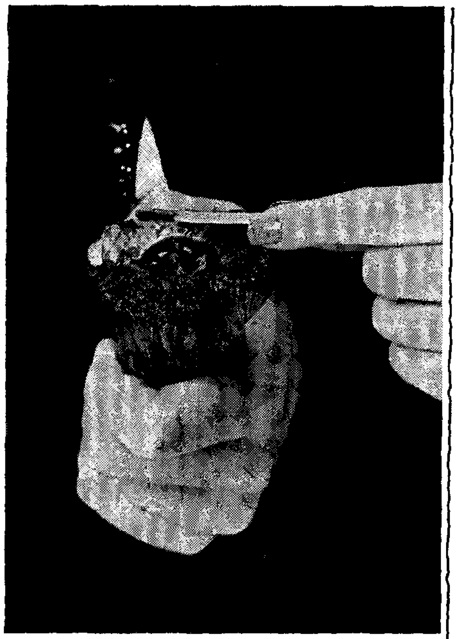

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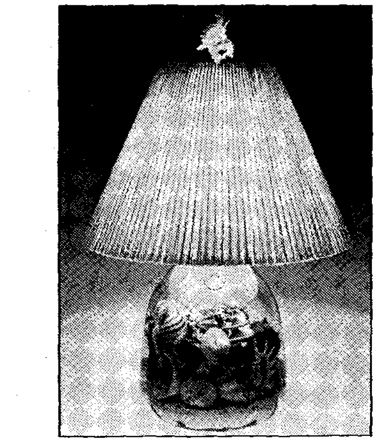

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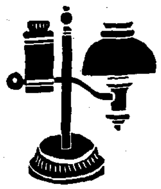
Kipling's equally tormented, sometimes repellingly hysteric anxieties about the perils he saw on all sides threatening the ordered society. His long-held, cherished, muddled dream of a civilizing Anglo-Saxon federation of nations that would be the world's fortress against anarchy was concentrated on South Africa in his years at the Cape. It had begun to fade with the death of his romantic hero, Cecil Rhodes, and vanished forever after the formation of the Afrikaner-dominated Union of South Africa. He would go back to the Cape, he wrote to a friend, "to see the burial, but I must then hunt for another country to love." (He found it in France, the delight and second home of his life after the 1914 war.) The basis of strength through racial purity on which the Imperial dream had rested seems, Mr. Wilson notes, "as absurd as it is repugnant" to us today, but there is no question of how Kipling viewed the nightmare shapes it took later in Europe. His virulent mistrust of Germany had been proved right once; the Nazis were only another chapter of the same story. At home, through the years, the prophecies of doom had continued to roll unabated out of Bateman's: against Home Rule for Ireland; the frivolous Bandar-log tribe of avant-garde "intellectuals;" England's unpreparedness for the Armageddon that he saw coming long before 1914; the rise of Socialism and the looming shape of the new independent India (that terrible fellow Winston Churchill disconcertingly agreed with violence on this). Kipling's politics took directions that often carried him far away from the sympathy of many who had grown up loving him, but they are examined by Mr. Wilson with great patience.



His sexual life has brought every biographer, including this one, to a dead halt. We have to assume that the mature-looking, mustached schoolboy, who at the age of fourteen fell passionately in love with a girl of about the same age, was later calmed down to cheery acceptance of the normal Victorian frustrations of a solitary bachelor in India. On a visit to Simla, he writes in his diary, "Wish they wouldn't put married couples next door to me with one ½ inch plank between. Saps one's morality." And the next night: "Same complaint. This is really ghastly." Yet he only succeeded in creating one living, breathing, and totally desirable girl (C. S. Lewis once observed that all Kipling's women had baritone voices), the exception being the enchanting Ameera in "Without Benefit of Clergy." The possibility that he had found some such private paradise on his lonely night walks through Lahore has been much debated. He was careful not to leave behind a scrap of evidence on that or on anything else. The strange ride was no paper chase; the quarry, as he fled, pointed to the edifice of his books and hallooed down the wind that posterity should "seek not to question" elsewhere.

The fashionable eagerness to connect the artist and his private life has to press on with surmises. Mr. Wilson thinks it probable that Rudyard was "much in love" with the lanky, humorous, Henry Jamesian young American, Wolcott Balestier, who became London literary agent for his stories in the American market. Victorian frustrations and taboos again may have made him avoid analyzing his feelings too closely. Wolcott died suddenly of typhoid, and Kipling's immediate abrupt marriage to Wolcott's sister Carrie has often been seen as a sort of substitute union, a despairing attempt to stay as close as possible to his dear dead friend. Mr. Wilson firmly knocks this idea on the head and shows us a far more appealing picture of Carrie Kipling than the dragonish one painted by most of his predecessors. Friends of the Kiplings have recalled a fiercely aggressive guardian who kept "charming people" as well as bores away from the great man, telegraphed (Bateman's repelled invaders by not having a telephone) peremptorily to him to come right home when he was enjoying himself expansively on a visit without her, and on one occasion successfully defeated the no mean efforts of Nancy Astor, their hostess at Cliveden, to nobble him for a little tête-à-tête on a sofa. The magic lies in a ring or fence that you take refuge in. It is certain that she was a formidable manager, whose good, clear head for treating with publishers and magazine editors made the Kiplings rich. In that sense, he had married Wolcott, but their devotion to one another was deeper and better than that. There is a pleasant description of them entertaining some of their dead son's Army friends at Bateman's and quipping back and forth to each other at table with obvious enjoyment of their own neat little double act and the young men's delight in it. Reading this account, one remembers that the Balestiers were of French descent; there is a whiff of excellent bourgeois cuisine as well as of Carrie's dry, trenchant humor. Kipling read her what he had written at the end of every day, but her practical mind seems to have concentrated on the details that were not perfectly clear to her in a tale, as though it were a household account that would not balance. She was once overheard rather touchingly murmuring to herself as she looked at one of his books, "I do think some of it will live."

Mr. Wilson is more certain of Kipling's place among the great. Not at the top table of Olympus is the final, regretful summing up of his careful and often illuminating study of the stories and the verse. What is it, he asks, that keeps Kipling from joining Dostoevski and Tolstoy and Dickens and the rest? Is it that something forbade him looking deeply into himself to explain the deeps and turbulences that buffet his men and women, so that he is always the outsider, the superbly acute listening ear, the medium through whom such an astonishing range of voices that we never heard before speak to us? There will probably never be a better book on him, but it makes no claim to give more than a tentative personal answer. The strange rider passes by and leaves a mystery.

Kipling, so full of valiantly suppressed fears himself, spoke his own thoughts on art and the duty of the artist clearly enough in his parable "The Children of the Zodiac." Leo, the singer, must sing without ceasing to men, because the night is coming when no man can work. (Lockwood Kipling had modelled the biblical text in plaster over the fireplace in his son's study in Vermont when he visited the young couple.) "What does it matter . . . so long as the songs make them a little happier? . . . In process of years Leo discovered that he could . . . hold them listening to him even when the rain fell," for he taught that "what comes or does not come, we must not be afraid."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Whistle, by James Jones (Delacorte; $10.95). This final volume of Mr. Jones' war trilogy, of which he completed all but the last chapters (these by Willie Morris) before his death last year, follows the major characters of "From Here to Eternity," under slightly different names (Sergeant Warden has become Mart Winch, Prewitt has become Prell, and Mess Sergeant Stark has become John Strange),

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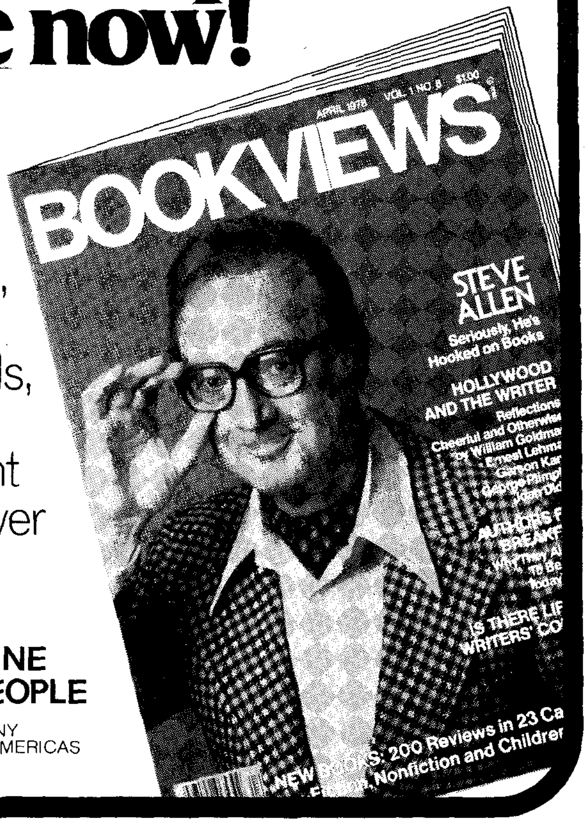
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from a hospital ship that has carried them home from the South Pacific to an Army hospital in Tennessee. The time is midway through the Second World War. All the men have become alienated and embittered by the realities of battle: the deaths of young soldiers, the brutal accidents, the feeling that a lot of their efforts have been pointless. All the men are wounded or sick. Prell's legs may have to be amputated because of machine-gun wounds, Strange has a badly damaged hand, Winch has a dangerous heart condition, and another major character, Landers, a former college student, has an injured ankle. None of them have loving wives, sweethearts, or families. All of them have bad nightmares. Much of the book is about how the men try (and usually fail) to extract some kind of spiritual sustenance from their sense of loyalty to one another. The best parts show them just trying to survive their loneliness—drinking and making frantic love in hotel rooms, wheedling their way past the boredom and cruelty of Army routine, and trying to make sense out of their suddenly uneventful lives. Few authors have written as rawly, compassionately, and revealingly about men living together after day after day in wartime. Somehow, though, all the characters are strangely static and not easy to feel much about, despite their almost endless suffering. "This is life," Mr. Jones is constantly telling us—sad, violent, and pointless. But since his vision leaves out so much, it is rarely convincing.

GENERAL

THE CRITIC'S CREDENTIALS: ESSAYS & REVIEWS BY STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN, edited by Phoebe Pettingell (Atheneum; $12.95). This collection of short pieces by the late critic (1919-70) opens with the title essay, in which Mr. Hyman set forth his notion of the equipment a critic needs and, with the honesty that marks his work, admitted that he lacked practically all the gear he recommended—such as a knowledge of foreign languages—to explore literature. In fact, Hyman had more than enough, as every article in this selection shows. He had a kind of divining instinct—hunch, intuition—that told him what a work was about. He had his own opinions and predilections and the self-assurance to state them, so that readers are clear in their minds when Hyman is

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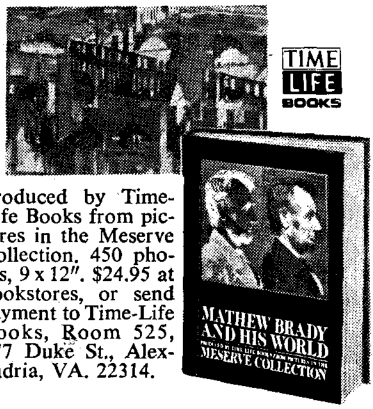

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THE LATIN AMERICANS: THEIR LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH THE UNITED STATES, by Carlos Rangel, translated from the French by Ivan Kats (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $11.95). A Venezuelan journalist, talking to his fellow-Spanish-Americans like a Dutch uncle, tells them that they cannot blame their underdeveloped economies and despotic governments on the United States. He recalls this country's self-absorption throughout most of the nineteenth century, when independent Latin America drew its capital from Europe and bred her own wars and civil wars. He refers to North America's "historic good luck" in having been colonized by England when England was the most advanced country in Europe; Spain, by contrast, exported her decline to her colonies. This witty work is primarily devoted to analysis and criticism, but the author does put forward positive ideas. He particularly admires Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, an independent Marxist whose political movement, APRA, strikes Mr. Rangel as offering Latin America's most hopeful escape from poverty and from dependency upon any great power—the United States or the Soviet Union.

NOTE: "The Late Hour," a collection of poems by Mark Strand, has been published by Atheneum ($6.95). A number of the poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

Last week Selectman Henry Camp released a letter recommending that the board make this project "the highest priority item at this time." First Selectman Lloyd Shanley replied the following day that the board has yet to list priorities and that winter snow removal would be the first priority in the spring.—*Torrington (Conn.) Register.*

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Midnight—MOVIE. "The Mole People" (1957). Four scientists are trapped in a large tavern. John Agar, Cynthia Patrick.—Ch. 5.—*TV listing in the Minneapolis Star.*

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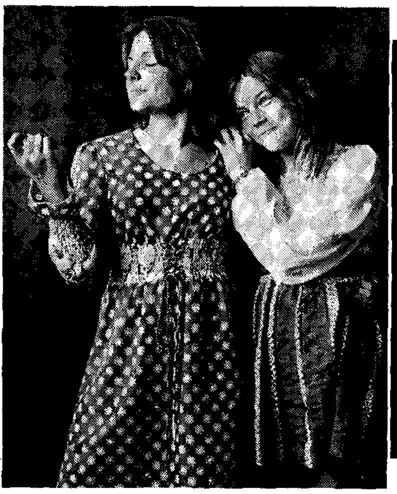

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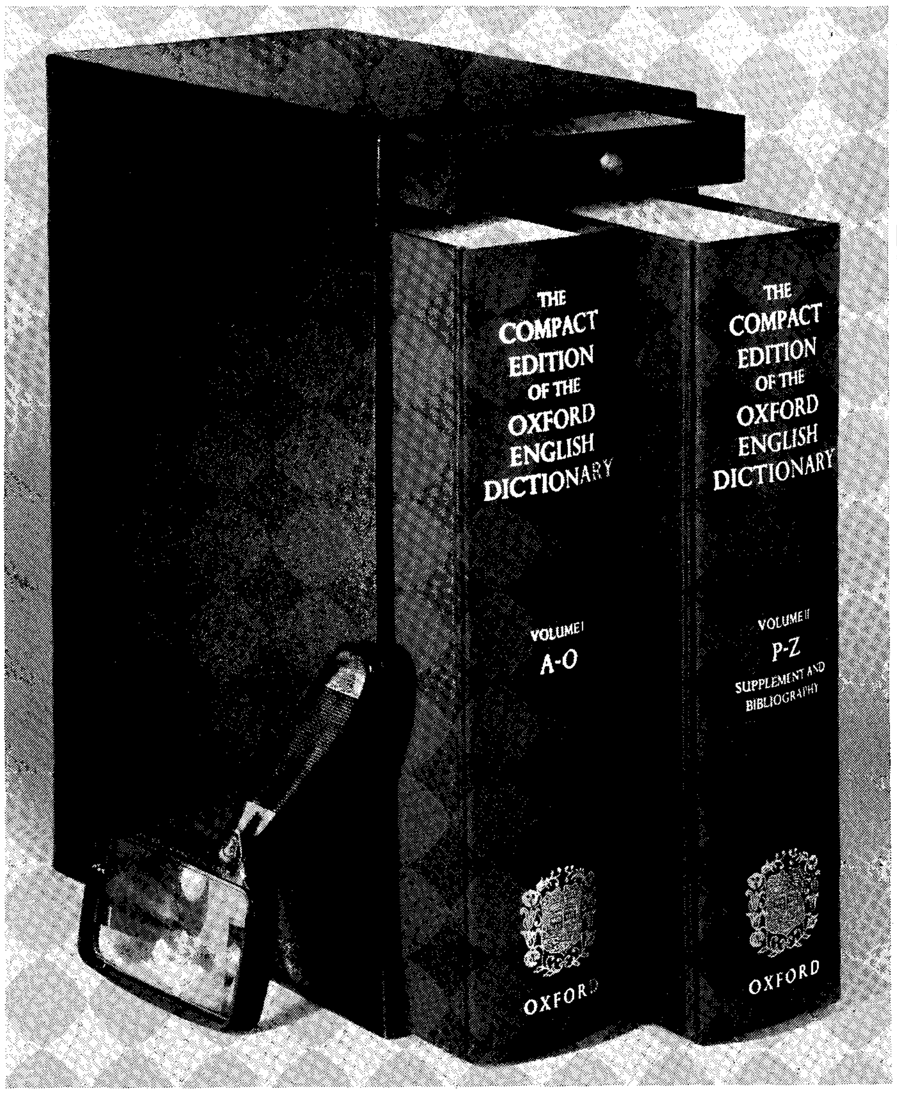
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